Collier's

JULY 26, 1947
TEN CENTS

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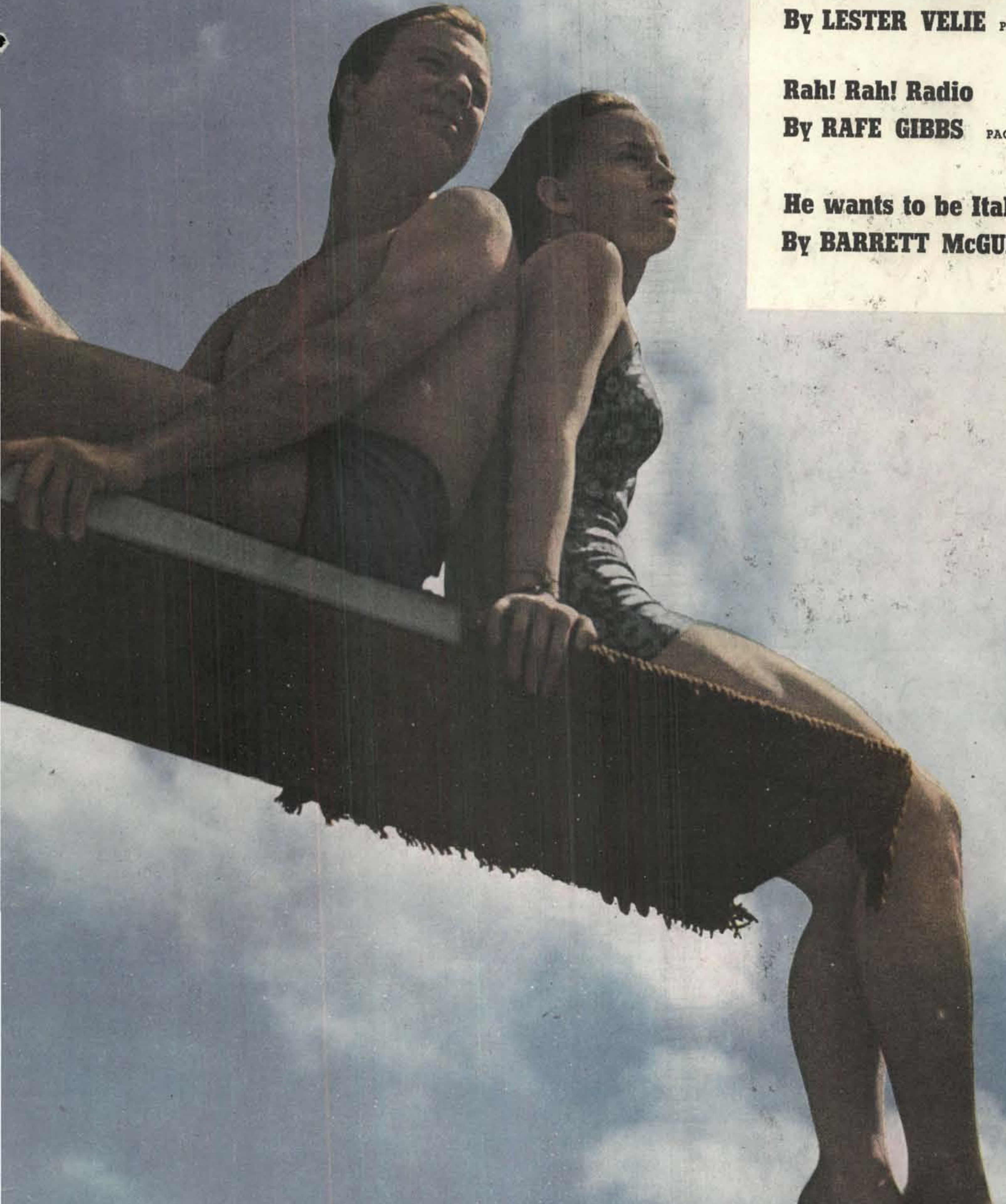
KANSAS

They kicked us off our land
By LESTER VELIE PAGE 20

Rah! Rah! Radio
By RAFE GIBBS PAGE 14

He wants to be Italy's Duce
By BARRETT McGURN PAGE 28



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Fathers and sons are a common sight in the busy Studebaker plants—As a result, there's a consistent continuity of high quality construction in Studebaker cars and trucks. Peter and Floyd Dreibelbis, pictured here, work in different departments although they've been photographed together. In many of the Studebaker father-and-son combinations, however, the son is an apprentice—the father his instructor.

Men of conscience as well as competence build long life into your Studebaker

A thrilling eyeful at anyone's doorway! Sweet and low—a melody in metal—that's how delighted motorists describe the far-advanced 1947 Studebaker. Whether your preference is a Champion, a Commander, or a special Land Cruiser, each 1947 Studebaker is a real postwar car in performance as well as styling—luxurious—amazingly roomy—with such unique Studebaker advancements as non-glare "black light" instrument dials and safety brakes that automatically adjust themselves.

This painstaking care began back in 1852 . . . it's worth more than ever now in 1947

IT'S certainly sound sense to put your new-car money into a distinctive postwar Studebaker.

You get far-advanced styling and engineering—a really modern 1947 automobile. This up-to-dateness gives you the finest kind of motoring now. It's sure to make your Studebaker a much demanded car when the time comes to trade it in.

But your best reason for buying a 1947 Studebaker is the trustworthy quality of its workmanship. It stands up remarkably because the men who build it put pride into their work as well as skill.

These men come largely from families whose names have long been part of Studebaker's history. It's in their blood to believe that good workmanship goes hand in hand with good will.

That's why the surviving soundness of your Studebaker is the constant envy of your neighbors. A Studebaker almost never wears out.

It represents more than the source of a paycheck to Studebaker craftsmen. It represents a reputation that they, their kinsmen and fellow townsmen have been upholding for more than 95 years.

STUDEBAKER

The postwar leader in motor car style

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Don't expect a Royal Welcome
if you bring
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!
Germs
(BOTTLE BACILLUS)
Flakes
Scales

Get after it quick with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

THE look on her face says more than a thousand words—nice people just don't care to mix with a case of infectious dandruff!

Don't think for a minute you can laugh off this troublesome condition. Infectious dandruff is *easy* to catch, but *hard* to get rid of. So don't fool around. At the first sign of objectionable flakes and scales start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Antiseptic action is important where germs are present, and Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on the scalp by the million, including Pityrosporum ovale, the "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in infectious dandruff.

Scalp and hair are given an invigorating antiseptic bath. Almost at once excess flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels delightfully fresh.

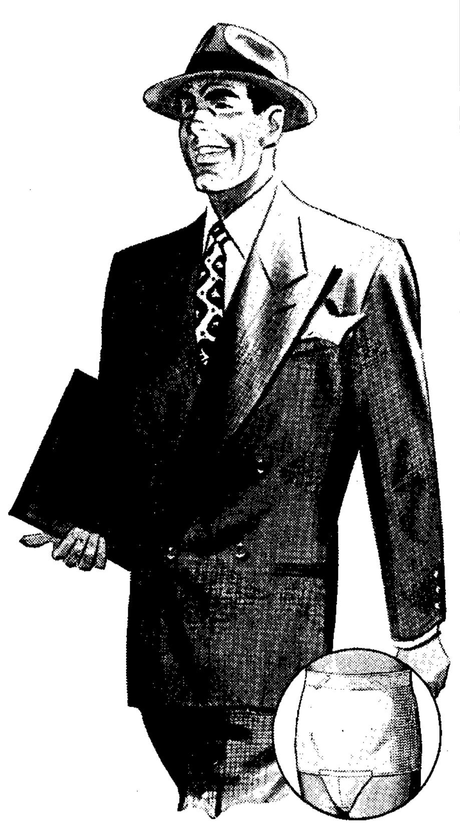
In a series of tests 76% of dandruff patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.
Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The TESTED TREATMENT

Chest **DIPPING?**
Spirits **SLIPPING?**

Look better-feel better

"Bracer*" SUPPORTER BELT



It tucks your tummy in, your chest goes up, shoulders back—you feel better and look years younger when you wear a Bauer & Black "Bracer." By its gentle support, "Bracer" helps relieve fatigue.

Newly-designed, all-elastic, two-way stretch, seamless waistband fits you snugly, minimizes rolling. Exclusive tubular elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll. Ample-size fly-front pouch is self-adjusting to any position!

For-all-day wear, "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient, restful. Ask for it at department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores . . . $3.50.

"BRACER* ROYAL" *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action . . . $5.00*

"Bracer" SUPPORTER BELT

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S

July 26, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

DAY-PART-I-MEHNT DE CO-REX-CION

DEAR SIRS: As I was reading your magazine of May 31st, I noticed a mistake in the cartoon. It reads, "Je suis trés jolie." I believe you'll find that the accent over très goes toward the left. *N'est-ce pas?*

JOSEPH RICCARDI, Cleveland, Ohio

Vooz est absolutement correct, mon view! L'accent que vooz are obvieuxly referring to eez call l'accent grave, et we 'ave employé l'accent aigu.

HIGH-STRUNG

DEAR SIR: In The Week's Mail, June 7th, there is a reference under "Humorithmetic" to the number of city blocks in 100 light years.

It is indeed more than all the cities of the world can boast. Just to give a rough idea, suppose that ordinary kite or grocer's string about one fortieth of an inch in diameter were available in a length equal to 100 light years.

If this piece of string were wrapped around and around the earth like a ball of yarn, so that all of the surface of the earth were covered, there would be about 600,000 layers of string over the earth's surface and the entire earth would be covered with almost a quarter-of-a-mile-thick wrapping. Judging by the way some of the people on the earth have been acting, it might be a good idea to start winding.

F. W. GODSEY, JR., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sounds like a sensible idea. We'll start saving string right away. But who's going to wind the string?

WATCH OUR LANGUAGE, SIS!

GENTLEMEN: "Damn" was incorrectly used in Heavy, Heavy Over Head by Kyle Crichton (May 24, 1947). The writer intended to express carelessness and in this connection the word should be "dam" derived from "tinker's dam." A tinker was called upon to do mending of kettles and pans; in performing the task he found it necessary to build up a little wall or dam to hold the mend in place until the metal hardened. After the repair was "set" the then useless dam was carelessly tossed aside, whence our expression "don't give a tinker's dam."

MILDRED OGLE, Bunker Hill, Ind.

Not that he gives a tinker's dam, but his name is spelled Crichton. Webster prefers "d——" to "dam."

THE GENTLER SEX

DEAR SIR: The article on my granddaughter, Conchita Cintrón (Beauty in the Bull

(*Continued on page* 81)

Vol. 120, No. 4. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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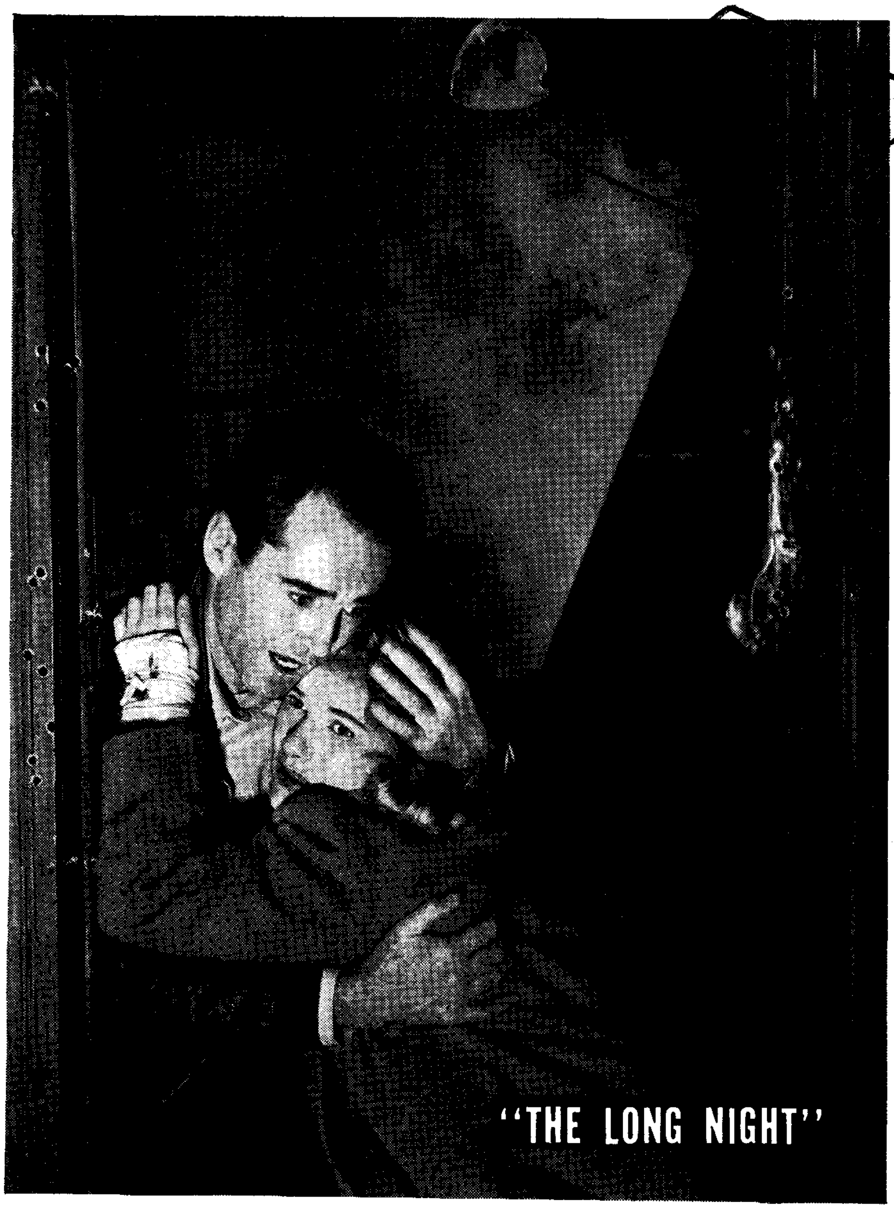
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

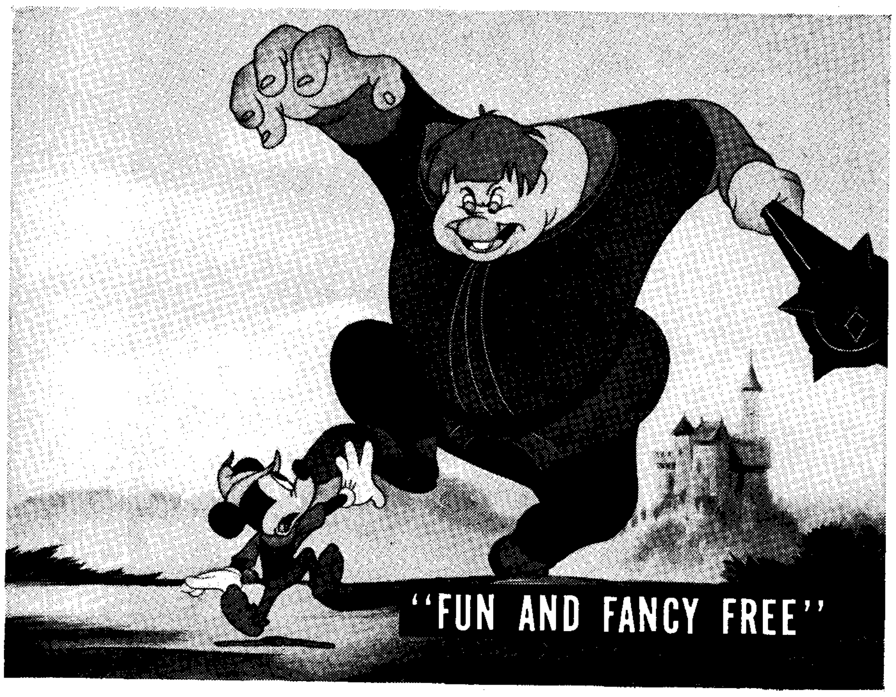
SEDUCTIVE South American aristocrat. Rugged JOHN WAYNE smashes all conventions, risks ruin, to win LARAINE DAY in RKO's *Tycoon*, filmed in Technicolor. It's Laraine's most seductive role. Picture abounds in fiery love scenes, whirlwind action, breath-taking spectacle.

"SO WELL REMEMBERED"

SHOPPING ABROAD proves fascinating pastime for MARTHA SCOTT during filming in England of James Hilton's *So Well Remembered.* Five stars head the huge Anglo-American cast: Miss Scott, JOHN MILLS, PATRICIA ROC, TREVOR HOWARD and RICHARD CARLSON.



DESPERATE one-man battle against police. HENRY FONDA, murder-suspect, and BARBARA BEL GEDDES, his injured sweetheart, huddle despairingly in scene from *The Long Night*, a Hakim-Litvak production. Star cast includes VINCENT PRICE, ANN DVORAK.

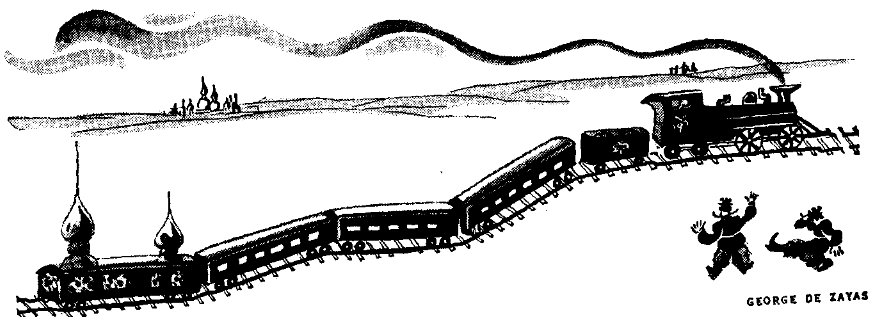


HOTLY PURSUED by Willie the Giant, terrified Mickey Mouse flees for safety in this scene from WALT DISNEY's Technicolor musical cartoon feature, *Fun and Fancy Free.* Mickey's mistake: visiting the giant's castle, uninvited. EDGAR BERGEN, DINAH SHORE top big cast.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

The FLORSHEIM Shoe
FLORSHEIM SHOES
The premium of finer quality is lower cost through longer wear
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

For several decades after Russia's first railroad began to operate between St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1851, the trains running on Sunday and holy days carried, for religious services, one or two "church cars" whose special equipment included stained-glass windows and sacred paintings.

For every 1,000 Americans who died last year of heart disease, 295 were of normal weight, 227 were underweight and 478 overweight; while for every 1,000 who died of diabetes, 238 were of normal weight, 152 were underweight and 610 overweight.

Of the 30 most popular cocktails and other mixed drinks—from the Alexander to the Zombie—in the United States today, rum is the chief ingredient of eight, whisky of seven, gin of seven, wine of five and brandy of three.

America's greatest furor was that created by Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer, during her concert tour (1850-1852). Its extent is indicated by a collection of Lindiana owned by the New York Historical Society which contains, among its thousands of items, scores of the countless articles on which her name and portrait were used as a trade-mark or decoration, such as bonnets, beds, whiskies, wallpapers and men's fancy vest buttons.

The Todas of southern India, a tribe of 700 aborigines who still permit brothers and friends to have wives in common, devote little time to a profitable occupation as they are supported largely by a neighboring tribe which regards them with superstitious veneration. The Todas themselves so worship the cow that their single temple is a dairy presided over by their chief holy man who desanctifies the sacred milk before its distribution.

Probably the most fantastic claim ever made for an article of alleged historical importance was that of an American who, a few years ago, visited a number of museums in an attempt to sell "the skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden."

A unique double suicide by electrocution was committed by an unhappy couple in 1926 near Trieste, Italy. After wrapping many yards of electric wire around himself and his sweetheart, the young man tied a rock to the other end of the wire and threw it up and over a high-tension transmission line.

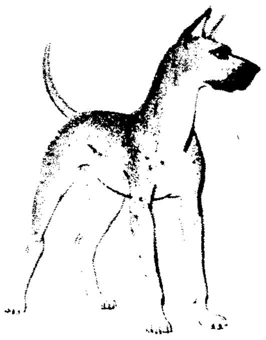
During the theatrical year that ended May 31, 1947, production was started on 73 new Broadway shows, 17 of which died in rehearsal or tryout. Of those that opened, 13 closed within a week and ten others within a month, while 16 were hits (100 or more performances). Three of these successes were among the 11 new shows still running at the end of the season.

Recent cases in which difficulties were considerably lessened by the psychological effect of color include the repainting of a black bridge a soothing green which resulted in a tremendous decrease in the number of suicides who jumped from it, and the repainting of telephone booth interiors which resulted in faster conversations and the elimination of waiting lines.

The Euthanasia Society of America is now conducting a campaign to legalize euthanasia or "mercy killings" on the following basis: Any sane adult who wishes to be put to death to end his incurable physical suffering must first apply to a court for a permit, submitting with his petition an affidavit from his doctor. Then three physicians, appointed by the court, investigate and, if they approve, the permit is granted and the patient may use it or not—if and when he chooses.

Contrary to the common belief that most lynchings are incited by alleged attacks on white women, not more than 600 of the 3,700 Negroes lynched in the United States in the past 65 years were accused of any kind of sex crime.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

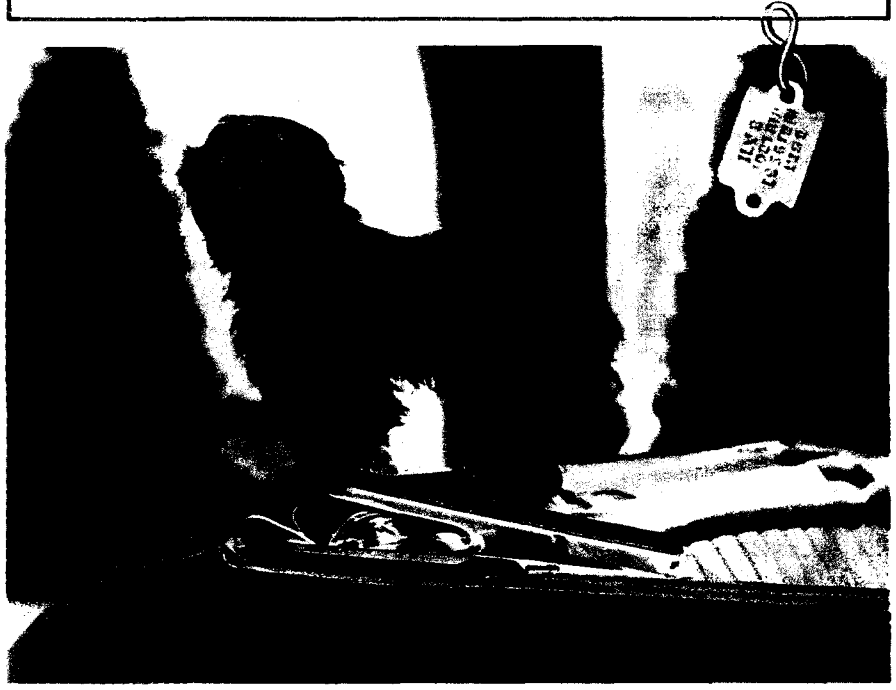


WHOSE DOG IS THAT ?

From the clues given, can you name the famous owners of these happy canines?

1. "Mereg Duda" is a puli (Hungarian sheep dog) owned by a Metropolitan Opera star who has been called "Queen of American Carmens." Miss S. was born in Deepwater, Missouri . . . started to sing at the age of five . . . has appeared in pictures, but at present is devoting her efforts entirely to opera, concert, and radio work.

She likes golf, tennis and driving her black convertible . . . often taking over the wheel from her chauffeur. She always looks for the "Ethyl" trademark when buying gasoline because: "Driving is more fun when the car runs its best—smoothly and powerfully! That's why I choose 'Ethyl' gasoline."

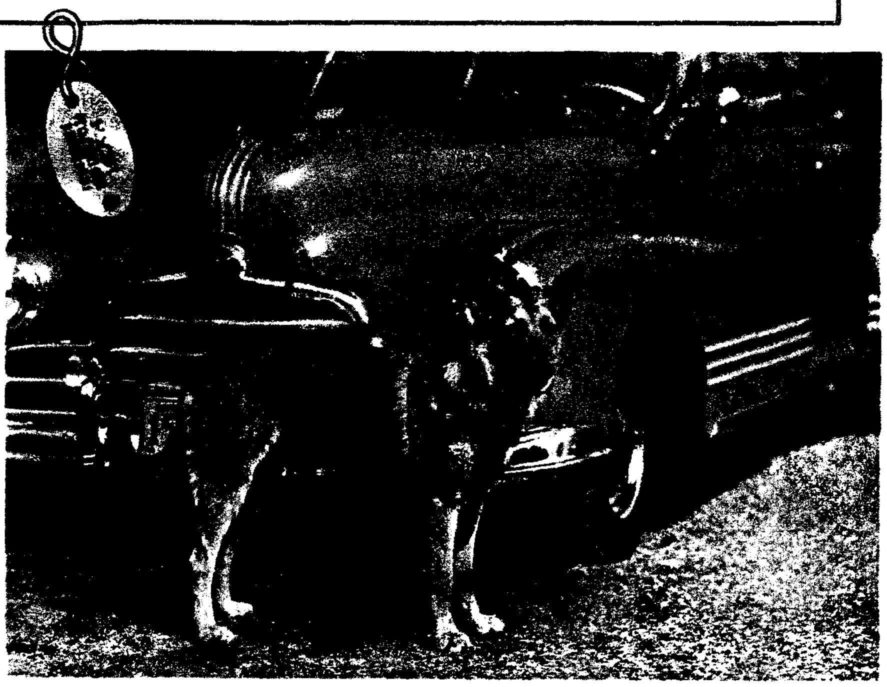


2. "Great Pal," a Great Dane, belongs to a famous movie comedian who is coming back to the screen after an absence of several years. This should be great news to the folks who roared at the antics of this frantic young man with horn-rimmed spectacles when he starred in "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last" and "The Freshman." His new, sure-to-click comedy is "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," a feature release of United Artists.

He lives with his wife and children in Beverly Hills, drives a light gray convertible and collects old cars. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in *all* his cars because: "There's nothing like 'Ethyl' gasoline for bringing out the power of a new car and putting a bit of life back into an old one."

3. "Bruce" belongs to one of the busiest men in radio. Mr. G appears on as many as eleven shows a week and his specialty is kidding sponsors and commercials. He works without notes or script . . . just says whatever comes into his head . . . which is something when you consider he's on the air about fourteen hours a week. You can hear him over the CBS network at 11 A.M. EDST Monday through Friday and at 9:00 P.M. EDST Tuesdays.

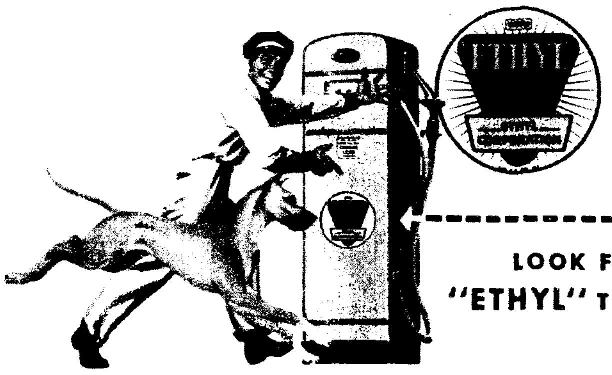
His home is in Virginia, where he enjoys sailing, raising horses and driving his new car. He says he always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "If I didn't, they wouldn't put my name in this ad."



Read this to check your identification of the dogs' owners:

It's pretty hard to identify somebody from a picture of his or her dog. Also the fact that the person is an "Ethyl" gasoline user is not the best of clues. Millions of people like both dogs and high-quality gasoline. However, we think we've given you enough other clues to identify: 1. Gladys Swarthout. 2. Harold Lloyd. 3. Arthur Godfrey.

These famous people look for the "Ethyl" trademark for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance—helps any car, new or old, do its best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.



LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

Guide
SEALED BEAM
UNITS
FOR
SAFER LIGHTING
INSIST UPON
Guide
SEALED BEAM UNITS
ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT
SERVICE PARTS
LENSES · DOORS · REFLECTORS
More new cars are factory-equipped with GUIDE SEALED BEAM UNITS than any other make

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

SAFE HEADLAMPS ARE "CORRECTLY AIMED" HEADLAMPS—HAVE YOURS CHECKED TODAY

JACK MANNING

"I'm sorry—the machine decided," Humor Editor Williams tells a sad cartoonist, as his Gagometer tears up her idea

TO TELEVISION, the Space Ship and the Bomb, we can now add another miracle of scientific achievement: the Gurney Gagometer. It seems that Mr. Gurney Williams, Collier's humor editor, has looked at nearly 1,250,000 cartoon gags and he thought it high time someone came through with a machine to take over the job. So he got together the works of an alarm clock, a rattrap, a mousetrap, a photographic timer, various springs, a buzzer and a bell.

Gurney hooked up these mechanical intestines to several flashlight bulbs and batteries, and set the intricate mechanism inside a wooden cabinet. Finally on June 12, 1947—while Mrs. Williams was crying, "Gurney, the screens aren't in *yet!*"—the machine worked.

Do not get the impression that the Gagometer is the mechanical dream of an impractical Edison. It actually operates. While Mr. Williams lolls leisurely, a lovely assistant slips a cartoon idea into a slot at one end of the Gagometer. The mechanism whirs, indicating the gag is being pretested by an Assistant Brain. If the idea has possibilities, it is put through for further consideration. The starter button is turned, the Electronic Brain goes into action. A flashing light indicates the Brain is thinking.

Should the idea be deemed unworthy, a buzzer sounds ominously, and torn pieces of gag are ejected brutally from the top of the machine. If okayed, the idea is paid for immediately—three cents! Instructions for operation are clearly printed on top: "*Caution:* Use only as directed. If headaches persist or recur frequently, consult your doctor."

When pressed for a carefully prepared statement on his amazing device, Mr. Williams said, "I understand the British and the Russians are working on similar devices. The British call theirs the Hawscope, the Russians named theirs the *Mashina Dlya Shootok* (Machine for Gags). They're both two years behind, neither having the Assistant Brain, one of the best-kept secrets of the peace."

We understand cartoonists are feverishly working on a counter device.

ROBERT GIBBONS (A Thing Called Heart, p. 16) grew up in an atmosphere of local athletics in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where his father was a high-school coach who believed in "heart" as the essential ingredient of a ballplayer. "He had to believe it," explains Mr. Gibbons, "being one of the lightest guards ever to letter in football at Alabama."

As soon as he reached the age of discretion, Mr. Gibbons, who is a twin, began writing. So far he's ground out millions of words, of which about 300,000 have sold—mostly in two novels. In 1937 he married, had a son, now seven, whom he describes as a born ballplayer, statesman, writer and scientist. Later he went to war, serving aboard an LST, and ashore at Leyte and Luzon.

When Joe Garagiola, Cardinal catcher, got his thumb busted during the World Series of '46, Mr. Gibbons recalled the same thing happening to Joe during a game at Rizal Stadium some months earlier while catching for the Manila Dodgers, a service team managed by Kirby Higbe. He also recalled watching a little pitcher named Schantz or Schanz work for Okinawa against Manila.

"He was so small that his uniform draped down to his ankles," says Mr. Gibbons. "He lost the game but he had heart, and the whole stadium with him. I don't know whether this little man has made his way into pro ball.

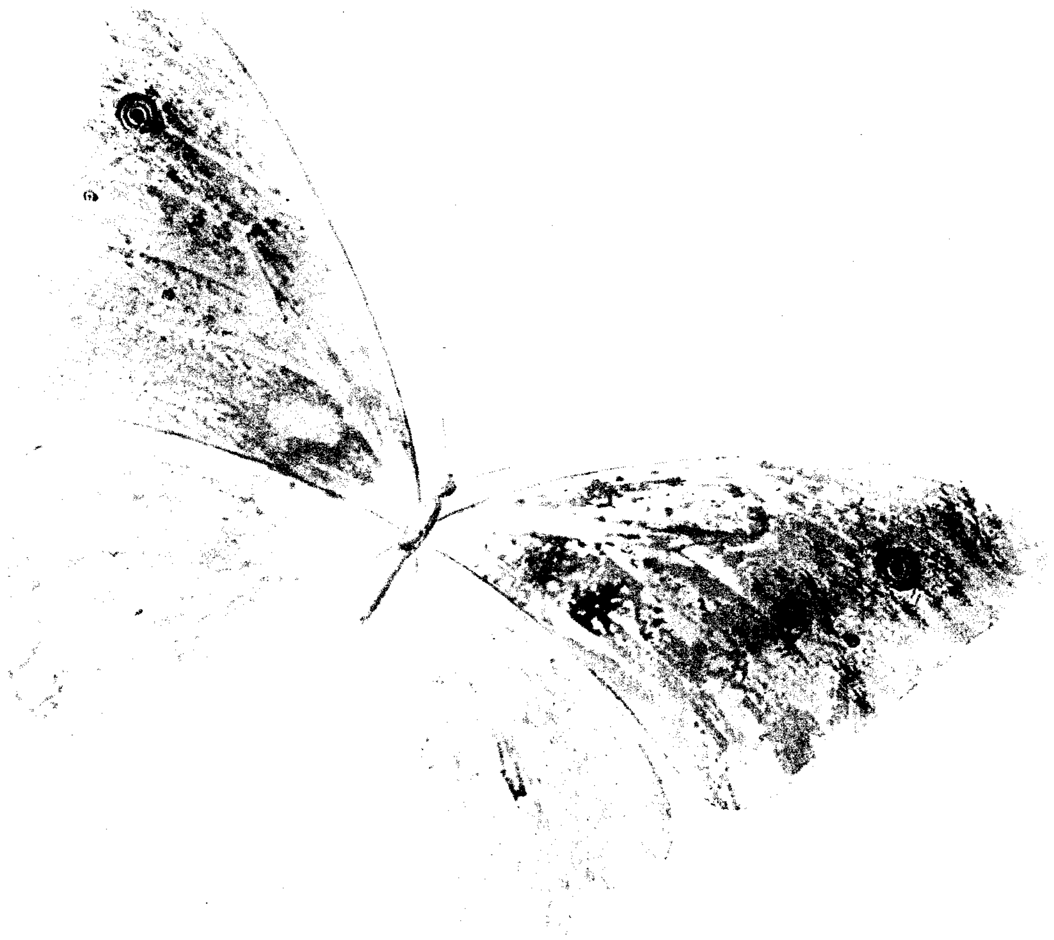
"The characters of A Thing Called Heart are out of my imagination, but they are tempered by recollections of such things as a twice-busted thumb, a little man in an oversized uniform and the nature of my father's sportsmanship."

Mr. Gibbons admits hero worship motivates a lot of his writing, even if practically all the heroes of his youth have turned out to be lecherous old so-and-sos. "But I'm not going to ridicule my son when he begins to marvel at this baseball star and that cowboy hero," he adds. "For I'll still be marveling, in my reserved, adult way, at my own personal heroes."

EXTRA! Flash! Special! On the morning of Friday, June the 13th, a member staggered across the floor of the New York Stock Exchange carrying stacks of the new Collier's under each arm, shouting, "All the dope on why Farley broke with Roosevelt!" Trading stopped as members rushed up and got their free copy. Next day's reports showed the market had risen.

This week's cover: Blue Skies. Jimmy Snyder captured the wisteria blue of the Bahama heavens at the British Colonial Hotel in Nassau. The foreground is pretty attractive too—posed by native Bahamians. . . .

TED SHANE



From all the garden's host, one butterfly on dancing wings hovers before her, spending its brief hour with joy to symbolize her love. Just so, the diamond on her finger will some day gleam more brilliant than any other, reflecting her love's own image. Her engagement ring-stone should be chosen, then, for its proud place. It need not be of many carats, for color, clarity and cutting contribute also to beauty and value. Be sure to seek the advice of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT $95 TO $210
ONE-HALF CARAT $230 TO $500
ONE CARAT $600 TO $1165
TWO CARATS $1400 TO $2900

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in April, 1947. Add 20% Federal tax.

N. W. AYER & SON

A Great Performer on radio and records!

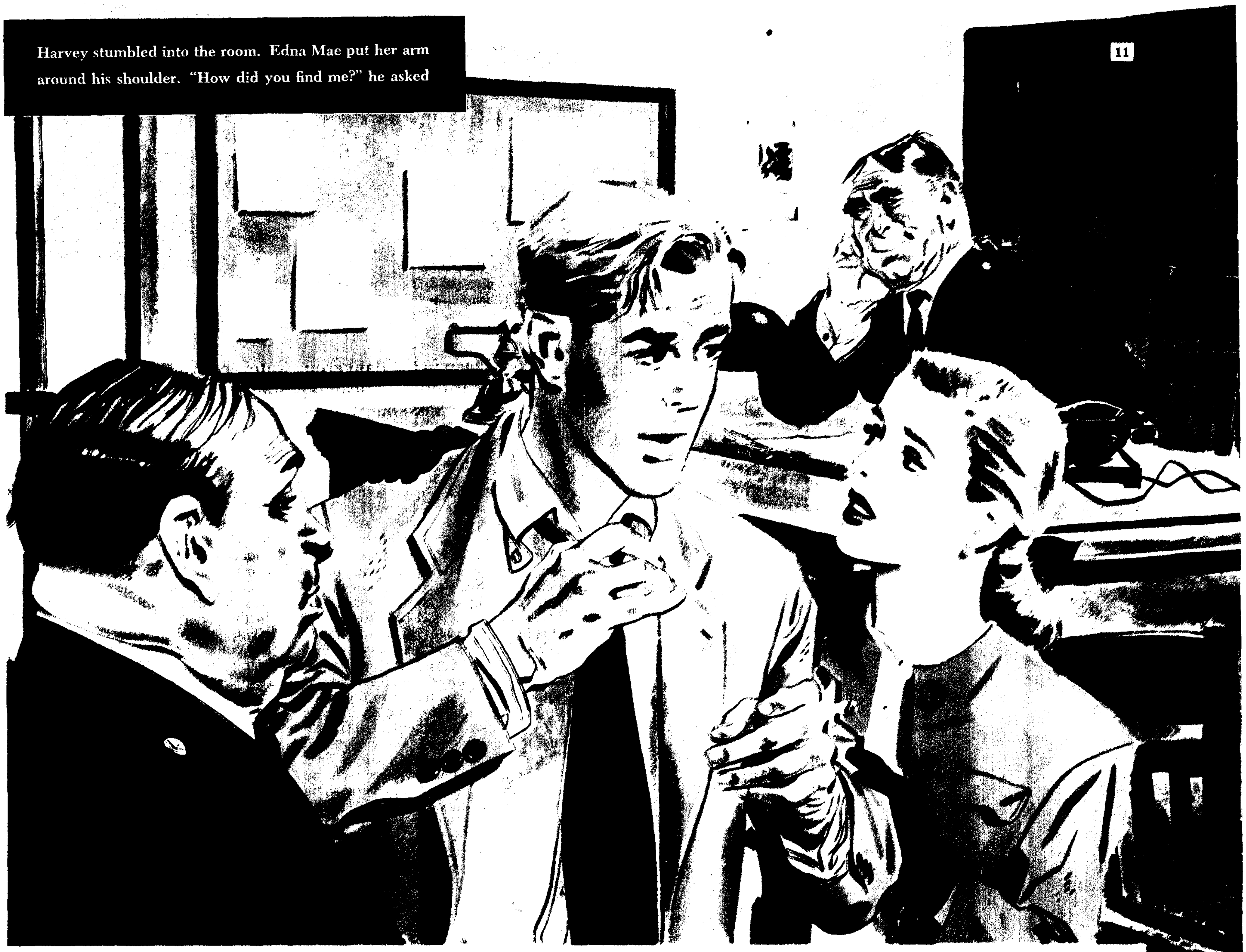
It's new for 1948 . . . the great Philco 1256 . . . the utmost in tone, performance and quality in an automatic table radio-phonograph. It brings you Burl Ives, America's mightiest ballad singer, and all the other great performers at their glorious best on radio or records. See it now at your Philco dealer.

LISTEN TO BURL IVES, the Friendly Philco Troubadour, Friday evenings, Mutual Network and many additional stations.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

Harvey stumbled into the room. Edna Mae put her arm around his shoulder. "How did you find me?" he asked



GENIUS WORKING

BY HENRY NORTON

"You're still tops," Edna Mae told Harvey Renner. "And no other copywriter can make that statement." However, one other copywriter tried

HARVEY RENNER wrote radio commercials. Yes, Harvey Renner was the type of person who enjoyed writing radio commercials, and with men who knew commercials best it was generally conceded he did a very nice type job.

Harvey had a noble brow, straight blond hair, and inky fingers. In an occupation usually noted for oddly assorted garments, thought-glazed eyes, and a tendency to three-day drunks, Harvey was notable. He drank sparingly, his neat gray suit just missed being dapper, and his pale, narrow, sensitive face had all the calm intellect of a bank clerk or a horse player.

At the moment Harvey was putting the final deft touches to a singing commercial. Strictly from Gilbert and Sullivan, the music, so the internal rhyme scheme had to be fast and tricky without reducing the sponsor's name to unintelligibility. Unintelligibility on the radio usually results from an announcer or singer tackling a word like unintelligibility.

He was seated at his desk, beating out rhythm with a finger purpled by ditto carbon, when Edna Mae Scott put her three-dollar coiffure into the room. She was Mr. Disbrow's secretary. The ill-informed might cling, if they wished, to the idea that Mr. Disbrow was the brain behind the advertising agency of Yates & Disbrow. Edna Mae knew better. Were she ever to leave Mr. Disbrow, for any of the reasons that kept coming to her mind, the entire enterprise would, she was sure, fold up.

Edna Mae, having a deep-rooted respect for the symptoms of genius at work, waited quietly; after a moment Harvey's hand slowed and he turned to look at her. The sunlight from the reception room beyond touched her hair and built a small leaping fire among her blond-gold curls. Harvey sighed and all memory of the commercial vanished.

"Orbed maiden with white fire laden," he quoted softly, and sighed again. "Yes, Miss Scott?"

Edna Mae puzzled briefly over his use of the word "orbed"; then, smoothing her dress at the waist, she decided that no matter how he intended it, she had a right to it.

"Idea conference, Mr. Renner," she said. "Mr. Disbrow and Mr. Evans right away, in the room."

Harvey frowned at the clock and checked it elaborately with his own watch. He had plenty of time to finish his work, but there was no harm letting people know how busy he was.

Edna Mae added softly, "And Mr. Castle, too."

Harvey Renner got to his feet immediately, said, "Thank you, Miss Scott!" with more warmth than the occasion seemed to *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

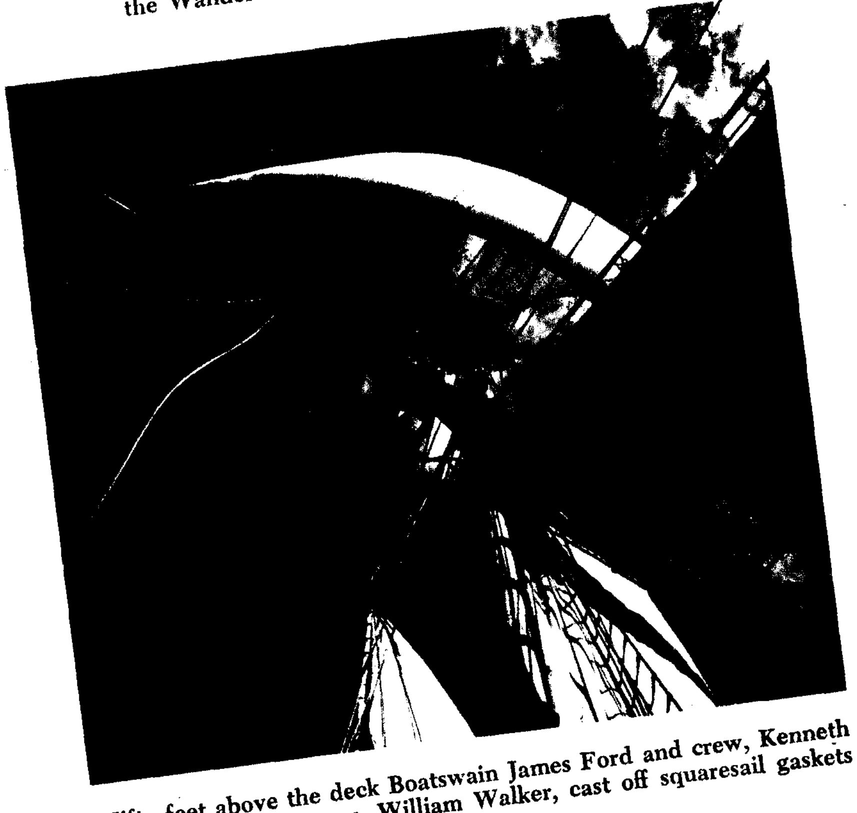
The author's nine-year-old son, Commodore, sailed with his family to the South Pacific just before the war on their schooner Wander Bird

BOY vs. BASS

BY WARWICK M. TOMPKINS

Deep in the dangerous waters off Tahiti, a nine-year-old American boy stalks and finally shoots a sea bass that weighs nearly half as much as he

Ann, eleven, and her brother, Commodore, have lived all their lives on the Wander Bird, have done things most children only read about



Fifty feet above the deck Boatswain James Ford and crew, Kenneth Brown, Donald Strauss, William Walker, cast off squaresail gaskets

MAKOA'S paddle missed a stroke as he waved to his friends on the American schooner, Wander Bird, anchored just inside the reef in Papeete, Tahiti. Makoa was dressed for hunting in the ocean's depths. His golden skin glinted with coconut oil, and his shock of black hair was sleeked down and caught by a bright band of plaited fibers. His only garment was a scanty *pareu* patterned with a white flower.

For all of his weight he was not squat nor ugly as he sat in the green dugout. He had the smooth muscles of a great swimmer and tireless paddler. Today he was taking Ann, 11, Commodore, 9, and the Skipper on a fishing expedition, but there were no rods or reels in the boat. The fishing was to be the more exciting and difficult sport in which the fishermen swim underwater to shoot their game with peculiar weapons.

"We're all ready," Skipper greeted the Tahitian, "I see you've brought the spears and slings!" In the bottom of the canoe lay a half-dozen slender rods with barbs at one end and several short lengths of bamboo with strong rubber loops lashed at one end. "Bring your diving masks, you two," the Skipper called to the children, and they jumped into the canoe.

Their diving masks were oval pieces of glass mounted on red rubber which covered their eyes and noses, but not their mouths, and were held in place by heavy rubber bands. The purpose of the mask is to keep water from getting against one's eyes. Unless a diver is swimming he lets his mask hang around his neck and this the children did now as Makoa headed toward the reef, the canoe and its single outrigger leaving a double wake.

On the seaward side of the reef the water was suddenly blue and deep. "Makoa made a special spear for you, son," Skipper told Commodore. "Let's see what kind of a hunter you are." The spear was three feet long, thinner than a lead pencil and more like a tailless arrow than a spear.

"Here's the sling," Makoa said. "Put your spear through the tube, pull back the rubber band and zing! Let 'r go! It works like a slingshot. You'll soon get the knack."

Commodore slipped over the side of the canoe and lay face down on the surface of the water as he paddled slowly along the edge of the reef. The world he saw was different from anything he'd ever seen before. He was excited and even a little frightened. What creatures might not be lurking along those coral cliffs? He had heard of fierce eels and the huge Manta rays which flit like bats through the tropic waters. He knew about sharks, the deadly barracuda and the giant tridacna, that monstrous clam which can trap and kill any diver.

Only the brim of the reef's precipice was brightly illuminated by the sun. In the crevices of the palisade, coral plants flourished, and animals which he could hardly distinguish from plants. In the bubbles and backwash of the surf the upper growths waved vigorously, but farther down, motions were slow and languid.

The face of the reef was pocked with caves, tunnels and passages leading into darkness. It was a fairly regular precipice, but now and again there were isolated piles, standing like castles in watery silence.

When Commodore swam downward he discovered there were small sounds in the water. The surf had its dominant splash, and out of its tireless roiling a gentle rain of debris fell lazily down the cliff. Stones and coral lumps ticked delicately as they bounced. He watched Skipper shoot unsuccessfully at a rainbow fish and picked up the metallic "pingk!" when the arrow struck the reef.

"Over here!" Makoa called to the swimmers. "Good hunting!" He was treading water and pointing down. Here an underwater cape thrust out from the reef. Twenty-five feet down a sandy bottom shelved gradually into deeper water. Commodore could see black outcroppings of rock slanting upward from the sand. The cape rested on a graceful, natural arch. Through it, slim green shadows drifted. He gasped when he realized that these were fish.

Makoa suddenly raised himself high, exhaled explosively, and dropped feet first toward the bottom. When he was far down Commodore saw him turn easily, his broad feet beginning to thrash in short, hard kicks. Ahead of him the fish shifted away uneasily, sinking closer to the bottom or gliding under overhanging rocks.

Commodore was obliged to breathe, and when he looked down again Makoa was already rising triumphantly. A second or two later he broke surface and shook his spear. A two-foot fish was impaled on it. Its jaws gasped and from the flailing tail strings of diamond drops flew in wide arcs. Makoa paddled to a rock and tied his catch to it with a bit of string.

"Looks easy," Commodore ventured rashly.

"Anything a champion does looks easy," Skipper cautioned. "Come on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

down with me. You'll see it's no simple trick."

Ann had concluded it was sufficient fun to watch the others. Now she floated and stared down through the window of her mask. In the scene below her she detected something strangely familiar. *Where* had she seen such a fabulous world and such strange creatures before?

Makoa, Skipper and Commodore were beneath her, moving with languid grace like actors in a slow-motion film. They glided through space, contemptuous of gravity. Each trailed a comet's tail of bubbles. They penetrated thickets of unearthly shrubbery and hung meditatively over ruined castles, turning masked faces this way and that, fingering odd weapons.

"Buck Rogers! Of course!" she suddenly chuckled. "That's what they look like. That's where I've seen all this before—in comic books!"

That day only Makoa shot fish. It was a week later before Commodore's great day arrived. "Too bad we can't eat rocks," he groused that morning, disgustedly sharpening his spear for the tenth time. "I've hit at least five hundred fine rocks."

"Don't get discouraged," Skipper said. "We can dive twice as deep and stay down twice as long now as we could a week ago. Your luck will change. Mine, too, I hope. Today Makoa's going to take us farther down the reef."

Stalking a Big One

An hour later the quartet was swimming far from Papeete. Makoa had found a spot fairly alive with fish.

"Ssssst! Right below me," the Tahitian hissed suddenly. "Here's a big fellow. Take a look." The others slipped up to him silently. "There he is, by that blue rock, to the right of it, a little."

"Sure! Over that nest of pebbles. He's a regular whale."

"Twenty—twenty-five pounds anyway, maybe more," Makoa said, "a fine old sea bass."

From above, the fish showed only the long, thin wedge of his back, mottled and dark like the stones below him. But for the slight shifting of his body and the slow fanning of his tail he would have been nearly invisible.

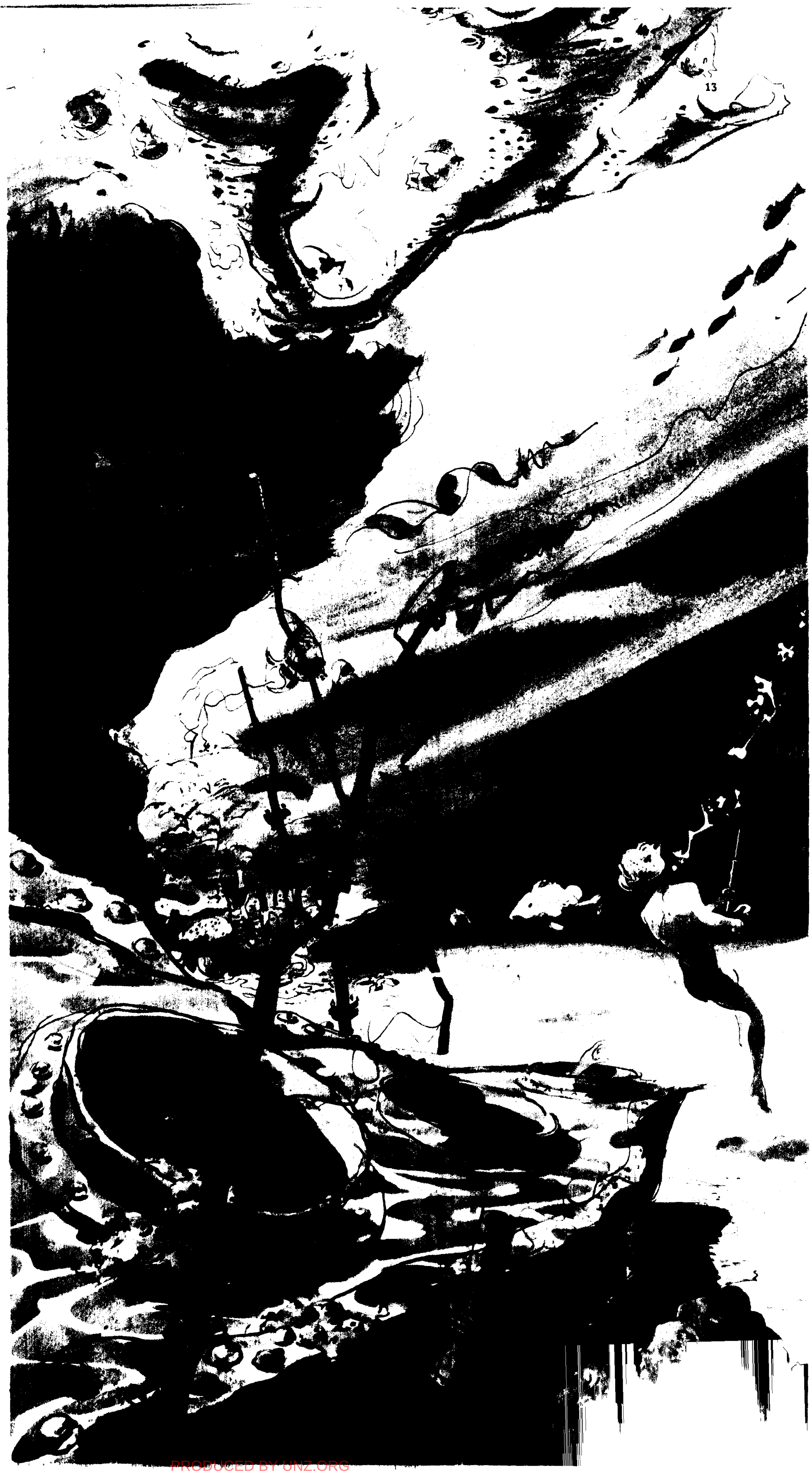
"Drive him back into that little bay behind him," Makoa said. "Don't shoot until you get him up against the rocks. He can't maneuver so well then."

Commodore and Skipper dived nearly as fast as Makoa. Commodore approached the bass from Makoa's left, pulling himself from rock to rock, and Skipper closed in from the right. Makoa slanted straight toward the fish, his spear sliding back into its tube ominously as the bass backed away apprehensively.

"I want that fish; I hope he misses." Commodore was thinking. "Makoa's shot so many this past week." Makoa's spear left the tube with that hypnotic sluggishness peculiar to this submarine world, and Commodore heard it ring on the rock. Missed, he thought exultantly.

The bass made a lightning twist right toward Skipper as Makoa retrieved his spear, and Skipper fired

(Continued on page 57)



Squarely in front of Commodore, about three feet away, the big fish darted into open water—and stopped

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID SHAW

RAH! RAH! RADIO

BY RAFE GIBBS

The coed is chief engineer of Cornell's station WVBR (Voice of the Big Red). She's repairing the equipment

THE most insolent, idealistic, raucous, sentimental, daring, conservative industry in the nation today is college radio. It is also the poorest financially and the fastest-growing.

If anybody would like to argue any one of these points, welcome, welcome. The Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, operated by students and for students on campuses all over the country, thrives on argument. Choose your own side, pro or con, on any question; name your own weapon, reason or roughhouse. The collegians are virtuosos of persuasion.

When certain Yale men felt that the Princeton campus radio was presenting the football situation in an unfair, or unfavorable-to-Yale light, they took the argument into the enemy's territory.

They drove to Princeton, deployed into scouting and attacking parties, tiptoed into the WPRU studio, strong-armed the eight persons they found there, including the announcer, engineer and commentator, lashed them to chairs, placed their own previously prepared platter of football commentary on the turntable, and predicted to the shocked radio listeners of Princeton that Yale would win Saturday's game—which, as it happened, Yale did.

But within minutes after the offending platter began to grind, Princeton listeners came to the rescue, pouring out of houses all over the campus. In a soul-satisfying riot, they roughed up the invaders and threw them out. The next week a giant "P" was burned into the grass at Yale's stadium.

Of course from an elderly point of view, all that was proved by this melee was that boys will be boys.

But sometimes the college radio boys and girls devote their talents to higher purposes. They worry away at campus problems, they work to promote tolerance, they try high-minded experiments in music and the drama, and some but not all of them tackle national and international affairs.

The radio talent of Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, protested the high price of textbooks in a little skit entitled The President and the Freshman (no connection intended with any member of their own faculty). A part of the dialogue ran something like this:

President Slushbottom: Now, my boy, the first thing you must do is buy textbooks.

My boy: Yes, sir.

President Slushbottom: You will need Sociology I, by Slushbottom, $4; Sociology Made Simple, by Slushbottom, $5; Sociology Made Difficult, by Slushbottom, $4; and Sociology, by Slushbottom, $6, a comprehensive work. Got those down, my boy?

My boy: Yes, sir, but . . .

President Slushbottom: You can stop right there, my boy. I know what you were going to say. No, you cannot buy these books secondhand. And don't try to sell them at the end of the year. A new edition every year, that's the Slushbottom way. You don't think I can live on my salary, do you?

Professors in some colleges objected to the widespread custom of broadcasting Music to Study By, expressing doubt as to the compatibility of music with mental effort. But the Intercollegiate Broad-

Men from Brown and girls from Pembroke College demonstrate a studio technique that is informal, fresh, strictly collegiate. In a round-table session over Brown's WBRU, students discussed birth control

At Brown the "underground" radio is only a problem in physics, not politics. This group is checking transmission lines

The Intercollegiate Broadcasting System has very little money, limited facilities and a small audience. But it is the fastest-growing and freest-talking network in the nation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON

casting System lined up a galaxy of psychologists on its side, and proved, for working purposes, that music aided rather than hindered study. Classical music, that is, not dance music.

Station WBRU of Brown University invited debate on the question: Should Brown students be compelled to eat in college mess halls? The result on this was such a resounding "No!" accompanied by snide remarks about college food, that the administration gave up all attempts to legislate Brownian appetites.

Station WVBR of Cornell University came to the defense of nonfraternity students who claimed they suffered discrimination in the matter of getting desirable seats at football games. The system of seat allotments was revised.

Princetonians, in a series of round-table interviews with faculty members, asked the president, Dr. Harold W. Dodds: "Does Princeton discriminate against Negroes on admissions?"

"No," said the president.

Observing that it was curious that there were only two Negroes in a student body of 3,500, a student asked why applications for admission carried a question as to race. Not, the president said, for purposes of discrimination.

No more was said on the subject. But WPRU-ians note with interest that next year's application blanks do not ask about race.

Princeton won a minor victory over college regulations with its series of programs dazzlingly but misleadingly entitled Sex after Six. The idea was to change the "all out by six" rule for women visiting in men's dormitories. The students, contending that 6 P.M. was too early to break up a cocktail party, plugged for an extension to 9 P.M. The college authorities compromised on 7 P.M.

College radio was born at Brown University in 1936, when David Borst and George Abraham hooked up low-power transmitters to interdormitory heating pipes. Within a few years 12 more colleges established stations, applying the technique now generally in use, of hooking up to regular electric wires. In 1940 these stations formed the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, a strong central organization with headquarters in New York, on which any college may call for help in solving its radio problems. David Linton is its only full-time officer, but many professionals, including the two Brown men who started the whole thing, are on call.

After the slowdown of the war, college radio has picked up again. It is twice as big a thing today as it was a year ago, and it promises to be twice as big again by this time next year. It now reaches more than 100,000 listeners through broadcasting stations in 32 colleges and universities scattered through the country. IBS reports that 20 more stations will go on the air in September.

In addition IBS has 18 more "trial" members, whose stations are under construction. Plus applications for membership and calls for technical help from many more student groups. Plus plans for regional, national and finally international hookups with students all over the world.

College radio has limitless ambition. It even hopes, by grace of sponsors, *(Continued on page 52)*

Students are often interviewed on the campus. Questions can be more controversial than commercial radio allows

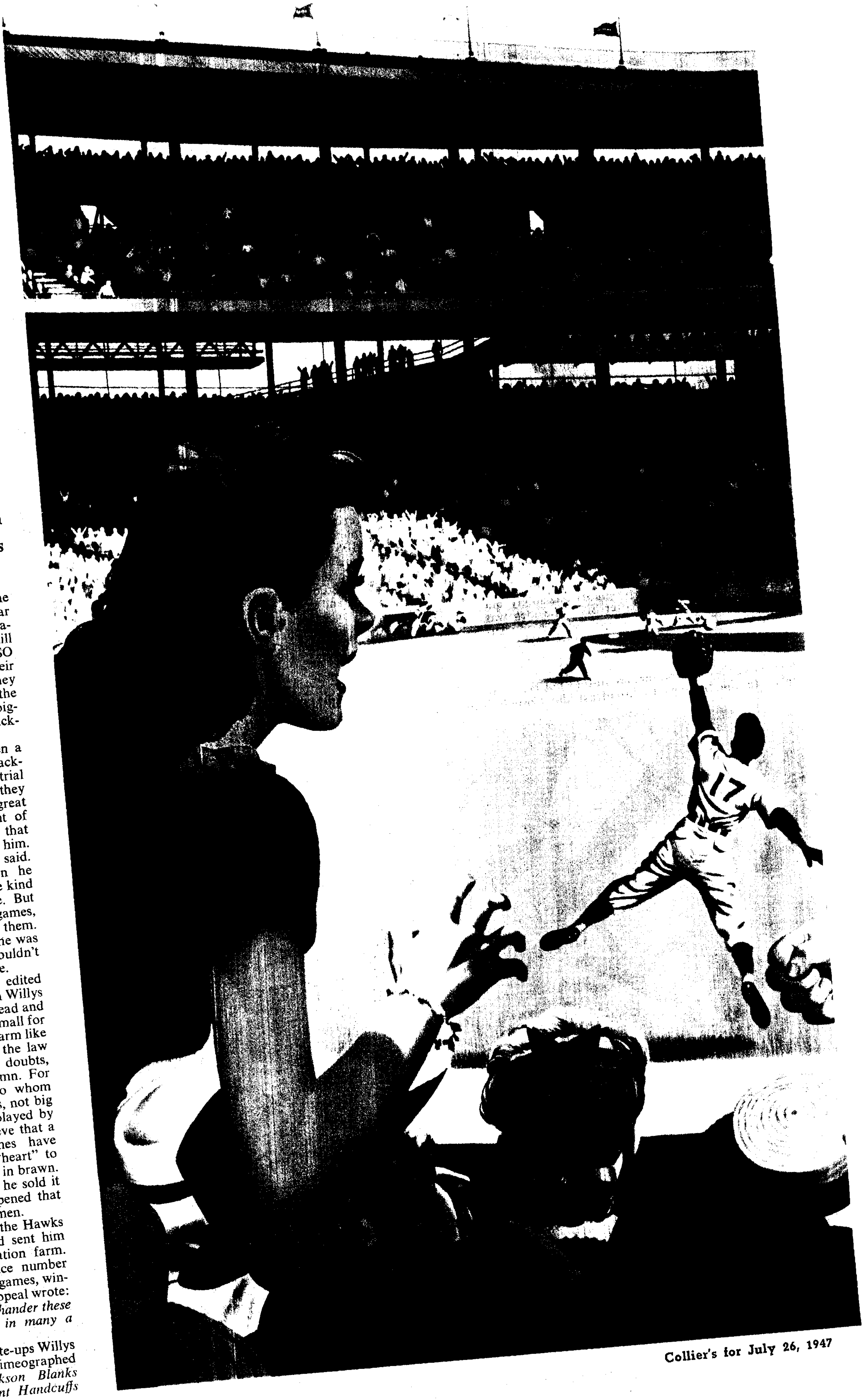
Far above Cayuga's waters an on-the-spot crew from WVBR takes to the treetops to broadcast the Cornell boat race

The Cornell outfit bought this 1922-model station wagon, for use as a mobile unit, but couldn't often take it out because of flat tires. Makeshift equipment, however, discourages few campus broadcasters

A THING CALLED HEART

BY ROBERT GIBBONS

The story of a game little man who made the Big Leagues



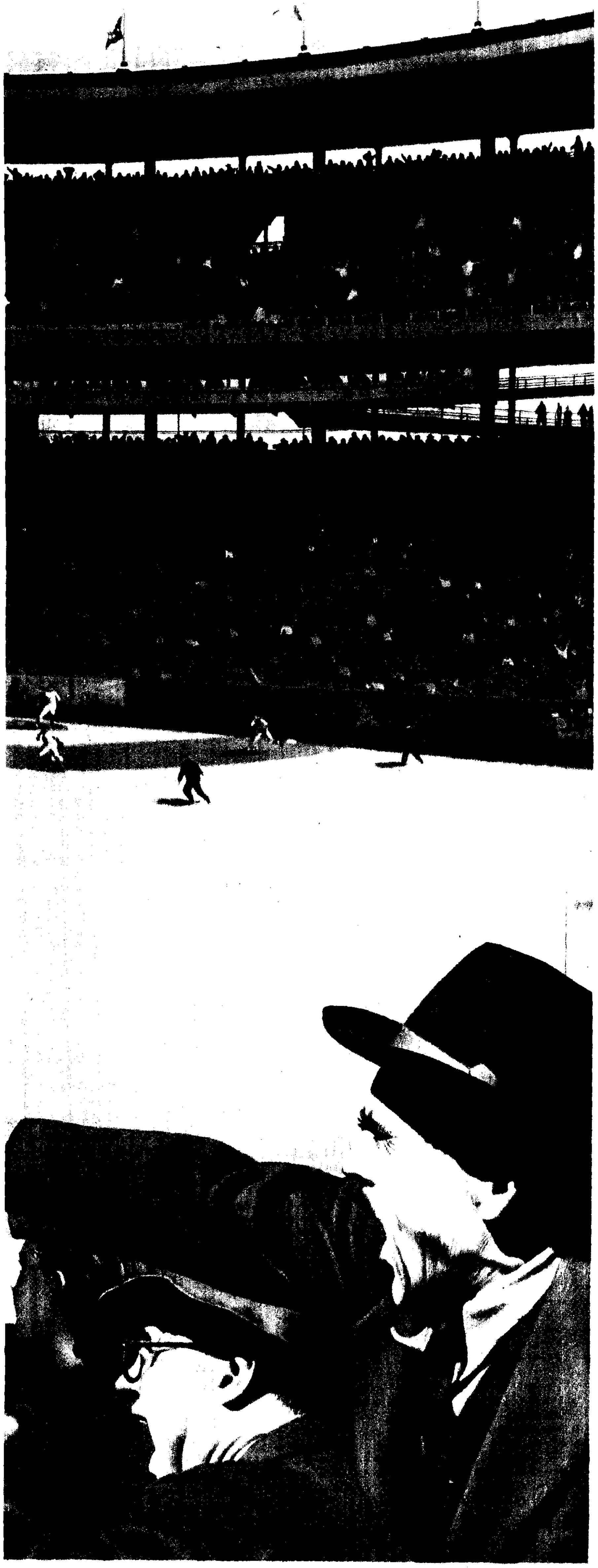
IT BEGAN as long ago as the first part of last year and as far away as Rizal Stadium in Manila—a far place made remoter still by a far time. It began when the USO All-Stars came, in the course of their Pacific tour, to Manila, where they played a five-game series with the Base X Blues. It began when big-leaguer Ed Rankin said to Willys Jackson—

But before that, there had been a war, and before the war, Willys Jackson had pitched ball in the industrial leagues of Vulcan City. There they ranked him with the game's great right-handers before he was out of high school. Home-towners are that way. "Little Billy," they called him. "That's my little man," they said. "That's my boy." Even when he couldn't finish a game he got the kind of hand that fans give a favorite. But most of the time he finished his games, and most of the time he won them. They said in Vulcan City that he was booked for the majors, you couldn't keep him out with a locked gate.

But Sam Chester, who had edited sports through more years than Willys Jackson had lived, shook his head and said to himself, "He's mighty small for the big leagues. He'd need an arm like leather and more heart than the law allows." Then, to hide his doubts, Sam whooped it up in his column. For Sam was a sentimentalist to whom sports were essentially games, not big business; they were games played by men, and Sam liked to believe that a little man could sometimes have enough of a thing called "heart" to make up for what he lacked in brawn. That was Sam's belief, and he sold it to Willys Jackson. It happened that they were both pint-sized men.

In the summer of 1941, the Hawks signed Willys Jackson and sent him to their Southern Association farm. Before his selective service number came up, he pitched three games, winning two. Myers of the Appeal wrote: *For his size the best right-hander these old eyes have glimpsed in many a moon.*

After that, the only write-ups Willys Jackson got were in mimeographed camp newspapers—*Jackson Blanks 167th. . . . Little Giant Handcuffs*



Eglin. He burned down everything he met in the service outfits, but the going wasn't professional. It was a hybrid game they got from crossing the sand lot with the majors. A man couldn't tell whether he was getting better or worse. He couldn't tell whether he still had what it took. In Manila, for instance, the Base X Blues had World Series veterans teamed with guys who had never managed to get beyond utility outfielder for Chattanooga—or some cow college in Texas. In this conglomerate, Willys Jackson—or Jeep, as he had come to be called—played second base and Marc Nettles played short, when not taking their respective turns on the rubber. And though for four years the game of baseball had eddied in the swollen current of war, Billy the Jeep still played the game as he thought Sam Chester of the News might like to see it played. That was as it should have been—for if so enduring a quality as heart cannot last four years, what can?

But a romanticist who clings to such things must have his heroes, near and far. Willys Jackson had them. Near was Marc Nettles, who had given him the name "Jeep." Marc was an old campaigner—five years with the Hawks before he got into the Army. He was a bony, sun-hardened, even-tempered man who believed no fairy tales about the sporting world. He chewed his tobacco and spat cynically into the abiding dust of the Orient. "Nahhh, Jeep boy. You'll find out, you'll learn. In the majors they spike you in your sleep. They cut out your heart to make a lousy dollar. Why don'tcha go back home and hunt muskydimes or whatever you was doing before they rassled us into this Army? And play ball for fun, son. Hell on it for a living."

THIS cynicism from so near an idol did nothing but strengthen Jeep's faith. He listened and laughed, taking it all in in the way a kid brother takes in the worldly wisdom of an elder. He said, "You going back to the Hawks, ain't you, Marc?"

To this stock question Marc Nettles had a stock reply: "Sure, Jeep. But I'm in a rut. All I know is ballplayin'. I couldn' sell Bibles—not even in Mi'ssippi." The thinly spat tobacco juice, the twisted grin in the lean, unbelieving face. And Jeep the believer laughed. Great kidder, old Marc was.

Meanwhile, a far idol drew near.

There had been a time in Willys Jackson's life when his greatest heroes of baseball were hitters, not pitchers. It was in those days that Ed Rankin had first become a bright name, and in those days—when the diamond was an empty lot behind the Dixie Produce Company's warehouse—a boy going to bat said to himself, "I'm Babe Ruth," or "I'm Lou Gehrig," or "I'm Ed Rankin." And that was what he was in his mind. So it had been with Willys Jackson, and some of the luster of those other days lingered yet in his mind.

"You ever know Ed Rankin, Marc?"

"Yeah, Jeep, yeah. We was with Shreveport once, way back."

"What's he like?"

"Well, he's a good-enough ballplayer," Marc said. And that was all he said, because nobody was paying him to tell the Jeep about what heels sometimes got into pro ball. Some things the kid would have to learn the hard way. He would have to learn that Rankin was a big, hog-jawed, ham-handed slugger who despised such minor subtleties as the bunt, the five-dollar hotel room, the subway; he liked to slam the old ball out of the park, live in a suite, take a taxi wherever he went. Lower than all the low things of the world he ranked little men, and the lowest of these were pitchers. But that was something the Jeep would have to learn the hard way.

IN THE first game with the All-Stars, Jackson was hot. They said in the stands that he was hotter than a firecracker. They liked to see a little man do well. He gave up five hits, struck out Ed Rankin twice. That was a mistake. It brought on the trouble in the second game—Jeep Jackson was playing second base.

The battery for Base X was Marc Nettles and Tommy Bizzoco, and Marc was pitching a competent game, nothing inspired like Jeep's game of the day before, but fair. He was a run behind going into the fourth, but nobody was sweating any blood over it. Even Billy the Jeep felt a divided loyalty as Rankin came to bat. A man could have too many heroes sometimes. Of course, the thing to do was to play to win, and that was what Billy meant to do. But if big Ed happened to like one of Marc's pitches, maybe planted it outside the park, well—wouldn't it be all in the ball game? And wouldn't it give the guys in the stands a big kick? And wasn't that what the game was all about—wasn't it just a part of the big show to keep everybody happy until the boats went home? Sure.

Over the PA system came a brief announcement: *T/5 Irwin P. Miller, report to your company headquarters. You are going home.* The stands cheered for Irwin, whoever the hell he was. "Hey, Mac, what if that hadda been you?"

"Who? Me? Why, I'da stayed for the ball game."

"Like hell."

"Lookit old Ed. I'd know that big guy at the plate anywhere in the world."

"Even Manilya?"

"Even Manilya, gurilya. Look at 'im." The sergeant laughed to remember and to have remembrance so crystallized that he could feel it where he lived.

Marc Nettles burned a fast called strike down the middle. He just didn't go for this big fellow; never had. Catcher Tommy Bizzoco, cocky and prancy-legged, strode out beyond the plate, gestured choppingly with the ball at Marc. "You got 'im playing for our side, Marc. You got 'im standing here. Show 'im your fast one now." Marc felt a grin twist his lips. The young'uns like Tommy and the Jeep, they were eager. They played it for a game.

Rankin reached for the next one, sent a looper between first and second, an easy single. The outfielder came in on it, bobbled the ball. Rankin rounded first and started for second. Then there at the bag was the little squirt who had set him down without a hit yesterday. Okay, Junior, stand there. This is a man's game. Rankin went in sliding. There was some dust,

(Continued on page 46)

In the way that Jarrell leaped and stretched his gloved hand high above his head was something that—beyond work and play—deserved Olympian accolade

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

BY HANNAH LEES

Have you a special talent? Chances are you have, and aptitude testing can uncover it. The result may surprise you

A typical aptitude-test subject, Laurence H. Hudson, clerk in the office of B. W. Dyer & Co., sugar brokers, was unhappy in his job and agreed to try the Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation career-selection tests

ANYONE ever call you a born salesman? A born cook, artist, mechanic or anything else? If so, it's probably true, and you're lucky if you're working at it. But even if you aren't, the chances are seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one that you were born to do something better than most people. And if you're that odd one and in addition have a very large vocabulary, you may well end up a big-shot executive. So says the Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation, which ought to know—having spent twenty-five scientific years isolating human aptitudes and finding out just for what part of the world's work their owners are best suited.

It all started in 1922 when the engineering department of General Electric was trying to find ways to utilize waste products and, thinking logically, began also to try to find ways of fitting men more exactly to their jobs. Standard intelligence tests hadn't seemed to help much.

So Johnson O'Connor, a young engineer with the company, who had a background of astronomical-mathematical research, worked out a test which showed that some people, regardless of education, intelligence or training, were much quicker and surer with their fingers than other people. Another test showed that some people were particularly deft at using tweezers and they weren't necessarily the same people who were deft with their fingers. In a company that manufactured intricate electrical equipment, this was an important discovery, and there might well be many others.

O'Connor set up a laboratory right in the plant—calling his work Human Engineering so as to come under the engineering department budget—and began to work out other tests for other important aptitudes, and to give them to the employees. As men found themselves being shifted to jobs they could do better and liked better they started bringing their families in for testing. In a few years the O'Connor Laboratory had to split off from General Electric and become a full-time project on its own.

Today there are ten permanent laboratories scattered about the country, most of them under the name of Human Engineering Laboratories and all giving uniform aptitude tests. The best-known one was at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken until the war nosed it out, and is now in downtown New York, but other big ones are in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles. And there are any number of traveling laboratories that go out and set up shop in schools or factories or other organizations. Sometimes they test just one department or class, sometimes the entire pay roll or enrollment. Often a firm will make a radical redistribution of jobs, based on aptitude findings.

Probably the most striking thing about these Human Engineering Laboratories—beyond the fact that given seven hours of anyone's time and twenty dollars of his cash, it can tell him what he is likely to be good at and why—is their extremely unpsychological approach in this psychological age to the question of human abilities.

They're an Inborn Gift

Aptitudes, they believe, are as inherent as blue eyes and more so than curly hair, and have little relation to intelligence and even less to environment or childhood conditioning.

If, in spite of your fondest dreams and after years of exhausting practice, your daughter still hates the piano, it needn't mean she is in revolt against you or even that she has no soul. Possibly she simply wasn't born with finger dexterity. An aptitude test could have told you this before she ever went near a piano.

Or if your boy, to be more practical, has trouble getting through simple arithmetic, and routinely fails all his written exams, don't laugh hollowly, if he still talks about being an engineer. He may have great structural visualization, lots of creative imagination and a very subjective personality, a combination which belongs to most top-flight engineers and scientists. All he may lack is natural skill at pencil and paper work—accounting aptitude, they call it. All he may need is to shift to a small school which can help him get through the routine elementary paper work without too much discouragement.

That is one reason why the Human Engineers encourage parents to have their children tested early—nine, they say, is not too young.

Many a boy who could have done important engineering work has spent his life as a garage mechanic because he was too slow at writing down the answers in examinations ever to find out he had tremendous talent for design.

These are fancy words: finger dexterity, structural visualization, accounting aptitude and the rest, but the tests that go with them are remarkably simple.

Suppose someone gives you a board with a hundred little holes and a tray with three hundred small steel pins. Suppose you're told to put the pins in the holes, three pins to each hole, using only one hand. If you fill up a great many holes in a very short time, you have finger dexterity and would be good at making exact diagrams, good at dressmaking and cabinetwork, good in an assembly line. And good at playing the piano. If you are slow and clumsy at this you had better let other people do the fine handwork of the world, because however much you practice and improve, people with

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FONS IANELLI

In his vocabulary test Hudson scored 22, average for a clerk's vocabulary, but he was anxious to find what other latent talents might fit him for a better job

The wiggly-block test determines your ability to visualize objects in three dimensions. Hudson's score here was 44, showing a tendency to deal in abstractions

His dexterity in the tweezer test indicated Hudson could work well with small tools, for example, in dentistry, watch repair or preparing advertising layouts

The problem in the inductive-reasoning test is to select three related pictures from a group of six. Hudson's high score here demonstrated his executive ability

natural finger dexterity will always do these things better.

Suppose you are shown a block of wood cut up into a number of wiggly pieces. Suppose this cube is taken apart before your eyes and the pieces are laid out haphazardly. How fast can you put them together again into a solid block?

That's structural visualization. If you can do it fast and easily you ought to be building things, or designing things, or working in a laboratory.

An Asset in Many Callings

Engineers, architects, stage designers and scientists need structural visualization and are, in fact, seldom a success without it. Surgeons need it too. But if it should take you long, exhausting minutes to put together the simplest of these wiggly blocks you have nothing to brood about. It merely means you naturally think in abstractions. Lawyers, bankers, teachers and businessmen are all in work that needs no structural visualization and they are much better off without it.

The Foundation's favorite proof that aptitudes need have nothing to do with intelligence came when a prominent college professor brought a young relative in for testing, a charming boy but one of disturbingly low I.Q. It took the professor a painful quarter of an hour to put together the same wiggly blocks the charming dimwit could assemble in less than a minute. Even if the boy never got through high school, with this ability there were a dozen different mechanical jobs in which he could be useful and comfortable—and that was worth knowing even at the expense of the professor's momentary loss of self-esteem.

If someone should show you two formidable columns of figures side by side, how quickly could you check the two and find which pairs were the same and which different? That's a measure of accounting aptitude. If you can do it fast and accurately, you might be a good bookkeeper, a good stenographer, a good statistician or expert accountant. You'd probably be happy working in a bank, at anything from teller to president, depending on your other aptitudes. Musicians need accounting aptitude too, strangely enough, to read difficult musical scores easily.

If, on the other hand, you stumble through the columns and they swim before your eyes it doesn't mean at all you aren't quite bright, merely that paper and pencil work is always going to be a little tough for you. You may still be a brilliant salesman or business executive.

How do you naturally think? Not how well, but how? If someone popped the word *table* at you, would

(Continued on page 59)

Results of the completed tests suggested that Hudson was best qualified for a career in advertising. After a year's training he was made advertising manager

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

BY LESTER VELIE

A few big cattle and sheep ranchers out West, squeezed by economic pressure, have waged a battle, so far successfully, to get their hands on U.S. public lands totaling half the area of 13 states. Here Collier's Associate Editor Lester Velie, after a tour of the range country, presents his report on this war against all the people in the land

OUT of the dry, white heat of Utah's August, 150 big cattle and sheep ranchers clumped into the lobby of a Salt Lake City hotel one day last year and tossed their off-white Stetsons on a table. As they crowded into a conference room the ancient rivalry between cattlemen and sheepmen, who had fought bloody brawls with barbed wire and guns and nooses for domination of the West's limitless range lands, was forgotten in the face of a common enemy —"bureaucracy."

For two days the men talked and planned. The presence of Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, reported The American Cattle Producer, monthly organ of the American National Livestock Association, "did much to guide the thoughts and actions of the conference." Among other actions the ranchers appointed a committee to plan how they could get their hands on public lands whose total area was half the size of the 13 mountain states. The ranchers' motive, they sincerely believed, was to save their economic hides.

What they did not see was that if their scheme succeeded they might well impoverish the entire West.

At Denver early this year the big stockmen showed their hand. A joint committee of the American National Livestock Association and the National Wool Growers' Association came out with their plan and the slogan to push it.

The plan: The government should sell 145,000,000 acres of public lands to a closed shop of ranchers now grazing the lands, and only to them. The price: from 9 cents to $2.80 an acre, 10 per cent down and 30 years to pay. The slogan: Return the public lands to the West (i.e., a favored 20,000 ranchers).

"If we play our cards right, we'll hit the jack pot," a leader of the stockmen said.

Hitting the jack pot for the stockmen could break the bank for the rest of the West. For the stakes couldn't be higher: the West's two basic resources, its land and its water.

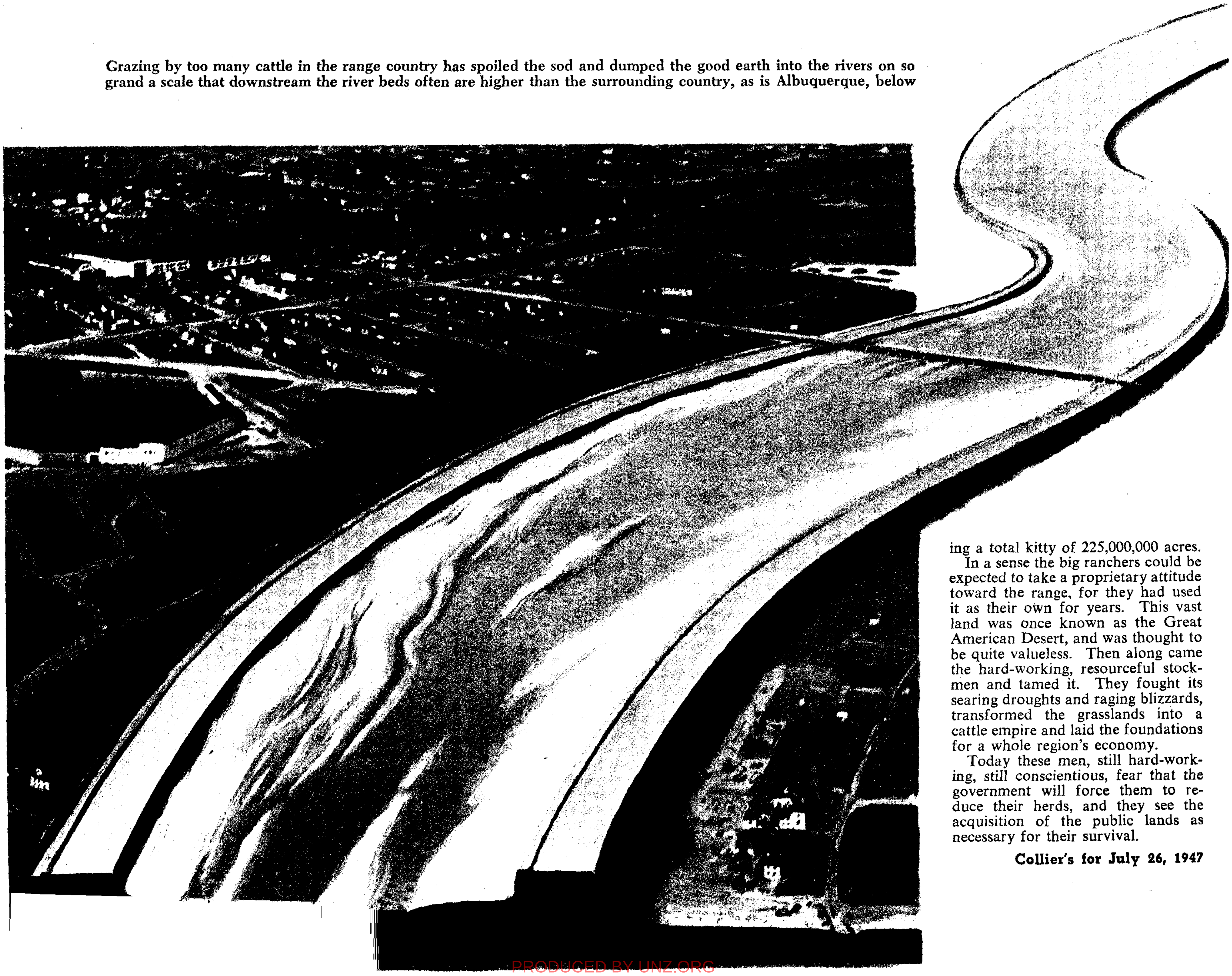
Looking down on part of this 145,000,000-acre jack pot from a plane, the range country reaching west of the Great Plains to the escarpments of the Rockies seemed boundless. You could understand why the range seemed inexhaustible to the pioneer cattlemen. This jack pot, if won by the cattlemen, would only be a beginning in shifting the public lands to private ownership.

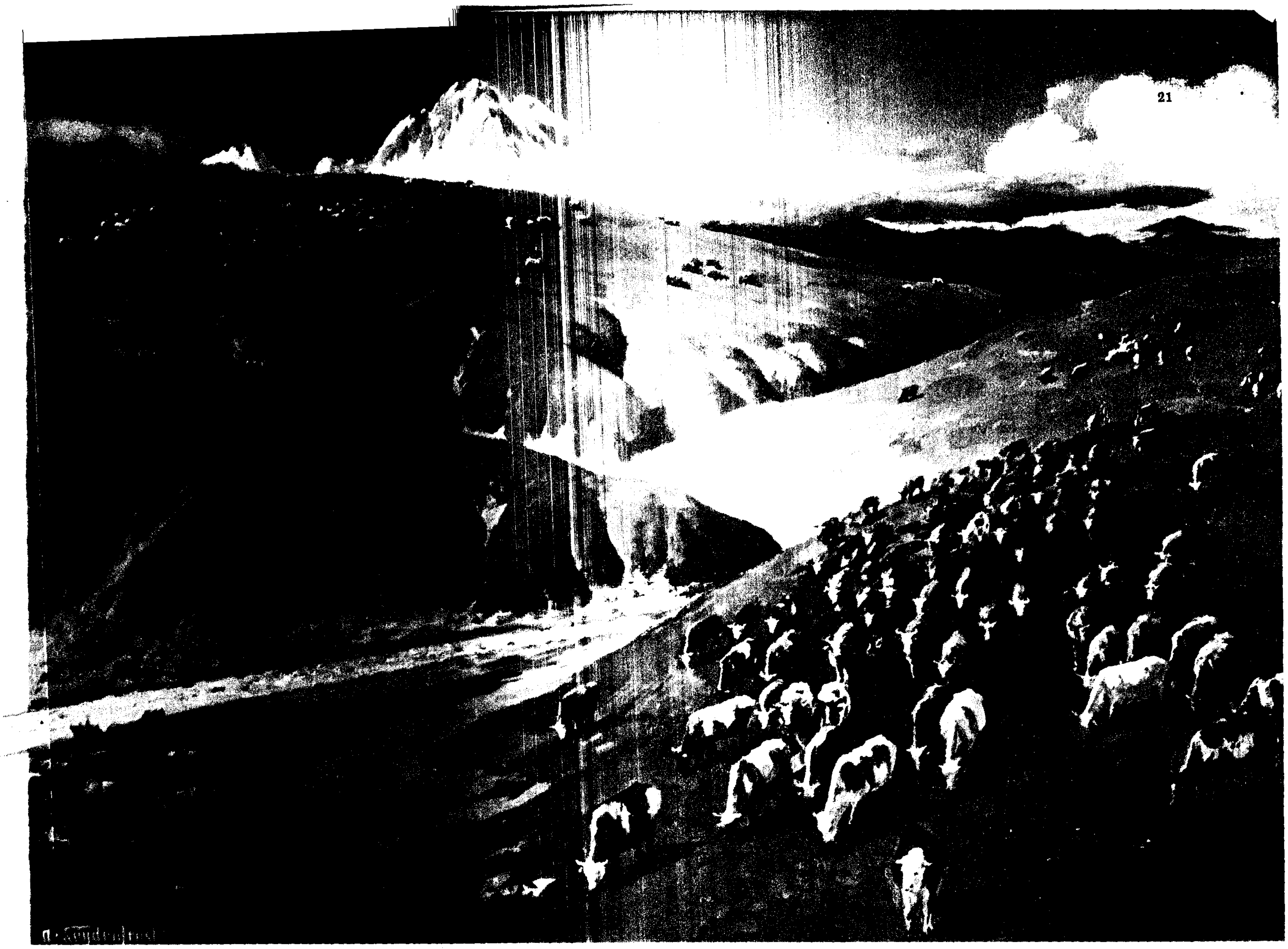
Sure to follow would be 80,000,000 acres of forest grazing lands—making a total kitty of 225,000,000 acres.

In a sense the big ranchers could be expected to take a proprietary attitude toward the range, for they had used it as their own for years. This vast land was once known as the Great American Desert, and was thought to be quite valueless. Then along came the hard-working, resourceful stockmen and tamed it. They fought its searing droughts and raging blizzards, transformed the grasslands into a cattle empire and laid the foundations for a whole region's economy.

Today these men, still hard-working, still conscientious, fear that the government will force them to reduce their herds, and they see the acquisition of the public lands as necessary for their survival.

Grazing by too many cattle in the range country has spoiled the sod and dumped the good earth into the rivers on so grand a scale that downstream the river beds often are higher than the surrounding country, as is Albuquerque, below





The last of a once vast public domain, these lands contain undetermined oil and mineral wealth, and scarcely calculated deposits of uranium ore, source of atomic energy. Here lies the strategic watershed area where mountain streams bear the arid West's most important crop, its water, to the great Rio Grande, Colorado and other river systems which make life possible as far away as California and Texas. (Some stockmen look no farther than the cow's cud, but as we shall see, overgrazing the watershed lands is already drying up many an alarmed community's water supply.)

The last of the unfenced open spaces where Americans can hunt, fish or camp on their own federal land, also yield tourist revenues which spell the difference between prosperity and depression for some states. (Colorado alone estimated its tourist-business income last year at $150,000,000.)

Stockmen Hold the Aces

In their play for the public lands the big stockmen held seemingly unbeatable cards. They control two tightly knit trade associations which speak for only a small fraction of the country's livestock output but wield authority as if they speak for all. They possess a lobby that knows its way about Washington so well that it won $63,000,000 in subsidies for the woolgrowers last year and this year punched holes in the State Department's tariff program.

But the Western stockmen's ace in the hole is the Cow Bloc, which includes some of the capital's most influential senators. One of them, the silver-haired and lovable Pat McCarran, is an old hand at playing with blocs. As field general of the classic Silver Bloc, McCarran was so persuasive that Uncle Sam wouldn't sell his own Treasury-held silver to hard-pressed war producers at less than $1.29 an ounce, although the world price was then 35 cents.

The Cow (and Sheep) Bloc really took on political muscle with the Republican triumph last fall. For then, through the happy workings of chance, seniority and astute politicking, chairmanships of both the Senate and House public-lands committees—guardians of the public domain—fell to two Cow Bloc members.

Representative Hardin Peterson (Dem., Fla.), lands subcommittee chairman in the House, an ardent watchdog of the public lands, whose disorderly, friendly office is piled high with conservation literature, stepped down for a new kind of leadership. Succeeding him was Representative Frank A. Barrett, taciturn Laramie, Wyoming, lawyer, whose four years in Congress have been distinguished chiefly by his single-minded purpose to dispose of the U.S. public domain.

To the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Public Lands came a man of similar mind: Senator Edward Vivian Robertson, also of Wyoming, owner of 2,400-odd sheep grazing the public ranges, ex-vice-president of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, and member of the American National Livestock Association.

"Like setting wolves to guard sheep," Lee Casey, columnist for Denver's Rocky Mountain News, observed wryly.

Campaigning for an Empire

This spring the Cow Bloc members swung into action on widely scattered fronts to liquidate the public-lands empire.

One front was the Cow Bloc's own battle of the Pacific. When Congress recently debated the terms under which Hawaii should come into the Union as a state, the Cow Bloc sought to set a precedent. Let Hawaii, the state, get the public lands owned by Hawaii, the territory, Representative Barrett insisted. There was a good reason for Barrett's stand: Once Hawaii came in with the territorial public lands, why couldn't Wyoming, say, claim the government-owned lands lying within its borders?

The Cow Bloc was busy on a second front too—the 233,000 acres of spectacular Wyoming lands fronting the majestic Teton range, known as the Jackson Hole Monument. Here Representative Barrett was pressing a bill to abolish the monument and reopen the beautiful mountain park to commercial exploitation. Such exploitation before the government moved in had already pocked the area with bilious billboards, unsightly shacks and other catch-penny lures for the tourist.

In this case too the Cow Bloc has the same, single-minded objective. Several hundred cattlemen fear they'll lose their bargain-price grazing rights if the Jackson Hole area continues as a monument. More important, in the over-all Cow Bloc strategy, is the precedent angle. If the stockmen win at Jackson Hole they set a precedent for breaking open all the national parks to hungry herds of steers and cloven-lipped, close-cropping sheep which shave the grasslands as close as a razor would—and too close to prevent erosion of the land.

But these battles of Hawaii and Jackson Hole, important in themselves, were only flank assaults.

The stockmen and the Cow Bloc know how to attack frontally too. Last year Senator Carl A. Hatch, of New Mexico, introduced a bill to sell two thirds of the public lands in his state for the benefit of public

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATION BY A. LEYDENFROST

A GAME FOR TWO

BY CATHERINE HUBBELL

It isn't easy for a girl to grow up when her mother is trying so hard to stay young

BEING home made a difference in one's thoughts. The Weldon School for Girls closed early. "Too early," Mother said, running her lovely, narrow hand over Daphne's taffy-brown hair. "But, darling, it will be wonderful, of course," she added.

Mother was a business girl. That was how she thought of herself, Daphne knew. Not a businesswoman. A woman wore size 18 dresses, arch-supporter shoes, and gentle furrows somewhere on her face. But Mother—her name was Margo, like a dancer or an actress—Mother was a girl. If she was thirteen, Mother was thirty-five, and that was not thinkable. She was not thirty-five at the office where she thought up ways to advertise things. Nor was she thirty-five when Laurence Driscoll, one of the vice-presidents, took them to dinner—mother and daughter. To the Cascades, or the Starlight Roof.

Mr. Driscoll had gray in his hair and he *did* have furrows—the kind that come from squinting out of airplanes, or sailing his boat. He seemed a lot older than Margo; Mother seemed to amuse him. "Margo, you're a child," he would say, and Mother would put her head back and give that tinkling laugh, so that Daphne wriggled a bit.

Mother *was* good about Daphne's clothes. She didn't put little-girl things on her, all smocks and fullness. She let Daphne be thirteen, all right. There was the dahlia-red silk, the aqua jersey. But mother herself was size 11, and she had raven's-wing hair, black and glossy.

At school there had been her friend, Dora, who read grown-up plays and wanted to act, even though she was plump. There were other girls, pretty ones, clever ones. Girls without families, or girls with five brothers. But through all the small skirmishes, misdeeds and excitements, their thinking was arranged. They said, "Oh, heck, prunes again!" or, "Miss So-and-So is a goop," and they wrote poems for the school paper. All day and evening, they took each hourly hurdle and at night they slept lightly, dreamlessly.

In the city, there were so many pieces to the picture of living. Ideas jumped up because of a song, or a hat, or remembering the way Mr. Driscoll put a hundred-dollar bill over the dinner check. There was a technique about living which her mother had learned, and Daphne was afraid she wouldn't be as good at understanding the technique as her mother was. She was already taller than Margo, and sometimes she bumped into a table or a chair as she moved around the apartment.

"Darling," Margo would say, with a smile, "walk by, not through, it."

And there was the girl downstairs, called Winifred. They had met in the elevator. Blond and gossamer, though only fourteen, she was plainly not the kind who bumped into furniture.

"Dig me for a movie," Winifred had murmured, but Daphne felt shy.

The apartment was full of Mother: her yellow bedroom with the crystal bottles on the dressing table, and Mother's clothes on padded hangers; dove-gray note paper.

"Let's see, camp opens June 25th. We'll have to shop, Daphne—you've grown."

Daphne knew camp was not just camp. It was a Solution. Mother had said to Lea Davis, her best friend: "Yes, I can tell you, Lea, it's a luxury, having my little girl. I hate to give it up. But you know, New York is impossible."

Mother said New York was impossible, but Mother was completely New York.

Daphne kept begging, "Mother let me stay here, I'm tired of camp. I won't be a bother. Let's have a summer together."

And her mother rushed to her, "Daphne, dear, it's not that you could ever bother me. Can't you see, I'm worked to death at the office? And it gets hot, even with roof gardens, hot and dusty. Would you like Dora to visit for a few days?"

Daphne saw herself leading the plump Dora into Schrafft's, across Fifth Avenue. Dora whose mother disapproved of New York, because it made Dora think about acting more than ever.

Daphne took a tortoise-shell comb and swept her hair up.

"Not Dora, Mother. Just us."

"Precious," said Mother, looking up at her—Margo was so small—"I do believe you're going to be something special, tall and individual, with a graceful neck."

Daphne suspected her mother believed that the best kind of women would always be size 11.

"No, Daphne, camp again. Let me see—hiking shoes, and these tennis ones will do." And there was Mother holding Daphne's quite large sneakers and looking for some place to put them temporarily.

THE phone was always ringing for her mother. The doormen bowed in half for Mother. Sometimes Daphne believed traffic changed just because it was time for Mother to cross the street.

In the mornings, after Margo had left, Daphne straightened the apartment. She put away the blue dishes and drew up light bedspreads. Then she could go to the park with a book. Mother had swept her hand across the shelves—"I'm not going to put things under lock and key, Daphne. You're old enough to have taste."

It was exciting to have Mother talk this way.

She could go to the Shelton for a swim, or meet Mother for lunch with some of her office friends, who would murmur nostalgically: "That wide-eyed look—we've lost it."

And Margo in cream-colored linen and a bellhop hat of emerald green, looking like someone any studio in Hollywood would sign up, sat back pleased. Daphne understood that her mother loved her.

At school, the principal liked to say, "It is an art to choose a perfect thing and hold to it, content."

But Mother had many things. She had success, beauty, a town apartment, a daughter. Being a widow had not made her solemn. She could have Mr. Driscoll, too, Daphne thought. And when she looked at her mother's life, Daphne thought that the principal's philosophy seemed rather empty.

Daphne took the bus along the drive some mornings, or went into the Modern Museum. Right now they had a Mr. Chagall whose work was very difficult—particularly the one called Celebrating My Birthday where he rode through the air gazing at himself in a hand mirror.

Then she wrote long letters to Dora, although she did not have boy friends to mention, and Dora, somehow, had acquired one. It was very important. It was the way you made your mark in the world. There were two kinds of girls—those with boy friends and those without. Even Mother had that smiling expectancy about men.

At the school dances, when boys came over from a near-by academy in station wagons, Daphne was in agony. She was tall, she was never going to be cute. It always ended with some teacher coyly leading a boy up to her; usually the boy was all teeth and frantically plastered-down hair.

Still, on the radio, married people suffered so.

It was fun to have dinner with Lea Davis, Mother's redhaired friend. Lea was thin and amusing, and she was not a girl. She was a woman. In spite of their friendship, Margo and Lea often disagreed.

"Honestly, Margo, you have more vacation time piled up than any of us," said Lea. "Why don't you give yourself a break?"

"I just can't, Lea. There's that new cosmetic line, and Laurence Driscoll said—"

"Ah." Lea cast a green-eyed twinkle at Daphne, and Mother got stiff and cool, for a minute. Sulky, like a little girl.

A week before camp, it got very warm. Mr. Driscoll took them to his Connecticut house for the week end. They swam at Compo Beach, and Daphne gulped grape juice when the others had cocktails. Lea Davis came along, and a huge man called Duke Winters.

The grownups talked a great deal about trends, Russia, oil stocks and autosuggestion in advertising. Through their voices Daphne sensed something not restful, something trying to come out on top. As she looked at Lea in white shorts and bra, and at her mother in checked gingham, Daphne felt that Lea wasn't happy, and that she was nervously biding her time, waiting for something. Once when Mr. Driscoll and Lea played clock golf it was as if they had a wall around them, as if they knew things from way back, had always known them.

The man called Duke was big and jolly. He romped with Mr. Driscoll's two cocker spaniels and with Daphne.

"This little miss is potential," he told Margo. "She'll be a model, someday, and everyone will fall for her."

Daphne felt warm and confident. When she wrote Dora she could pretend Duke was a beautiful age—about 28, and it would be like mentioning a boy friend.

ON SATURDAY night they went to a country fair, and Mother got on the merry-go-round with Duke and Daphne. Daphne narrowed her eyes as the horses flew up and down, and Mother looked about sixteen. But as she saw Lea and Laurence Driscoll watching, Daphne felt her cheeks grow hot and angry. Lea looked almost as if she pitied Mother.

Daphne was ashamed to be ashamed. She thought of her mother as *perfect*. Yet Lea and Laurence had those doubtful smiles as Margo went flying around on the painted horses.

On the whole, nobody seemed happy or rested.

Duke drove Margo and Daphne back to New York. He was different from Mr. Driscoll. His clothes were not sharply pressed, and he did not care about running his own sailboats or planes. What he liked was making furniture, he said.

Speeding along the Bronx River Parkway in the dark, Daphne could feel the friendliness flowing from him. It was as if he were trying to reach Margo through her. Margo, on the other side, was cool, unreachable.

Duke said good night, but his eyes were for Mother. The eyes said: Be friendly, be nice—I adore you. Daphne wriggled inside, but Mother only gave that light, spoon-against-ice laugh.

Monday in New York was hot.

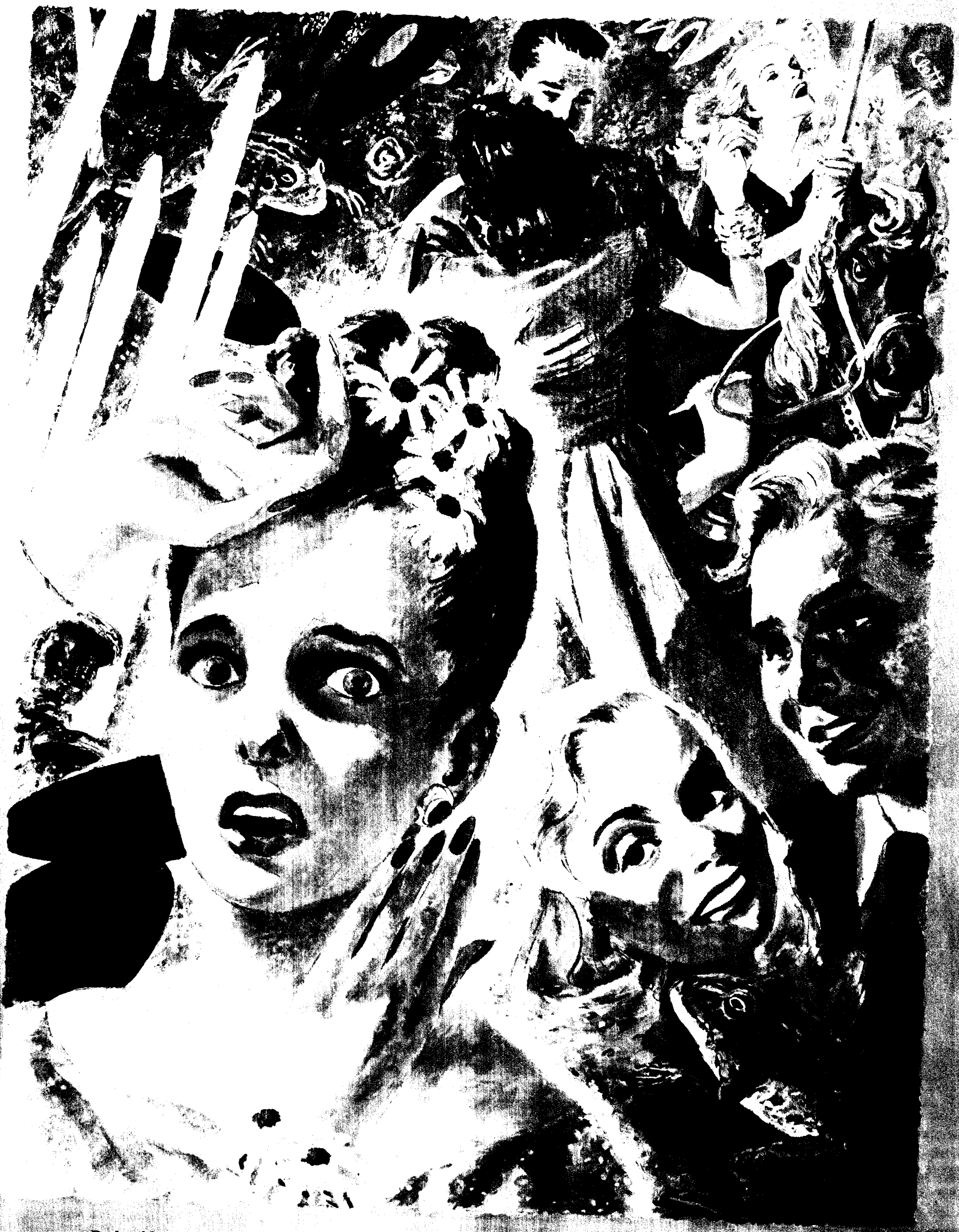
"Baby," Margo said, wearing bronze leg paint and a pink sheer, "don't stir. Meet me at five at the Drury Lane, and we'll go to an air-cooled movie and sit."

Daphne reached out and hugged her. "Mother, you look so cute."

Mother gave a little grimace of disbelief. No, the week end seemed to

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Daphne felt on the outside of a bright, bad dream, lost in a personal misery, while others lived and laughed, and went in pairs

STAUCH BATHS

CONEY ISLAND IS A HOWL

BY AMY PORTER

Take a look at that crowd on the beach. It isn't surprising that hundreds of children get lost on a busy day at Coney Island. The policewoman is entitled to scowl too, for she'll have to ride herd on the strays all day, even though she knows that at least half of them were lost on purpose. A mother will turn her child loose, watch till a policeman spots him, then go her own carefree way into the surf. She knows the city will care for him till she claims him

LAUGH? They die laughing at Coney Island. They laugh as they tumble down the giant polished wood slide together, they laugh when the man presses the button that releases the air that blows a girl's skirt up over her head, they laugh when the ocean waves smack them down, they shriek with laughter when they start the awful descent from the top of the roller coaster.

Oh, Coney Island is a funny place. They even have laughing robots there. A big fat papier-mâché woman laughs so loud you can hear her a block away, and when you come up close you can see she's shaking all over with mechanical glee, head wagging, chest heaving, arms flapping. She does this all day long, never stopping for a second, to give the customers an idea of how much merriment they'll have if they buy a ticket to her Fun in the Dark ride.

Laughter is for sale at Coney Island, along with fright, horror and, in a way, love. By offering these commodities at low, mass-production prices, the Island proprietors are doing a fine business that seems not to feel stock-market fluctuations, buyers' strikes or other hazards that trouble most businessmen.

Only one thing can wilt Coney's synthetic cheer, and that's rain. So long as the sun shines, all is well at the Island, and the hotter it shines the better. When a real heat wave hits New York, inhibiting the city's customary activities, when it's too hot to eat, too hot to sleep, then, oh then, Coney Island comes into its own. Then anybody with a few nickels in his pocket can trade the city's heat for a share in Coney's three and a half miles of Atlantic Ocean beach, three and a half miles of boardwalk, three and a half miles of joy rides, hot dogs, fun houses, waxworks and girlie shows, all more or less cooled by salt-water breezes. Anybody can, and about one seventh of New York's 8,000,000 population does.

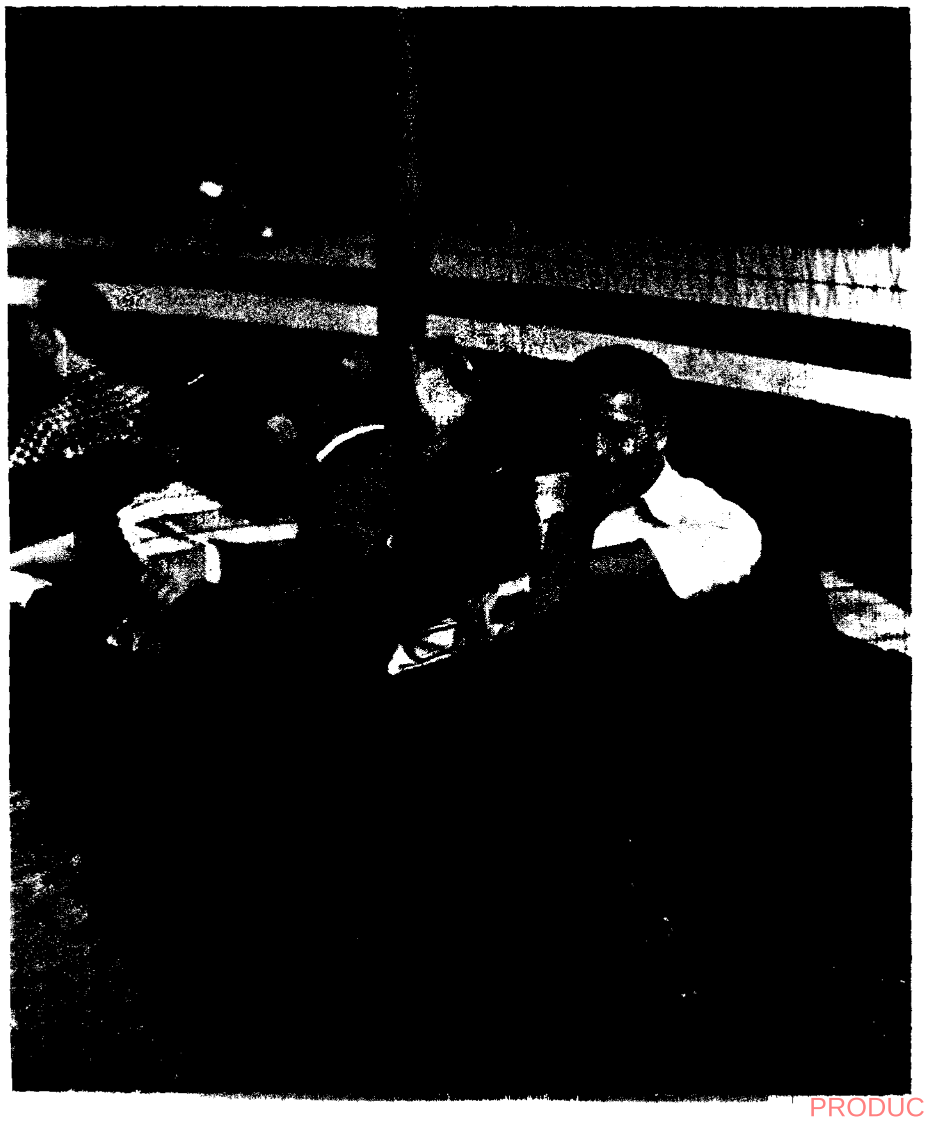
On a very hot day Coney Island never fails to come through with the makings of a little story for the newspapers: "Heat draws record throng to Coney Island . . . two drowned . . . ten arrested . . . 353 lost children cared for by police." On such a day Coney Island always poses for that picture you see every year showing its beach flypaper-packed with wriggling humanity, each person occupying, as Park Commissioner Robert Moses once sorrowfully pointed out, less space than that required for a coffin.

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Tirza, who takes four showers daily in wine, has a card in the Plumbers' Union. She won it by designing her own heated shower stall. Some of Tirza's customers have never seen a flesh show before. She finds this amazing, but makes it up to them by giving full measure as advertised. Her costume is okayed by authorities

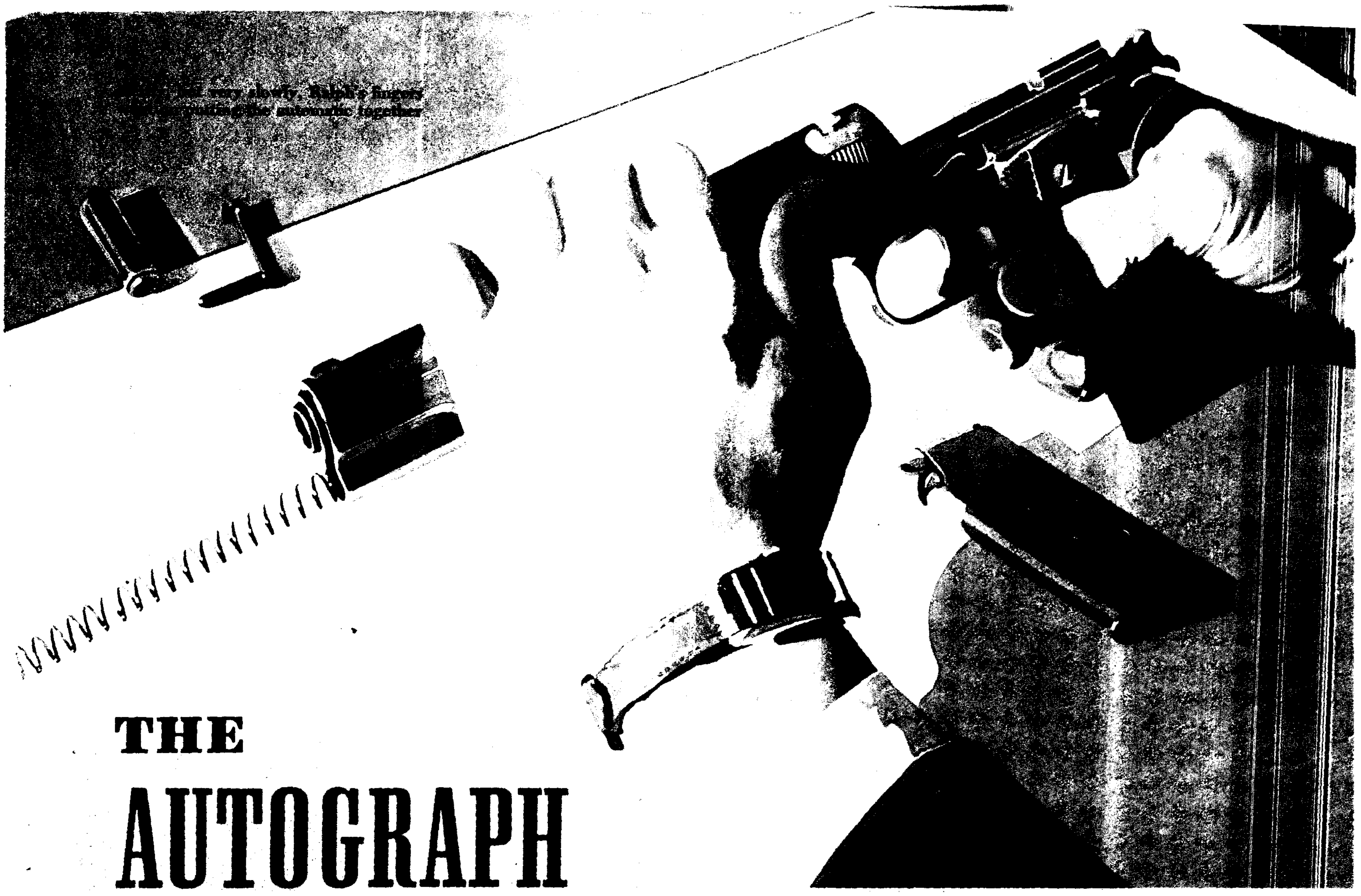
Boats in the Tunnel of Love move slowly along a completely darkened canal, and attendants count that trip lost which doesn't bring back at least two lipstick-smeared men. More violent rides have stolen this technique, and it's possible now to enjoy romance in the dark while having the daylights shaken out of you



This show has been running steadily at Steeplechase Park for more than 45 years and it still panics 'em. The clown is known as a legspert because of his skill in maneuvering unsuspecting girls into position over air vents. When gallant escorts grow indignant, the clown and his helpers use them to get more laughs

This infernal machine turns full loops, providing the ecstatic customers with what psychologists call "secure insecurity." The insecurity is obvious; the security comes from centrifugal force and a couple of little bars to grasp. A foot pedal will stop the motion, but it is best not to stop it upside down

STOP
LEASE PEDAL



[illegible] very slowly, Ralph's fingers putting the automatic together

THE AUTOGRAPH

BY DON POPE

"WELL?" said Ralph Bozeman, his voice small and mean like himself. "Spit it out, Charley, before it chokes you."

He stared blankly at Charley, not into his eyes but over the big fellow's shoulder at a spider-shaped stain on the dirty brown wallpaper. His fingers went on putting the .45 automatic together, deftly because they knew the insides of guns like the tongue knows the mouth, but very slowly so as to irritate Big Charley.

Big Charley, straddling a crippled kitchen chair, watched the thin white fingers thrusting one small part of the pistol into another, this way and that. "Look, Ralph," he said, "do me a favor. Will you do me a favor? Quit cuddling that rod, it gives me the jitters. That live cop in the closet, he gives me the jitters too."

"You were born with the jitters," Ralph said. "The copper's tied good. He'll keep."

"For how long? If he ever gets a chance to talk, we'll—"

Ralph's bleak eyes flicked across him. Charley let the sentence die.

"He won't talk." Ralph reached with taunting slowness for the pistol barrel. Polishing the barrel with a scrap of oily flannel, he made a little ceremony out of it like a man cleaning a favorite pipe.

"You and your damn' guns," snorted Charley. "Mooning over 'em like they was dames!"

Bozeman's thin nostrils flared. "Women!" he said. "I hate women. They'll put a noose round your neck."

"Sure," Charley said. "You go soft on anything and you're asking for it right between the eyes. On *anything*."

"Shut up. You talk too much." Ralph held the barrel firmly, pinching the butt end between thumb and forefinger. "A gun," he went on, "is a man's best friend. Treat it right, and it won't never cross you." He seated the barrel in the receiver and his movements were suddenly swift as he capped it with the slide and reached for the link pin.

"Put the copper in the car," he said harshly. "I'll be ready by the time you are."

Nobody could say Ralph Bozeman wasn't a sport. He let the copper stumble three steps up the highway before he shot him in the back. He wiped the pistol thoroughly, fought off the temptation to keep it, and tossed it beside the body as Charley skidded the car around.

"There," Ralph grunted, "let the fingerprint dicks work on that. Much good it'll do 'em."

THE man in the green eyeshade laid the pistol on the desk and shook his head at the lieutenant of Homicide. "No prints, Lieutenant. Wiped clean as a whistle."

"Yeah," said the lieutenant of Homicide, "that's what the department lab said. I guess I didn't really expect you to find anything they couldn't. Only—" He rubbed his forehead with a freckled hand and sighed. "Well, there goes our last chance of convicting those two rats."

"No luck at sweating it out of them?"

The lieutenant studied a bruised knuckle. "Yes and no. The big fellow sang like a canary, but he'll probably take it back in court. We couldn't crack Bozeman. Anyhow—" He shrugged. "You know how the law reads. One crook's word against another. Means nothing either way. We need a witness and"— he flapped a hand toward the pistol, where it lay squat and ugly in a pool of light—"the only witness we can locate won't talk."

The man in the eyeshade coughed. "Ballistics?"

"Simple," the lieutenant said, "and useless. Army gun. Stolen from a National Guard armory."

The man in the eyeshade, who looked like a professor of English literature and was in fact a professor of criminology, built a finger tent. "Tell me about this man, Bozeman, Lieutenant."

"Ralph Bozeman. Alias this and that. Graduate of the best penitentiaries. Bank robber, kidnaper, cop killer. Out on parole, naturally. The old sad story, like a thousand others, except that—he has an almost pathological love of guns."

The professor leaned forward. "H'm. Not unusual in those who make a living by violence, but—you know, I'll give you odds he had this gun apart. And if he did—"

The lieutenant of Homicide felt the growth of tension in the shadowy room. He was fascinated by this dry little man who was now taking the pistol apart with a precise skill Ralph Bozeman would have envied.

Recoil spring plug depressed. Barrel bushing out. Recoil spring and guide removed. "That wire prod, Lieutenant. By your hand. Thanks." Link pin out. Slide off and laid aside. The professor screwed a jeweler's glass into his right eye and held the rest of the gun under the light.

"H'm," he said. "Ahh. Umm. Your handkerchief please, Lieutenant."

The lieutenant found his hand was shaking. Damn these academic icebergs with their sense of dramatics!

HAND covered by the handkerchief, the professor slipped the barrel out. He held it up to his eye so the butt end was at an angle to his line of vision. The lieutenant stopped breathing.

"Beautiful," said the professor, in a rare burst of emotion. Abruptly, with the careless air of a stage magician producing a rabbit, he handed the lieutenant the barrel and the magnifying glass.

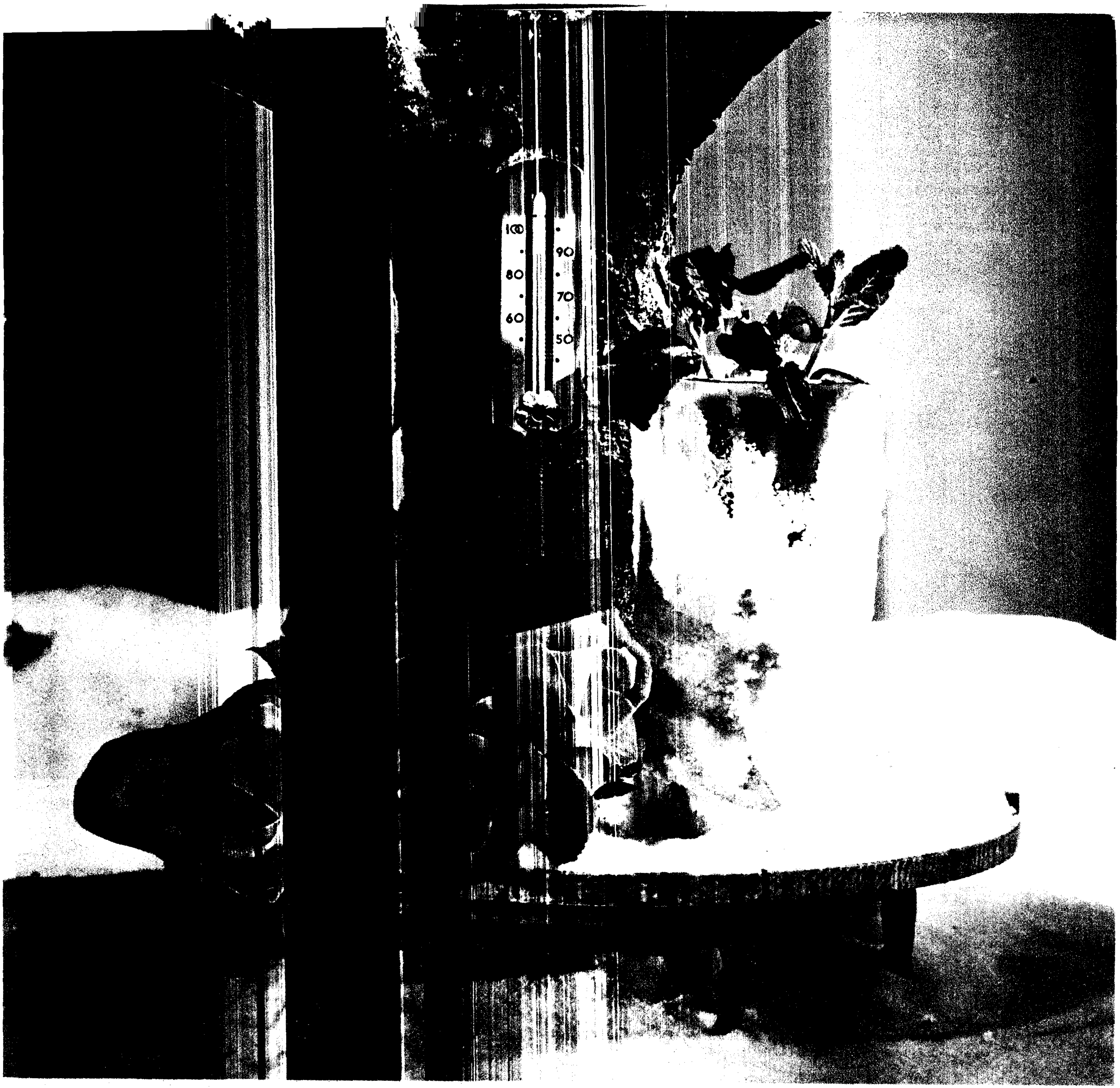
"In my opinion," the professor said, leaning back comfortably and fishing out his pipe, "your witness has decided to talk. At least," he added, "whoever had this barrel out last autographed it nicely with his thumb and forefinger."

The lieutenant feasted his eyes on the intricate little pattern of ridges and valleys that was the signature of one person, and only one person, in the world. He thought of the white empty face of a policeman, and the twisted face of the man who put all his faith in a gun.

And the lieutenant of Homicide laughed deep in his throat and wrapped the gun barrel tenderly in his handkerchief.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



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• • •

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A flashy ex-bricklayer and playwright named Guglielmo Giannini is making a bid for the grandiose office vacated by Mussolini. There's a fair chance he'll get it this year

EUROPEAN

Italy's misery and despair have set the stage for the rise of playwright Giannini, shown with his secretary, Egino Lazzari, at the first Qualunquist party congress

HE WANTS TO BE ITALY'S DUCE

BY BARRETT McGURN

ROME

WHEN victorious American troops turned the Anzio beachhead town of Aprilia back to its residents, one of their first acts was to chip the word "Fascio" from the stone front of the shattered town hall. The thousands of unrecovered mines in the wheat fields and the hundreds of flattened homes were enough reminder of Mussolini and war.

It was estimated that the cost of restoring the town to what it had been would be a crushing $850 per person. With the average wage earner receiving $23 a month all the 3,000 Aprilians looked with a naïve confidence to the town's newborn anti-Fascist government to work some democratic miracle of restoration.

Now, three years later, scarcely $1 per capita has been spent toward repair. The $10,000 rounded up in taxes during the past miserable year was eaten up almost entirely by the semistarvation wages of the town doctor and nurse and the score of municipal clerks and laborers.

During Mussolini's rule almost all the Aprilians were Fascists. In the first months after the liberation a fourth became Communists, but the rest joined the moderate centrist Christian Democrat (Catholic) party, which was the most successful political group through the rest of Italy.

Now in Aprilia, as in all other parts of Italy, a new political breeze is blowing. In the several weeks since Aprilia's doctor, Giuliano Russo, proclaimed himself a "Qualunquist," 12 per cent of the voters have enlisted under his banner, and the end is not in sight.

Just what "Qualunquism" is, no one in Aprilia is quite sure. That is scarcely surprising, however, for even Qualunquism's inventor, Guglielmo Giannini, a plump fifty-five-year-old ex-Fascist playwright, is not clear about it.

But one thing is certain: It opposes almost everything that Fascism fought, and it affirms a major share of what Fascism supported.

Fascism's stock has risen in Italy these past few months. In the cold, windowless barrooms of Aprilia, some wine drinkers started asserting boldly last winter that they are really still Fascists. On a Sunday afternoon you could even hear a few of them put their heads together to sing Giovinezza (Youth), the Fascist anthem. They did it as a joke, of course, for Fascism is still illegal in Italy. But they were not joking as they recalled the prosperity Aprilia knew under Mussolini.

Aprilia was one of the model farm towns Mussolini built a decade ago when he drained the swamps south of Rome. Most of its new settlers had been landless peasants.

Recall Fascist Prosperity

For a long while after the Allies left, these benefits of Fascism were forgotten, but now men like fifty-seven-year-old Aristodemo Giammaria, one of Aprilia's new Qualunquists, are once again recalling them. His nostalgia is pretty natural.

Giammaria ran the stable for Aprilia's plow horses during Fascism and still has the same job. But like everything else in Aprilia—and all of Italy—his business is much less prosperous. He has only three horses now; under Fascism he had seven.

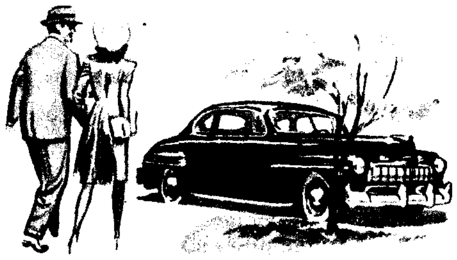
When the Americans gave Aprilia back to its then vigorously anti-Fascist local officials, Giammaria was one of the best propagandists for the Catholic party. Bitterly anti-Communist, as he had been under Fascism, Giammaria smiled his approval as fellow Christian Democrats scrawled great slogans across the ruined walls of Aprilia. You can still see them there.

"The Pope sent us spaghetti, sugar and butter," says one. "Long live the Holy Father."

But now Giammaria wears in his lapel the symbol of Qualunquism. It shows a much-abused, inoffensive middle-class Italian of the Caspar Milquetoast type squeezed in a vise representing the government. From the victim's pockets tumble cascades of money—taxes.

To Giammaria and the rest of Italy's Qualunquists, the movement is a protest against the current anti-Fascist government which has been unable to return prosperity to Italy.

It is a protest against the fact that



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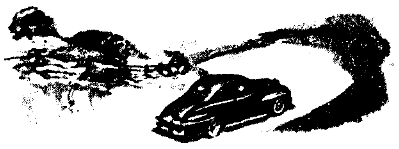

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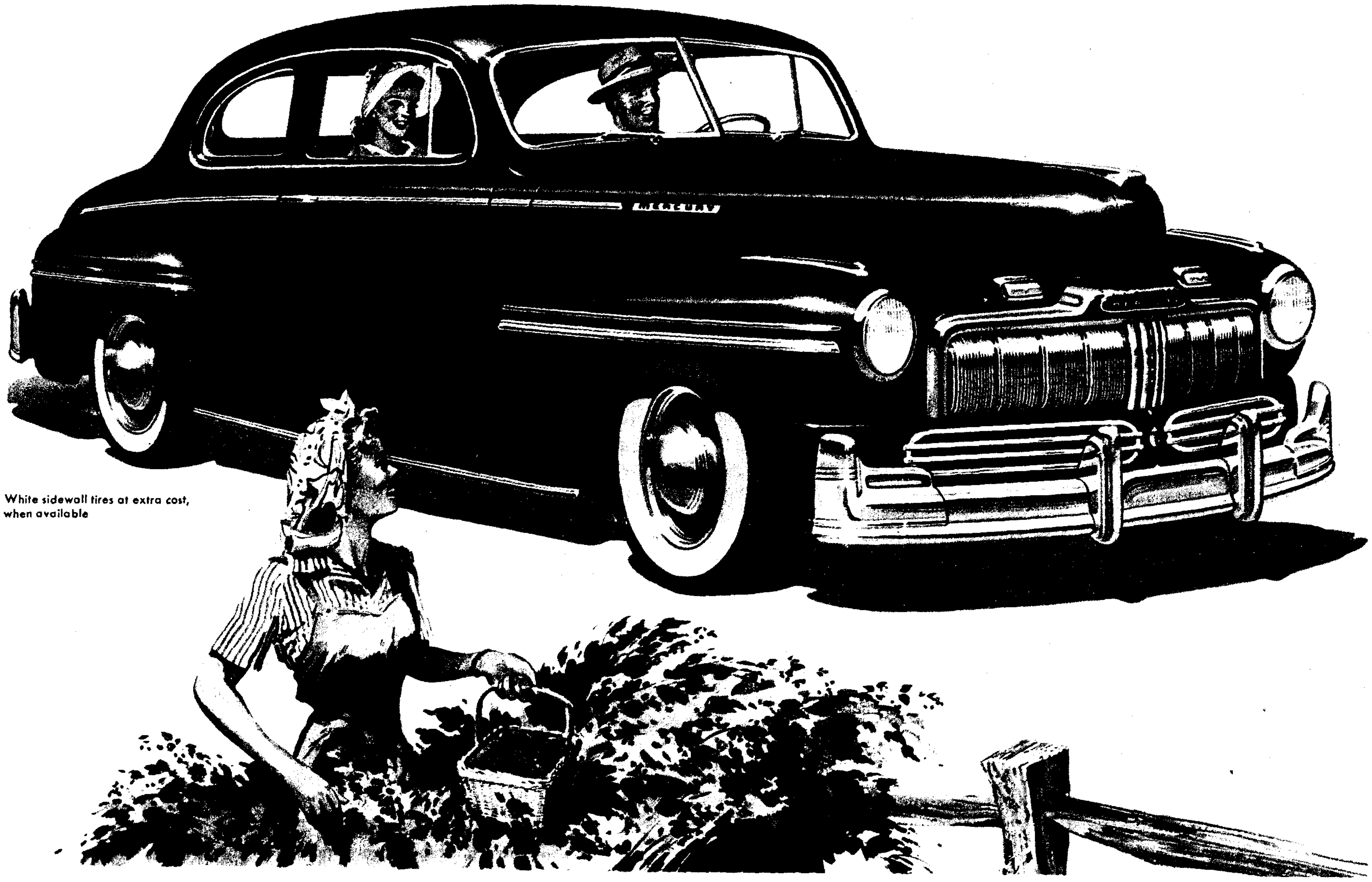

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two rusting tanks still lie in the debris of Aprilia's square;

That the town's two priests must hear confessions inside a box made from packing cases;

That the modernistic theater which once resembled a pavilion of the New York World's Fair is still an unused shambles;

That hundreds of mines in the fields continue to take a toll of shepherds tending their flocks and of farmers driving fence posts; and

That more people live in houses made of metal ammunition cases and slats from Swiss Relief boxes than any other type.

The fact that Mussolini's war caused it all is almost forgotten.

"We hated the cliques around Mussolini but we never had anything against Mussolini himself," Giammaria now reminds his fellow Aprilians as he recruits followers. "Mussolini banished malaria. He kept order here. Now you go out and you never know when some crook will stop you. What we need is a strong man. Someone who will govern us well. What we need in Italy is one of those big sticks policemen use. Not a little one, but one of those big ones. To hit people on the head. . . ."

The man to whom Qualunquists look to do this job is large-bellied sandy-haired Guglielmo Giannini, an ex-bricklayer who has rallied at least 3,000,000 of Italy's 20,000,000 voters to his nebulous cause. In his own opinion he will take power in Italy this year. There is a chance he will.

The birth of Qualunquism seems to have occurred on that day in April, 1942, when Giannini's only son, Mario, a handsome blond youth of twenty-one, was killed in a crash of his fighter plane at its home field near Ancona in central Italy. Giannini had joined the Fascist party a year before. A cynic like most Fascists, he had urged his son to have as little as possible to do with the war. Against his advice, the youth took a commission as a lieutenant in the Italian Air Force.

A Political Weekly is Founded

The loss of his son was the fault of the world's "professional politicians"—Mussolini, Roosevelt, Churchill and "the rest of them"—Giannini decided. Unabashed at the immensity of the project, he resolved to do something about it. When the Allies entered Rome he made the requisite application for permission to start a political weekly and after a six-month wait received it.

He called the paper L'Uomo Qualunque (The Common Man), and from it "Qualunquism," in itself a meaningless word, drew its name. L'Uomo Qualunque was one of the first clear voices in a suddenly piously democratic Rome which dared to say that not everything was perfect in Italy's new state of "liberation."

Two months after it appeared, the Italian Press Commission suppressed it, charging that it was "invidious" to Italy's cobelligerent war effort and that Giannini was a Fascist. Giannini managed a successful appeal. Within a half year after L'Uomo Qualunque's reappearance it had the biggest circulation in Italy, 800,000.

L'Uomo Qualunque dared to say what few other "liberated" Italians had the courage to assert. In northern Italy the Partisan underground fighters swaggered along the streets as heroes. Giannini upbraided many of them as "mere criminals pretending to be leftists." The murders and thefts committed as part of the guerrilla war behind Axis lines often had been nothing but crimes for the personal betterment of the doer, Giannini intimated. Many Italians applauded and the paper's circulation boomed.

Within a year Giannini's followers urged him to start a party of his own. He did, calling it "The Front of the Common Man." Lately he has added two more words to make it "The Liberal Democratic Front of the Common Man."

Qualunquism's two-year growth in competition with the sixty-year-old Catholic political movement, fifty-year-old Socialism and thirty-year-old Communism has been phenomenal. The experience of one former Fascist army officer helps explain this growth. "Disgusted" with the high-handed manner of the Partisans in northern Italy, he volunteered as an organizer of the Front and talked his father, a perfume manufacturer in Naples, into turning the firm's office into a Front headquarters. In three weeks he set up a dozen Qualunquist "nuclei" of fifty members in each.

As in other Qualunquist centers, former Fascists were welcomed. "After all they are the better class of people—the only chance to save Italy," the ex-officer explained.

Like Fascism and National Socialism in their early stages, Giannini's movement of criticism has attracted malcontents of almost every type. High-ranking ex-Fascists who have found it difficult to begin life anew in an Italy ruled by anti-Fascists, jobless veterans, large landowners afraid of expropriation by the Communists, churchgoers worried at the rising tide of leftist anticlericalism, all have joined the ranks.

In a score of ways the swiftly growing Qualunquist Front has been reminiscent of the rise of Fascism, which itself took power only two years after Mussolini started it. The very organizational setup of the party is similar. The Qualunquists are organized in nuclei of from five to fifty members. The nuclei are assembled into groups of from two to ten. The groups funnel into "regroupings" which unite the sections of a region. The core around which the party has grown has been Giannini's newspapers.

Besides L'Uomo Qualunque there are now thirty other Qualunquist publications. There are dailies both in Rome and Milan. There are twenty-four regional papers, each with a circulation of a few thousand. There is a woman's weekly, Donna Qualunque (Average Woman), edited by the eldest of Giannini's two attractive daughters, twenty-two-year-old Yvonne.

As issue of the Qualunquist papers has followed issue, the ideas of Qualunquism have become slightly less cloudy. As in early Nazism and Fascism there is still no clear-cut program but this much is apparent:

Giannini has no use for the late President Roosevelt, a man the Qualunquist press has described as "fortunately defunct." The Atlantic Charter was merely a plot to save British and American "empires." Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are responsible for much of the war's destruction.

Communism, Socialism, Yugoslavia, Soviet Russia, and the "historic" British policy of division of power on the European continent have all been attacked in turn. A United States of Europe is the Qualunquist goal. Apparently a worthy idea, it takes on a different complexion when Giannini names others who sought the same goal: Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler.

Philosophy of Armaments

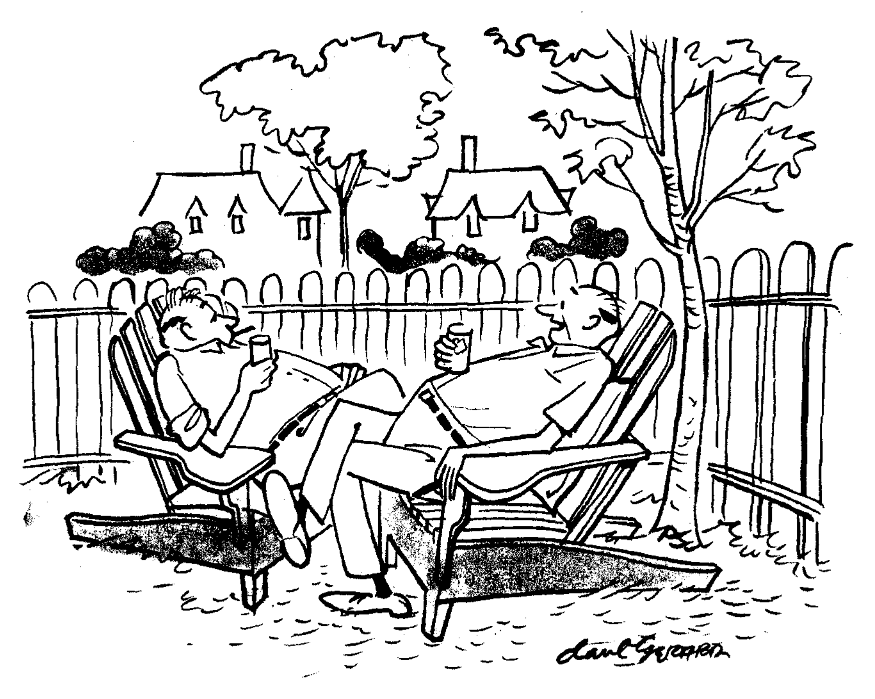
Giannini would like to see a well-armed Italy. Is that a duplicate of Mussolini's program? Oh, no, Giannini assures his expanding audience.

"There are four policies for a country to follow: to arm and go to war, to arm and remain at peace, to remain unarmed and remain at peace, and to remain unarmed and go to war. The proper course is the second. Germany chose the first, and Italy the last and craziest of all."

The irony, sarcasm, invective, familiarity, slang and occasional wit which have characterized Giannini and his publications have made his movement all the more palatable to a people, who have little enough fun these days. Giannini spices his copy with scandalous stories about prominent Italians, and sprinkles his pages with gutter language such as Italians are accustomed to hear out of earshot of the ladies. To see such talk in print has tickled many "common men."

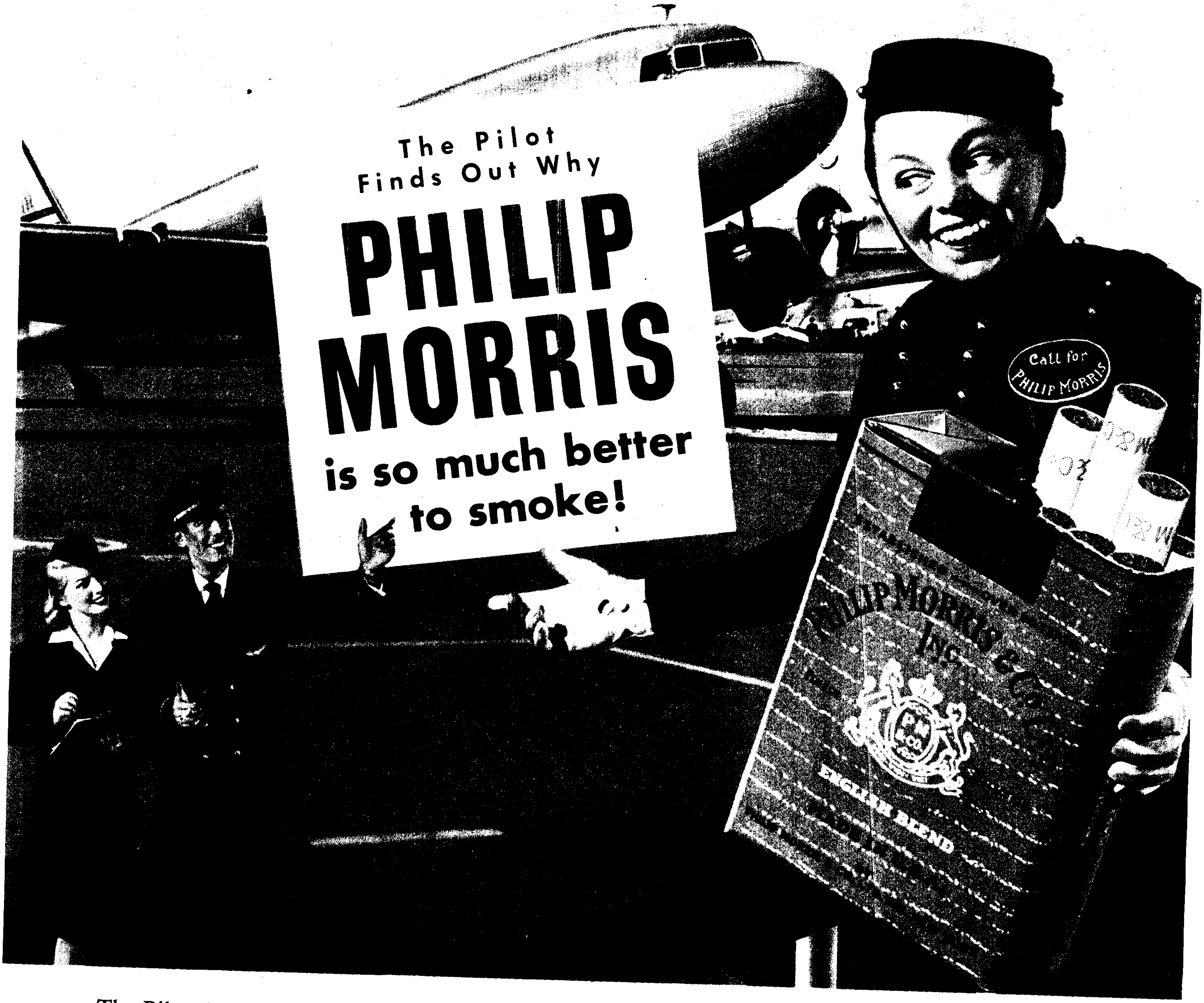
An example both of Giannini's literary technique and of his views of organized labor was given when John L. Lewis' coal strike in America pinched off Italy's fuel supply last fall. The "bourgeois state" had no right to allow a labor leader to cause such world-wide inconvenience, Giannini protested. If "liberals" such as his Qualunquists were in power, no Lewis would get away with such a strike, he declared.

Internally, Giannini has campaigned for an "administrative state" run by technicians, and without his much-despised "professional politicians." It should be a state in which the common man is not "bothered," a place in which prosperity booms until every farmhouse boasts a



COLLIER'S "Hard to believe—but a year ago this was all grown up in peas, corn, potatoes and weeds!" DAVE GERARD

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT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ONCE A YEAR I GET A VACATION. AND WHAT HAPPENS? MY GIRL RUINS IT BY STAYING SNOOTY THE WHOLE TWO WEEKS!
BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO PIGHEADED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST, PETE! LOOK, HONEY! ASK HIM ABOUT BAD BREATH, WON'T YOU, PLEASE?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
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television set. Most of the administrators who acquired experience during the past generation were Fascists, many of whom are just leaving jail. The only "professional politicians" who have a voice now are the anti-Fascists. How a Qualunquist state set up under these conditions would differ from the old Fascism remains an open question.

Giannini has professed himself no longer a Fascist. He has repudiated the Roman salute, the high boots and the slogans of Mussolini's Fascism as ridiculous trappings to which Italy will never return. But as often as he rejects Fascism, Giannini seems to talk in a curious circle that brings him around to the same position Mussolini probably would have occupied if he were alive. Giannini's attitude toward Franco is an example.

It was no concern of Italy during the Spanish Civil War or now what government Spain had, Giannini asserts. "And you may add," Giannini writes, "that the much-reported opposition to Franco does not and cannot exist in Spain. The Spanish Uomo Qualunque knows that Franco saved Spain from war and that there is prosperity and well-being in Spain. There are Spaniards who are discontented with Franco but the reason is that it is he who governs the Iberian peninsula and not they."

In Assembly Minus Necktie

Giannini's attitude toward the Constitutional Assembly which has served as Italy's parliament since the foundation of the republic has been little more respectful than was Mussolini's. To Giannini it is a mere "theater" whose anti-Fascist actors have little grip on the "real politics" of the country. With apparently studied disrespect, Giannini's shirt was tieless when he arrived to take his seat as a newly elected Qualunquist member on the far right side of that chamber.

One of the few characteristics of Fascism which have been missing from Qualunquism has been the bearing of arms. The subject has not been far from Giannini's mind. When three more or less real attempts were made on his life a year ago, Giannini wrote a front-page open letter to Rear Admiral Ellery Stone, the American who has been chief of the Allied Commission in Italy.

If the Qualunquists took up arms in self-defense it would be virtual Fascism, Giannini conceded.

"But what would you do if you were in my position?" the Qualunquist chieftain demanded. "Surely you would order up a nice squad of strong men armed with hand grenades, machine pistols and other such toys. I cannot recruit armed forces on my own account, because I would be taken for a Fascist. But I do not at all like to wind up being a fool." It was not of himself alone of whom he was thinking, the Qualunquist leader added. "Any political man in Italy is menaced. Any rich man is menaced."

With the impudence which has delighted his followers, Giannini had a quick retort when this writer relayed Admiral Stone's answer.

The admiral had pointed out that he had received no copy of Giannini's letter in the mails and, accordingly, could not reply to it.

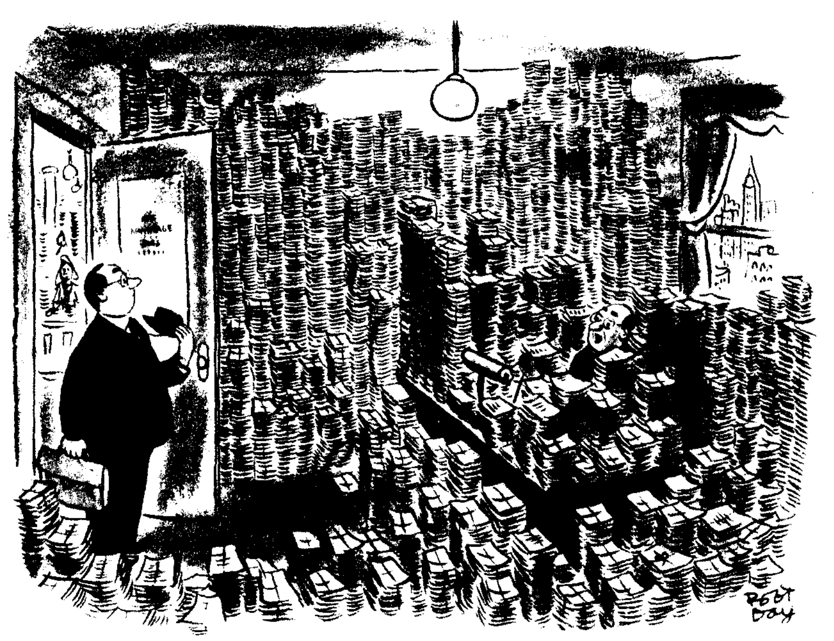
"I'll put a copy of the paper in an envelope and mail it to him," Giannini responded.

The Qualunquist movement was supported at first by the voluntary efforts of local well-wishers and by profits from the papers. Now as Giannini's male secretary, Egino Lazzari, sits at his desk in Giannini's cluttered, nine-room apartment in Rome, he picks thousand- and two-thousand-lire checks from the incoming mail (worth about $2.50 to $5). Contributions from party and nonparty members alike are gladly accepted, Lazzari grins.

Because Giannini likes to work at home in his bathrobe, the Qualunquist headquarters have remained in his middle-class home. He gets up at 10, works at home until 2 P.M., naps for half an hour, works on until 10 P.M., and then leaves the house just before midnight. Until 3 or 4 A.M. he is at his newspaper office receiving callers and correcting proofs on his day's editorial. Like President Truman he is a dilettante piano player, but most of his spare time these days goes into reading Italian and foreign news articles, and into catching up on books on political science.

Until his son's death launched his campaign, Giannini had virtually no background in political matters. His formal education was discontinued just after finishing elementary school in his native Naples because, as his official Qualunquist biography says, "he was interested in things other than those taught in high school."

Becoming a writer seems to have been young Giannini's main desire. His father, Federico Giannini, had been a moderately well-known journalist in Naples, but young Guglielmo's parents—his mother was an Englishwoman, Mary Jackson—preferred to see him apprenticed to a textile shop. Guglielmo shifted unhappily from job to job, laboring as an electrician, traveling in Italy, France, Switzerland and Germany for an insurance company, performing an unspeci-



"We conduct a weekly radio contest, and all entries become our property"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

fied service for a shipping firm, and finally, laying bricks.

It was on the latter job that Giannini's life turning point came, in an incident which may well prove to be one of the important facts of modern European history. Giannini signed on to help build the Agnioli Baths in Naples. The day the baths opened, a reporter friend of Guglielmo's father spotted the young bricklayer and got him his first job on a newspaper—the Neapolitan humorous periodical, Monsignor Perelli.

At twenty-three Giannini edited a political paper for a Neapolitan popular bloc with considerable success. His career was interrupted twice when he was drafted for the Italo-Turkish war of 1911-12 and the first World War. He came out of the latter as a monocle-wearing lieutenant, decorated once for gallantry. He still wears the monocle.

But while other veterans listened to the siren call of another newspaper editor, Benito Mussolini, Giannini was still bent on a literary career. He founded a theatrical newspaper, Kines, which achieved a circulation of 100,000, before he killed it in 1932 after accusing his associate editors of trying to steal its thunder from him. He plunged into the writing of plays, knocking out forty comedies in the next eight years, a few of which were performed in America.

Giannini has never left his theatrical period. His clothes are the fastidious if flashy type that are never out of place backstage. Last summer while he and the other delegates to Italy's Constitutional Assembly were at work on the profoundly serious business of plotting the country's new basic law, Giannini found time to write another comedy.

Giannini apparently did not consider formal religion very important until his Qualunquist movement was well along. Then on one day last summer he received more than half the Catholic sacraments—baptism, confirmation, Holy Communion and matrimony—which put him in good standing in a religion which 99 per cent of Italians profess.

With Giannini a Catholic, many members of the mild centrist Catholic party have swung over to Qualunquism. Giannini would like to have ties with the Vatican, but says he has not been able to get any yet. But if Italian politics continues its present trend toward Qualunquism on the one hand and Communism on the other, with no middle-of-the-road alternatives, it is sure that Pope Pius XII's continuing assaults on Communism will help the playwright-politician.

An Alternative to Dictatorship

At Giannini's household headquarters the Qualunquist strategists see the coming elections in Italy as just such a choice between their party and Communism. "Honorable Giannini thinks that in the next election there will be a winner and a loser," Lazzari sums it up. "Whichever of the two wins could form a dictatorship if it governed alone. For the good of the nation Honorable Giannini wants to collaborate even with Communism, but if they refuse it's their own fault."

On the subject of whether he is himself a candidate for the vacant post of dictator of Italy, Giannini is more coy.

"The day on which I would be invested with a dictatorship," he once said, "I would feel I could not resist the irresistible urge to give myself a Bronx cheer."

But in his book La Folla (The Crowd), which may be compared with Hitler's Mein Kampf, Giannini makes it evident that he does not really think a chief of state needs any better preparation than his own.

"About the only indispensable qualification for sitting on a throne—or on any chair," the book asserts with some of Giannini's typical vulgarity, "is to have a backside, and no man lacks that."

Even more devotion to the ideas of Fascism than Qualunquism admits has been shown by various scattered little groups through Italy since the war. Mimeographed sheets have been distributed, pointing out to Italy's ill-paid governmental employees that they were the beneficiaries of many social aids during the time of Mussolini. Black Fascist flags have been found in the morning light flapping from the masts at universities and on public buildings.

"Long live Il Duce" has appeared overnight on walls. Police have uncovered evidence pointing to the existence of pro-Fascist groups, but no evidence has been obtained to indicate that these groups number more than a few thousand members or that they are interconnected in any sort of effective organization.

As the political lines in Italy have been drawn at the extreme right and the extreme left, the Communist answer to Qualunquism has been an indignant charge that Giannini's fold includes not only Axis collaborators but also Fascist war profiteers, feudal Sicilian landholders, "enemies of progress" in the backward heel and toe of the Italian boot and "the most reactionary wing of the Roman Curia" in Vatican City.

Catholics Denounce Demagoguery

The Catholic party has backed up the Communist thesis against Qualunquism at least part way with charges that it is a foul-languaged demagogic movement built on destructive criticism of Italy's struggling efforts to achieve democracy. But the moderate Catholic party is dwindling away as its members, harassed by all the ills of the impoverished country, increasingly harken to the lurid promises of the extremists.

Apparently it is upon the democratic center and the non-Communist left that the U.S. State Department is pinning its hopes. But these moderates will continue to dwindle in numbers unless American help—by example, by propaganda and by economic assistance—is maintained. It is apparent now that the few months between armistice and peace treaty are too short a time to introduce democracy and guarantee its survival.

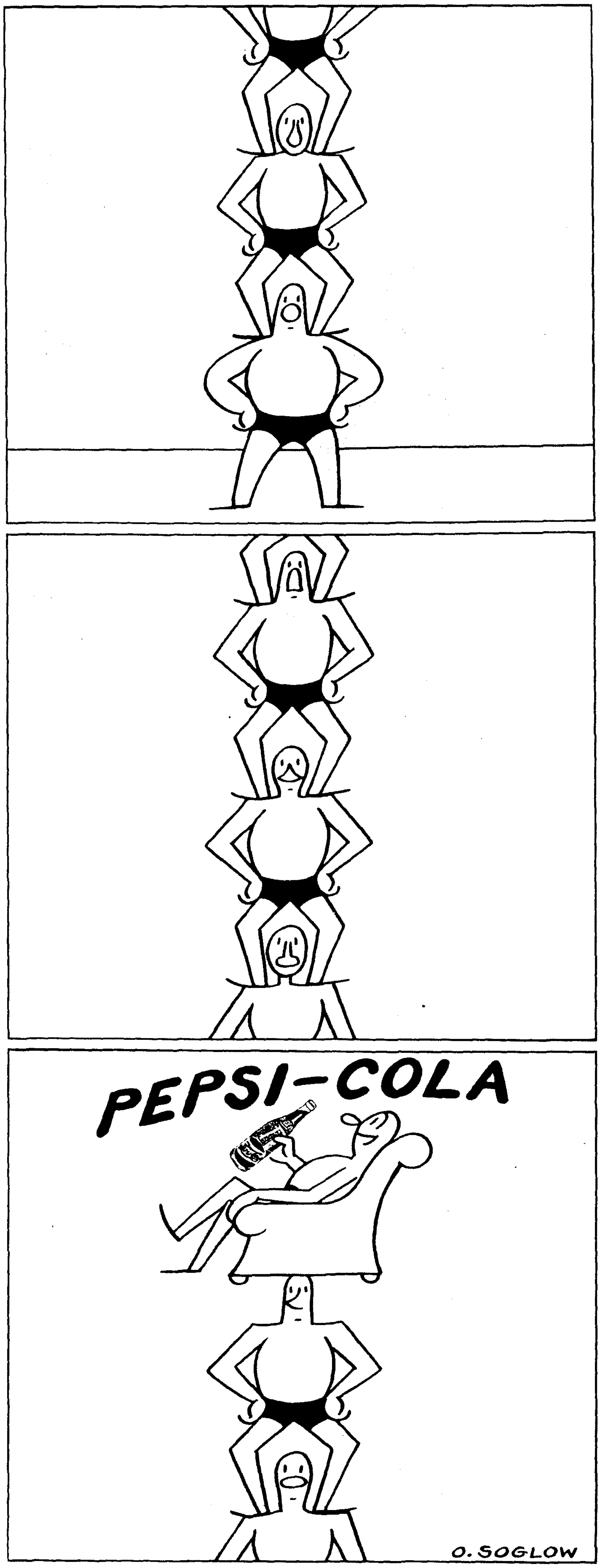
There are those who see in the progressive division of Italian political opinion into two extreme camps the seeds of civil war: One such is embittered Communist Gino Grechi, who works his twelve acres of ruined cotton, grain and sugar-beet land on the Anzio beachhead just outside Aprilia. Fascism took him to Albania, Greece, Libya and Russia as a corporal, and to Germany as a prisoner. It was a system which pretended to be "for the laborer" but, so far as he is concerned, directed all the money "into the pockets of the gentlemen." Under the man-in-the-press symbol of Qualunquism he sees the old Fascists.

"Before they take control," Grechi is telling his fellow Communists at Aprilia, "either we'll all be killed or they will."

Combat-sick Italians probably will not go to the extreme of civil war. But it is certain that either Qualunquist Dr. Russo or Communist Grechi has a much better chance of finishing this year as political boss of Aprilia than the incumbent Christian Democrat Vindigni. The Communist party commands at least one fifth of the Italian vote and enjoyed recent successes in elections in Sicily. If American aid stopped tomorrow the Communists probably would capture Italy.

Whether the ex-bad boy of a Neapolitan high school will ever don the discarded robes of the other Duce probably will depend in large part on how rapidly American loans clean up the rubble of Aprilia and restore a moderate prosperity. Like Fascism and Nazism, a Qualunquist dictatorship is likely to be chosen only in desperation.

THE END



Miss Joanne Dru's natty ensemble adds up to $370.50, not including the horse

GLAMOR HITS THE RANGE

BY JIM MARSHALL

A poor lady cow-poke's working outfit may set her back several hundred bucks, if she does the thing up in high style

TIME was when a cowgirl could go to work with a few bucks' worth of duds. Today she's probably the most expensively dressed working girl in the world. Her outfit costs her around $400—not counting the horse.

But Marge Riley, once a ranch girl herself up around Sheridan, Wyoming, says a lady cow-poke can outspend a New York or Hollywood glamor girl without half trying. Miss Riley designs most of the cowgirl outfits for the movies and for dude ranch visitors and she ought to know. She's the style queen of the San Fernando Valley, and can ride and rope with the best of them.

Marge recently dressed Joanne Dru ranch style during the making of Howard Hawks' Red River. Miss Dru, in old-style calicoes and ginghams, felt grubby beside the dudes and dudesses who galloped over from near-by ranches to the Arizona location where the picture was being shot. So Marge fixed her up with a standard 1947 outfit like those the dudesses wore.

The bill came to $370.50, starting with a $125 suit. With this went a $5.50 tie, a $15 belt and buckle, a $35 hat with a $15 band, a $60 bag, $65 boots and $50 silver spurs.

A New York heiress who visited an Arizona dude ranch this spring and ordered "the works" from Marge Riley got a bill for $750.50. It itemized down to a fancy Stetson at $150, a $75 shirt and a $75 skirt; $65 boots and $100 spurs; a $75 belt, a $60 bag, and oddments like scarves, ties, tie slides, hatbands and a rope at $75.50. A calfskin jacket to top it off was price-marked at $75. The lady priced a carved, silver-trimmed saddle to go with all this: $375. She found she could buy bridles up to almost any price that she wanted to pay, but a rather modest number would set her back $50.

A great deal of the expense attached to cow-country costumes comes from silver ornaments and carved leather. A girl who wants to let herself go can pile on a couple of thousand dollars' worth of silver buttons, buckles, spurs and saddle trimmings without half trying. There are saddles of carved leather, with silver trimmings, out West, that cost $5,000—and to some ranch queens they're just as necessary as a mink coat on Park Avenue.

Stetson hats cost up to $150 and compare with anything any New York milliner ever turned out. Bags run from $10 to $100 and footgear runs up to $65 a pair—a price even rich city-folk might shrink from paying. A horse or two may easily cost more than a coupé, some of the famous palominos running into the thousands.

Miss Dru used to be a Powers model. She figures that half a century has increased a ranch girl's clothes cost at least ten times. And more than that, if the girl goes in for silver and turquoise trimmings on her outfit, as some of them do.

Incidentally, while a city outfit for a working girl may weigh only a couple of pounds, leather and silver are quite heavy; it takes a good strong girl to wear a cow-country getup all day. ★★★

A GAME FOR TWO

Continued from page 22

have shaken things up, like dice in a parcheesi cup. . . .

Daphne was in the shower when the phone rang. She groped for towel and slippers and went dripping into the foyer.

A voice said, "This is Winifred. Do you remember me?—from the fourth floor."

"Oh, how do you do?"

"I do just awful. It's hot. Would you be interested in a blind date? Two awfully cute boys are coming to see me, and we thought we'd go off for the day."

Daphne wanted to be coolly interested and act as if she might consider it. But she said, "Gee!"

"Well," Winifred's voice was bored, "come down in forty-five minutes, and listen, you're sixteen. I said you were."

DAPHNE stood dripping in the foyer, half miserable, half palpitating. In a way, she had accepted camp as the next thing in her life. These few last days would be just with Mother, eating out and going to shows. Now she had to rearrange her mind and realize that boy friends were still the most important thing in life, and that you were measured by your ability to attract men. A man was a challenge. You faced this challenge, at least. Maybe you failed, but you took it up. Two awfully cute boys, Winifred had said. Daphne swallowed. Her clothes, her nails, her wet hair!

Covering herself with bath powder, she put a polish called Crimson Alibi on her nails and sat achingly tense while it dried. She saw in the mirror a tall, pink-faced girl with tangled brown hair and wide shoulders. She supposed she was starting to come out in the right places, though not quite as right as the people in the movies.

Wildly she searched among her dresses, which all seemed made for picking strawberries. The yellow with the off-the-shoulders neck was best. She put her hair up with combs and flowers and wore a pair of Margo's big earrings. Daphne thought: Sixteen? Well, yes, maybe more. She wished she was meeting a younger Duke Winters.

Her fingers trembling and icy, Daphne rang Winifred's doorbell.

Winifred was something like Lana Turner, Daphne decided, but very bored. She took Daphne into her room, full of small, pink pillows and pictures of boys stuck in the mirror. There seemed to be a vague lack of adults in Winifred's life. She spoke of an Aunt Alice.

"It's awfully hot. I don't know what we'll do. They go to St. Paul's, and their father has been married three times. The third wife is a Hawaiian. I met them at a party. Do you like brunet men?"

Daphne's head whirled. Winifred jumped around so. She wished almost that plump, stage-struck Dora were sitting beside her.

"Brunets," she said vaguely. "Are you going to wear that?"

Winifred had on a black sheer dress.

"I guess so. Your mother's cute. You're not small like her."

"No," Daphne agreed forlornly.

The bell rang and Winifred became less bored. She took Daphne's arm with a firm pinch. "Listen, now. You're sixteen, and act as if you had lots of dates. They're rich. Maybe we can get to the Oval Room for lunch."

The boys had brown faces, smooth and hard. One was very short and blond; the other was tall with thick, black hair that swept off his forehead. They wore tan jackets and light trousers. The blond was Melvyn, and his brother was Andy. Daphne's heart beat too loudly. Andy was like the boys in the hair tonic ads—handsome and grinning. It did not seem possible that he and Melvyn were brothers. It turned out they were only half brothers.

Andy said, "Hi-yah, babe?" very loudly, and Winifred tossed her head. They did not know each other very well, after all.

"This is Daphne Moore."

"Make it Daffy," Andy said, flicking a glance over Daphne and coming back to Winifred almost as if to say: I like you better.

"Or just Daf," said Melvyn morosely.

Melvyn was quite morose in fact. He was ugly so he went the whole way, and acted it, too. He had stubby hands, and on his tie was a picture of Niagara Falls.

"How are the frogs, Mel?" Winifred asked, now all lightness and grown-upness, knowing how to talk to boys. She turned to Daphne. "He cuts them up."

Daphne did not know whether to say, "Ugh!" or "How super!" Her voice came out tight and little. "Really?" she said.

Now they would see she was just a little girl. She felt her face going stiff.

Andy said, "How about going to a dive in the Bowery, or to the zoo."

"No frogs," Melvyn barked.

Daphne had to come in on the talk. She spoke boldly, looking into Andy's brown eyes, her heart fluttering right up to her mouth, "We could go swimming at the Shelton."

The others looked at each other in turn. Daphne felt pale. Then Andy said, kindly, "It is a nice little thing, isn't it?"

Winifred broke in hurriedly, "Let's get going."

They went out, Winifred with Andy, and Daphne not with but alongside of Melvyn. On the street, Melvyn squinted and brought out his dark glasses. He looked repulsive and gnome-like.

There was nothing said about the Oval Room or the Shelton. When she saw it was not going to be an expensive day, Winifred became sort of wild and giggly. She became a Good Sport. Daphne realized that if she didn't hurry and become a Good Sport too, right away, things were going to flop.

"What grade are you in?" she struggled on with Melvyn.

He stared at her from behind dark glasses. In the best Orson Welles technique he boomed, "I can't be graded, my fair lady. The school has me down for court-martial in the fall, and I drop pieces of frog into the luncheon milk. I am not for this school world long. I am working on a phase of the atom bomb which will destroy only human beings and leave animals intact."

Andy threw back a remark, "He's a nut, but he might just happen to go far."

ANDY, decided Daphne, would grow into a man who looked out of this world in a tuxedo, holding a glass in one hand—a man with a house full of red leather chairs, dogs that brought his slippers right to him, and married to a beautiful blonde like Winifred.

Daphne ached from thinking up things to say to Melvyn. She thought of her sane, scheduled life at Weldon School, of camp next week where she would be wearing sneakers and jersey pull-overs, while Winifred would be walking with Andy. She saw them walking all over the earth, in love, of course. She thought of her pretty mother and wondered if she had ever failed on a date. Tears trembled in back of her eyes. To fail at this—

Winifred and Andy were walking close together, Winifred's silky hair streamed as she walked.

Melvyn's fat cheeks stuck out in profile. He kicked a tin can under a man's feet and the man stumbled.

"Young ass," the man hissed.

"Keep cool, brother," said Melvyn,

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and to Daphne, "I hate them—messing up the world. Teaching youth, bah! The Eskimos are smart."

"Why?" asked Daphne, relieved to feel they might be having what is called conversation.

"Kill off the old guys. Take them way out and leave them on a cake of ice to die."

Now Daphne knew why girls did dreadful things. If there were only something she could do to make Andy notice her. If she could be a different girl, interesting, sure of herself . . .

They took the elevated down to the Battery. The train was very dirty. The passengers slept or stared ahead of them, chewing gum; or they ogled Winifred in her black dress. Winifred's cheeks got pink. Andy slid his arm in back of the seat, and Melvyn called out coarsely, "No passes in public!"

Daphne thought she would die from pure bitterness.

THE Battery was dirty, too. They had liverwurst sandwiches and cream soda, and they walked through dingy side streets where moving vans and trucks were bunched. A group of Chinese girls passed them. They looked at Andy and giggled and pushed each other. Andy only smiled. Even Chinese girls acted up, thought Daphne in panic.

Once Winifred stood near her and whispered fiercely, "Give out, dopey!"

But Daphne did not know how to turn a mood on and off.

Then Melvyn said to Andy, "Hey—let's go home and tease the hula skirt. There's beer, and cheese and crackers." He threw out his stocky chest and intoned, "And Moussorgsky. We've got the recordings."

"Who?" Daphne asked wearily.

"Moussorgsky—the musician. He and I are *buddies.* I feel *him in me.* I'm Moussorgsky himself, walking through the city."

"You're something," Daphne announced tartly, and for the first time, they all laughed with, not at, her. She began mentally to unclench herself.

They went to Andy's and Melvyn's home in the East Eighties. It was a private house with a wrought-iron door, and a butler of whom the boys seemed slightly afraid.

"Now, young sirs, what is all this?"

Melvyn snapped his fingers. "Beer, and cheese and crackers in the green living room, Snodgrass. We're back from *the wild and desolate stretches.*"

"You're too young for beer." The butler scowled at Melvyn.

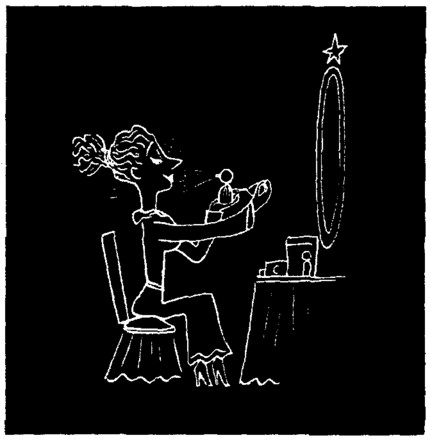
"Beer, we said," intoned Andy, who was older.

"Is his name really Snodgrass?" Winifred whispered, "I thought that was only in books."

"He came out of a book," Andy said.

It was a gorgeous house, full of paintings, and bronze statues; small silky rugs slid around under their feet.

They played the Moussorgsky records and Winifred smoked a cigarette. She and Andy sat side by side, and Daphne knew this was how life was. Always a man and a woman drew together, looked into each other's eyes. And all else was unimportant, dry as dust. The things the principal at Weldon had said about contentment were words out of a cross-stitched sampler in a crumbling room.



Daphne's heart weighed her down. She dreamed of swimming stroke by stroke with Andy in some blue water, pulling herself up on a raft . . . "Good for you," he'd say. The sky would be blinding silver. Andy would be planning a long trip to, well—to Madagascar. "Daphne, come with me—come."

She saw Andy timidly touch a strand of Winifred's hair, and all was lost.

Melvyn sprawled in a chair, listening to Moussorgsky's Night on Bald Mountain. He had dismissed Daphne from his mind. He was a very young boy, pretending that two things only were of importance—Melvyn, and what Melvyn thought. He would undoubtedly be a big success.

The beer made Daphne hot and sleepy. She glanced up hazily and saw a brown woman in a billowy red dress standing in the doorway. A woman with ink-black hair and full vermilion-bright lips.

"Here's Lani." Andy sprang up.

It was their father's third wife. She walked across the parquet floor on beautiful, bare feet. Her slanted eyes traveled over the girls in an unsmiling way and she inclined her head ever so slightly. Lani did not sit on a chair. She chose a hassock, lighted a cigarette and waved to the phonograph.

"Dance, yes?"

Melvyn frowned. "Go fly your grass skirt. You want the lighter phases of music. My soul is dark and heavy."

"*Unload* your soul," Andy said crisply, "and put on Cugat."

Andy looked odd. He had gotten up from being with Winifred and was standing in front of Lani.

She put her head back and flashed white teeth at him. "Dance?" she said for the second time.

Andy and Lani danced. He was tall and graceful. They danced with singleness and absorption. Winifred laughed nervously, shot a well-what-do-you-think-of-that look at Daphne, and stared down at her white hands.

Melvyn kept snorting out, "Break it up, break it up, you two."

The butler came in. Picking up the empty bottles and dishes, he went out, his back rigid with disapproval.

Lani acted as if no one was in the room but Andy and herself. The music throbbed in the dimming opulence, and the boy and the brown woman went on dancing, wordlessly.

Winifred walked over deliberately to Melvyn.

"Show me your laboratory, Mel, where you keep things," she said, as sweet as spoonfuls of molasses.

Melvyn tried to be indifferent, but he crumpled into a lump of flattered male.

"On the third floor. I'll cut up a frog for you."

They went away, Winifred like a golden-haired beauty ascending the stairs of some madman's house. Daphne knew Winifred was simply doing this because of Andy and Lani. Winifred would never let herself be without attention, she would know what steps to take.

Melvyn called, "Want to come, Daf, and see my lovely little creatures?"

Daphne shook her head.

Winifred leaned back, elaborately ignoring the dancers. She taunted Daphne, "I guess camp is your speed, all right."

Then Daphne sat and watched Andy and Lani, and the shadows grew longer. She felt on the outside of a bright, bad dream, lost in a personal misery, while others lived and laughed, and went in pairs.

Lani had begun to sing, and Andy's smooth, hard face was overlaid with a kind of hynosis. . . .

Daphne could not remember when she first saw the other man, the man with the gray hair and the dark red face, but he stood in an entrance out of sight from Andy and Lani. She shivered. Motion pictures had elucidated most of the different phases of anger that could be depicted by a man's expression. And now she was beholding a man's anger in real life.

He came away from where he was standing quickly, and before the dancers could know he was there, the man had yanked Andy away from Lani, and then hit him full in the face.

DAPHNE heard the crack of the blow. Andy was down on the floor. He started to rise. A narrow streak of blood traveled out of his mouth. Lani moved from side to side like a tree in the wind, screaming terrible alien sounds.

Daphne ran out of the room toward the hallway. The worst part had been Andy, half getting to his feet; Daphne could not bear to wait and see if he would be able to get all the way up before the man hit him again.

She got out of the house, pulling the heavy door shut. She thought: I'm all right. I'm on the street, I must act as if everything is all right.

Andy—whom she loved—was being hurt! The picture was printed on her brain. She would never be able to forget those three people changing their positions in the room.

She took a bus and immediately began to feel sick. The driver said, "Step to the rear, miss," and then she had to get right off, but a man followed her and stood on the curb. It was Mr. Duke Winters.

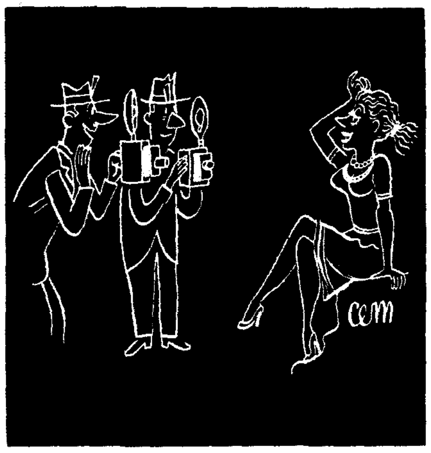
"It's all right, kiddo," he kept saying, but his face was distressed.

It was a question of which was more distressed—Mr. Winters' face or Daphne's stomach.

The sympathetic, moon-shaped faces of people went by and Daphne saw them upside down.

Duke got a taxi. She would have liked to be alone with her head on the cool leather, riding with her eyes shut.

He promised to get her mother. "Did



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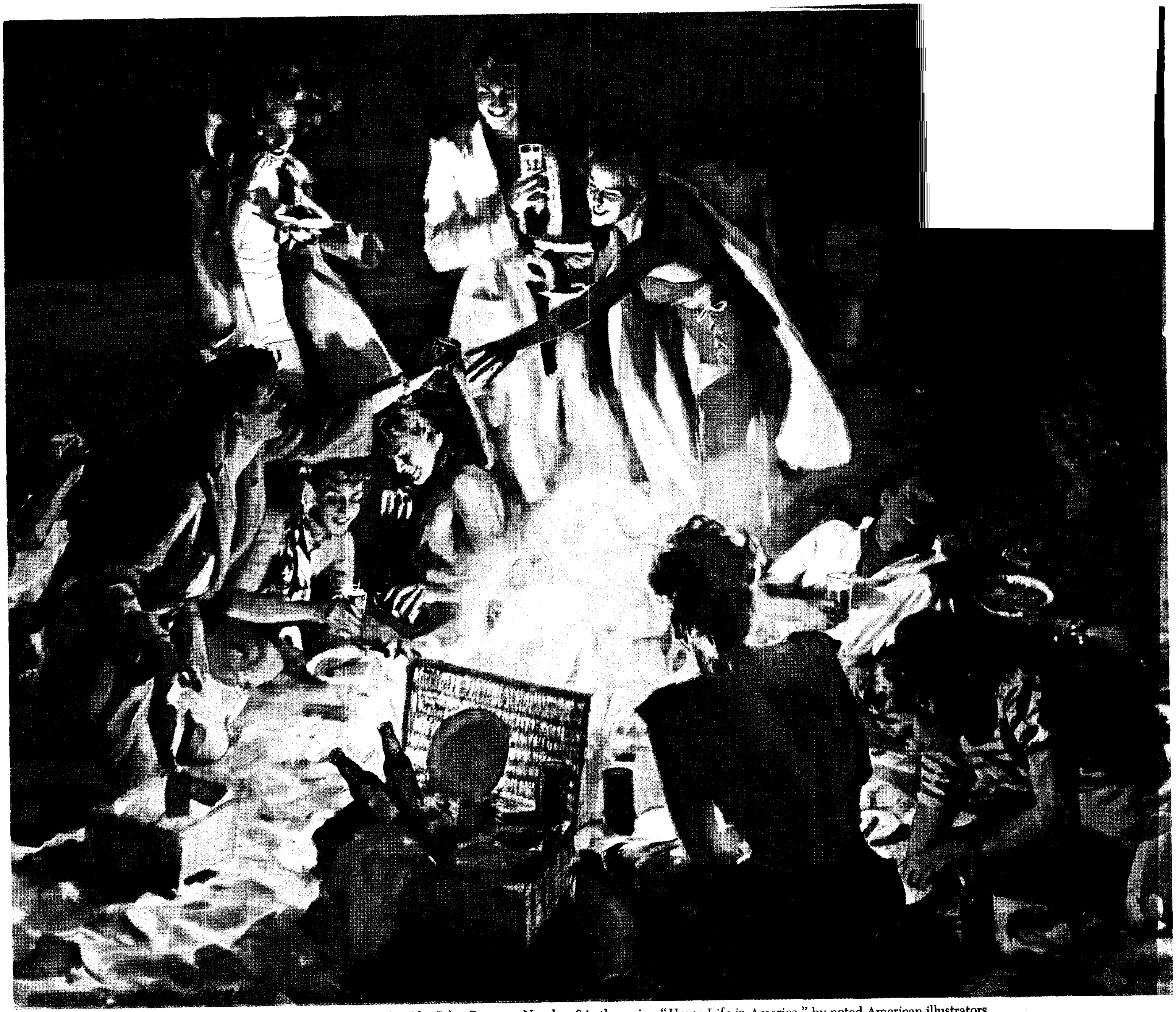

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you eat the wrong thing?" he asked, passing a handkerchief over her forehead.

Daphne did not think it was food. It was the day, the mounting strangeness of every minute. When she remembered Melvyn and Winifred, perhaps still upstairs in that house looking at the frogs, she began to feel terrible again.

"Thank you, Mr. Winters." She smiled wanly at him.

"Call me Duke, chickie. I'll bring your mother around in two shakes."

Margo came in very soon.

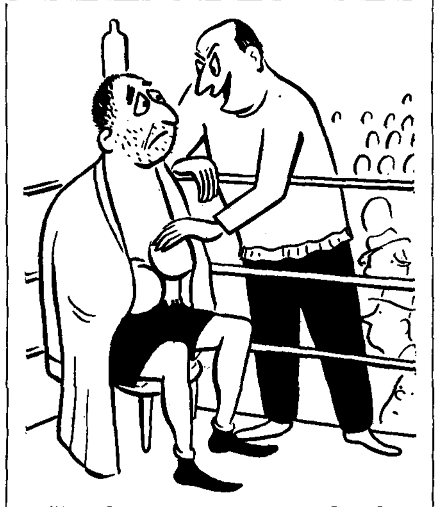
"Lamb, it's the heat, and you need a complete change."

HER mother was so dainty. She was more graceful than Lani, more self-possessed than Winifred. Her mother could never have had the kind of troubles Daphne had.

Daphne began to weep. "She said 'Camp is your speed.' It's just my speed. Oh, Mother. I'll always be clumsy and other girls will have all the boys. I'll never be cute like you. I'm a failure!"

Margo was shocked motionless. Probing and questioning, she got Daphne to tell her about the afternoon. "Brat!" she muttered, meaning Winifred. And when Daphne told her about Lani and the fight, Margo made clucking noises.

She brought a lace bed jacket for Daphne. "Darling, look at Ingrid Bergman. Is she cute? Hardly."



"Let him tag you a couple of times just to make it look good. Then in the fifth—wham!—he knocks you out!"

COLLIER'S LES COLIN

Through tears, Daphne remembered Ingrid. Very likely Ingrid would know how to handle the Winifreds.

"But how can I learn?"

Margo moved around the room like a doll, lowering shades, putting shoe trees in Daphne's pumps. Then she spoke softly.

"You learn by failing. After a failure, you see better. You're a bigger person and that means other persons don't walk over you so much. You know more about yourself. It's like a test in school. Eventually you pass it, don't you?"

Mother's face was earnest, wide-eyed. Daphne nodded, not sure she understood, but warmed inside by something in her mother's voice, and Margo held her tight.

THE next day was different because Mother stayed home from work. She called the office and told them, and they had shirred eggs, which took a long time to cook and to eat. After that, Daphne lay on the sofa reading a movie article about Ingrid Bergman while Margo seemed very busy at her desk. She wrote notes, made some out-of-town phone calls and fixed up bundles of clothes for the Red Cross to send to Europe. Daphne thought some of the clothes Mother was sending were too good.

In the afternoon, Lea Davis came in. She looked as handsome as ever, but subdued. She picked up the movie magazine.

"Honey, don't fall for glamor. It's overworked."

"Daphne should know," said Mother cryptically.

"Margo—" Lea began, looking at Daphne, then away.

"Yes."

"I want to tell you something. I hope you won't think—I mean, you're my best friend—"

Mother seemed paler. She got up and took Lea's hand. "I know," Margo said. "I'm glad. You were always meant for each other."

And then they both cried and kissed each other, and Lea said, "I'm so happy," and wiped her eyes on a handkerchief printed with French words.

"Honestly!" Daphne exclaimed, but she knew what it was before they told her.

"It's Laurence Driscoll," Lea said. "We're getting married, and once I thought—"

MARGO sprang up. "We'll have a party. Lea, call Laurence and Duke Winters. This has to be celebrated."

Daphne could not be sure that her mother was happy. Perhaps she had had a failure, too, the thing she had talked about last night. You could be grown up and get hurt, and not be allowed to show it. She felt a moment of coolness toward Lea. But Lea was kind, really. Today she had a quiet glow to her. And hadn't Mother said about failing—"Eventually you pass"?

When the men came, Mother was in a dark blue crepe with her hair worn in a low knot at the back. She looked, Daphne puzzled, like someone else.

Duke was very nice. He didn't mention about getting off the bus with Daphne yesterday. In a corner of the room Laurence Driscoll said to Margo: "Margo, I—"

But she wouldn't let him finish. "I'm glad, so glad." And he was looking down at her with a crinkly smile, and suddenly they were just very good friends.

They had cocktails, with the inevitable grape juice for Daphne. She thought they were all different today. They were calmer and happier, and somehow it made New York nice again. Their voices wiped out the sound of a man's quick, running steps and Lani's screaming. She thought, sadly: I'll go away to camp and there'll be the four of them—two pairs, again."

"Margo," Lea began on the old theme, "when are you going to take some time off?"

"Right away," said Margo suddenly. "I've taken a cottage up at Cape Cod and Daphne and I are going up there."

"May I be invited?" Duke said, his eyes pleading.

Mother didn't laugh in that tinkly way or throw her head back. She looked Duke in the face and said, gently, "Perhaps."

"Mother!"

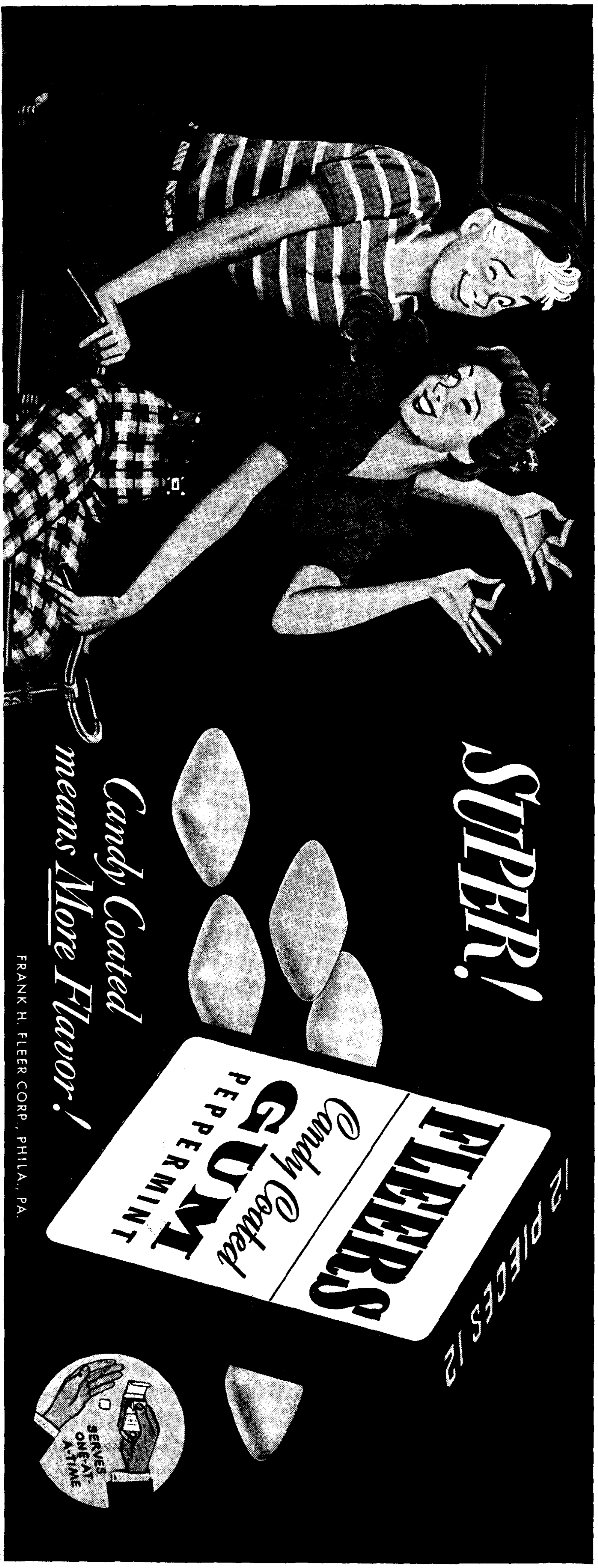
"And Daphne can have her school pals like Dora up if she wants, but the main thing is we'll be together," Mother went on. "We'll have a long, wonderful lazy time. There are things a woman can teach her own child, I guess, that no one else can."

"Bravo!" cried Lea walking swiftly across the room, looking so tall beside Margo. Looking so admiringly at Margo.

Long after they had gone, Daphne lay in bed, her head swimming with the wonder of not having to go to camp. She thought of the letter she would write to Dora. About everything. And then she remembered something else, something that had seemed so different.

Mother had called herself a woman.

THE END



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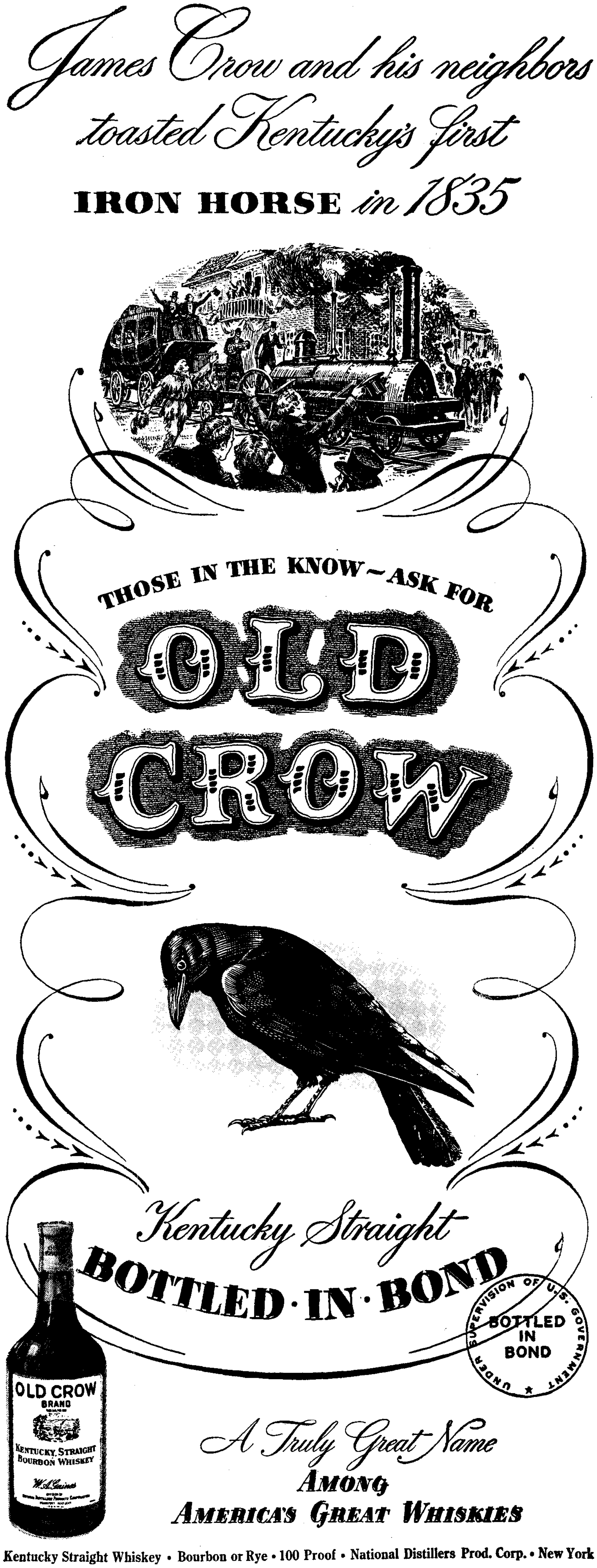
James Crow and his neighbors toasted Kentucky's first
IRON HORSE in 1835

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THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

Continued from page 21

institutions there. Under the cloak of charity the Hatch bill would have opened the way for bargain-price land sales in every other of the 13 public-land states. Representative Barrett, in a similar do-good measure, proposed that federal lands in Wyoming be sold to cattlemen (at $1.25 an acre, tops) with the proceeds going to the state university.

Senator Robertson of Wyoming didn't even bother with do-good angles. He proposed simply that the public lands, property of all Americans, be turned over to the states in which they lie. Presumably, the Western livestockmen, acting through their legislatures, could take it from there.

All told, 58 bills affecting the public lands were dumped into the hopper of the 79th Congress. Only a handful, if enacted, would have opened the way for cattlemen, lumbermen and other interests to break into the national parks and forests, to mine the grass- and timberlands without restraint and to exhaust the last virgin preserves of our national wealth.

So far in the present 80th Congress 55 land bills have been introduced.

Public Opinion Is Hostile

But the stockmen's main assault on the public lands was held up while they waged a struggle for public opinion in the West itself. There, the stockmen found to their surprise that their self-imposed crusade to "return the public lands to the West" evoked little gratitude from fellow Westerners. Instead, the livestockman—long the darling of the cowboy country—found himself pilloried as a grasping destroyer of the West's lands and waters.

In the West when men confer it is said, "They're making a medicine together." The public-lands medicine of the big stockmen was so strong that their own neighbors and lifelong friends couldn't take it.

One such neighbor is Charles J. Moynihan, law partner of Dan Hughes, the Montrose, Colorado, sheepman who is spearheading the stockmen's public-lands drive.

"I can't imagine the West I've always known being fenced in by private owners with 'No Trespassing' signs scattered around in every direction," Moynihan wrote Washington officials. "It will make a feudal province out of the Rocky Mountain region . . . and will affect our concept of democracy."

Lee Knous, governor of Colorado and ex-partner of Hughes, rebelled too. The spare, six-foot governor took aside Dan Hughes, full-faced and beefy product of the cow country's good steaks.

"It's inconceivable, Dan, that Congress would enact such legislation or that the public would support it," he said.

In Idaho, the state legislature sent a joint memorial to Congress.

"It has been the common practice for private owners of land acquired at nominal cost, after removing the lumber, to let it go for delinquent taxes thereby forestalling reforestation, development and protection of the land," the Idaho legislators warned.

In Utah, Senator Arthur V. Watkins polled ranchers and others and found sentiment two to one against the land-sale proposal. In Colorado, the mountain region's leading newspapers belabored the land drive so lustily that the Record Stockman, a livestock trade paper, protested:

"Shame on Denver's daily press . . . Here Denver sits, the livestock breeding capital of America, reaping more than it realizes from cattle, sheep and hogs. Yet the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Post editorially smear the stockman as a 'land grabber' or a 'skin game' promoter. Stockmen are good boys," the livestock paper finished stoutly.

Some of the ranchers aren't so sure of this.

"The proposals were initiated by a very small group of selfish stockmen," charged the Carbon Stock Association of small stockmen at Gunnison, Colorado. "They'd ruin the soils, watersheds and other natural resources."

By early summer the counterattack had gathered such force that rumblings reached all the way to Washington. There J. Byron Wilson, three-hundred-pound woolgrowers' lobbyist, advised the boys back home that the land sale had become so hot a political potato they'd better let it cool.

With his ear cocked to the thunder from the West, Senator Johnson of Colorado called the land drive "the most selfish proposal of all time." And even the Cow Bloc's Senator Pat McCarran, on realizing that sale of the public lands would deprive Nevada of millions in highway funds, knew it was time to beat a retreat.

"I am opposed to turning the lands over to the stockmen or even to the states," he said.

But what the West doesn't know is that the public lands have already, in effect, been turned over to the stockmen. The livestockmen have become the actual lords and masters of the land they graze, and the West seems to have won a battle only to be confronted by the prospect of losing a war.

What public opinion barred the stockmen from doing openly, the Cow Bloc in Congress has done quietly. Here's how they did it. The Cow Bloc helped slash appropriations for policing the stockmen's use of the public lands. Congress cut the grazing field service budget from $1,070,360 to $373,000.

This meant that there could be only one office in each state to regulate 145,000,000 acres of range lands used by 20,000-odd ranchers.

Too Few Police and Patrols

It meant that of 250-odd range examiners and graziers (inspectors) only 30-odd remain to patrol and police. And this adds up to no federal inspection and control since surviving personnel, a skeleton staff, will have its hands full with paper work.

In actual practice, the Taylor Grazing Act, passed in 1934, to "prevent overgrazing and soil deterioration," has been repealed.

The way the big stockmen and the Cow Bloc broke the back of the grazing service is an object lesson in minority pressure politics in America. The first step was to capture the grazing service. The law had set up advisory boards of stockmen to confer with local grazing officials about the number of cattle on the range and similar questions, Within a year the stockmen's advisory boards weren't conferring, they were giving the orders.

The second step was to investigate the Grazing Service to death, and for this Harold Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior, gave the stockmen an opening.

In an unguarded moment Ickes told Congress it would cost only $150,000 to run the Grazing Service. When the actual budget turned out to be ten times as much, the House Appropriations Committee, composed largely of Easterners, began to scrutinize the bargain prices at which the Western stockmen were grazing the public lands.

"Such fees—a nickel a cow per month —are ridiculous," Representative Carl

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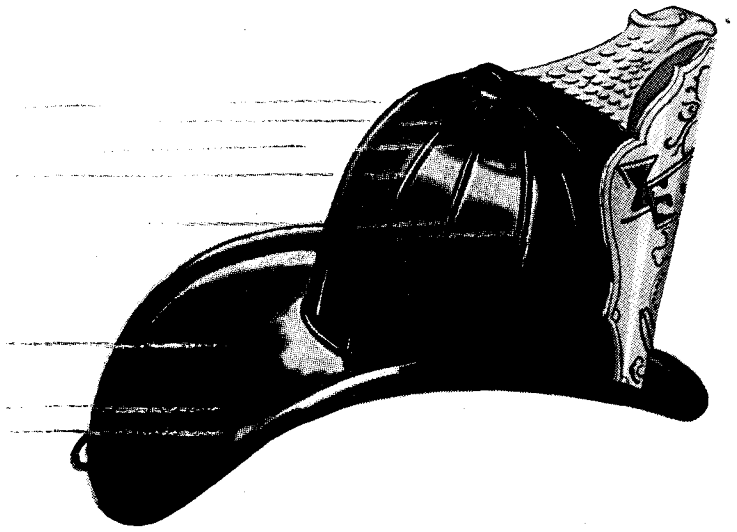

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H. Andersen of Minnesota, protested. "The Forest Service fee is 31 cents, and in my own country, Minnesota, pasturage costs $1.25 or more per month."

"Raise your fees," the House committee warned the Department of Interior, "or we'll cut your appropriations."

Manfully, Interior tried to raise the fees, only to be taken out of the play by the Cow Bloc. Senator Pat McCarran began investigating the Grazing Service and kept it up for seven years, making that department one of the most investigated in government history. The senator filed five large reports. The last one urged the firing of "a very small handful of self-seeking opportunist administrators," (who had sought to raise the fees).

By coincidence the stockmen themselves brought forward just the candidate to run the Grazing Service and the Land Management Bureau (of which the grazing unit is a part). He was none other than Dan Hughes, the leader of the stockmen's fight to sell the public lands to selected private owners at bargain prices.

Turning over the care of the public lands to a sheep raiser who wanted only to make them private didn't seem as logical to Secretary of the Interior Krug as it did to the big stockmen.

When Krug said, "No," the stockmen gave him their Sunday punch. They hit him in the appropriations. It was easy. The stockmen and the Cow Bloc senators, experts on grazing, told the hatchet-wielding House Appropriations Committee that the Grazing Service needed only a fraction of the money it was getting anyway.

The lands from which the stockmen thus ousted Uncle Sam without buying so much as an acre, had a long history of abuse before the government bureaucrats came. The nomadic sheepman with his several dozen sheep, the cattle baron who staked out miles of public domain for his thousands of steers, the small rancher with his shoestring herd, all these had one thing in common. They overstocked and overgrazed the good earth.

So thorough was their unsupervised grazing that in 1936 the Department of Agriculture reported, "a range once capable of supporting 22.5 million animal units (a unit is one cow or horse or five sheep) can now carry only 10.8 million. On nearly 55 per cent of the entire range area (roughly the 13 mountain states) forage values have been reduced by more than half." It was to halt this devastation that the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934 at the request of most of the Western stockmen.

Attrition of Grazing Ranges

Today, on vast spaces where lush grasses once grew belly-high to a horse, the relentless cropping by too many mouths has so skinned the land that they won't recover in our generation or that of our grandchildren. Government soil experts say the Western range land is sick and requires at least 50 years of careful nursing to heal the damage already done and perhaps another 50 years to restore the health that once supported twice the livestock the range now feeds. But instead of convalescence, the stockmen's virtual repeal of government inspection will intensify the maltreatment which put the range lands in the hospital in the first place.

Small ranchers are worried.

"With the supervision cut, there'll be a struggle for the range, and the little guy'll get pushed around," Ed Ennis, who runs 400 head of cattle in Grand County, Colorado, told me. "Maybe we'll have some old-fashioned range wars, the kind my father saw here years ago. Trespassing? Overgrazing? Sure, how are we going to stop it?" Small rancher Ennis and his friends have been bombarding their congressmen to restore Grazing Service appropriations.

Cattle helped make the mountain states, and grass makes cattle. By destroying the grass, the Western livestockmen are digging a grave for their industry.

But the stockmen are hurting more than their own industry. By stripping the wide-open spaces of their green cover, they are letting the rains dump the good earth into the West's rivers.

I stood in a gentle spring rain in a canyon near the Continental Divide above Boulder, Colorado, and watched a segment of the process which threatens the life of a whole region. A mountain stream which old-timers told me was once clear and sparkling was now soil-choked and turgid.

"Too thick to drink and too thin to plow," a forest ranger put it.

Appalling Waste of Topsoil

Overgrazing had removed the grass with which nature slows water runoff, and the unfettered waters were peeling off the exposed topsoil and carrying it into the stream. The mountain streams hustle the silt into the Colorado, the Rio Grande and other great river systems which in turn deposit it at the rate of millions of acre-feet (an acre of silt a foot deep) each year in the mammoth reservoirs. And it is these reservoirs which help nourish the semiarid West. (The Elephant Butte dam built by federal engineers to guarantee water to New Mexico "forever" is already so choked with silt deposited by the Rio Grande at the rate of 20,000 acre-feet a year, that the state is alarmed over its water supply.)

The same overgrazing that dumps the earth into the rivers opens up great gullies on the uplands as the water which once seeped into the high ground now rushes down to swell the rivers and take an ever-increasing toll of damage by flood.

The West has been slow to link the cattleman in the uplands with the floods and water shortages downstream. When Congress slashed appropriations for vast reclamation projects in the West, alarmed Western governors hastened to Washington and persuaded it to restore money for dams and other water and power projects.

A forest ranger commented bitterly: "They're spending billions for concrete dams to store water, but they won't spend pennies for the millions of little dams we protect, the blades of grass nature designed to save the land and water."

The critical area that controls the arid West's water resources is the watershed region which lies chiefly in the forested uplands of Colorado and Wyoming. Much of this watershed land lies within the 80,000,000 acres of grazing lands that are administered and protected by the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture.

With the scalp of the Department of Interior's Grazing Service tied to their belts, the big stockmen are now out to get these 80,000,000 acres of Forest Service lands.

More than half of these are badly depleted, but efforts to cut down the numbers of cattle and sheep that graze on them have plunged the Forest Service into a battle for its life.

The stockmen and the Cow Bloc know how to deal with such government bureaus. The American Cattle Producer (a trade publication) this April pondered a happy thought.

"Maybe the Forest Service has too much money appropriated for its use," the paper editorialized. "Such a situation can be easily remedied. Cut the appropriations."

Another article by Mr. Velie on this subject will appear in an early issue.

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CONEY ISLAND IS A HOWL

Continued from page 24

Every year the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce boasts of the resort's drawing power, but objects to the pictures that prove it because "those pictures tend to discourage good customers."

Last season the Island was host to a total of 70,000,000 customers, and the hot-day average now hovers around 1,250,000.

Of these probably not more than half are "good" customers, that is, customers with upward of a dollar apiece to spend. Only a few thousand rent bathhouses in which to dress and undress. The nonspenders come early, bring their own lunch, enjoy sand and surf for free, and go home late. If the night is as hot as the day, they may not go home at all, choosing to make their beds right there on the sand rather than return to the steam-bath atmosphere of a city tenement.

The nonspenders either dress and undress surreptitiously in cars or under the boardwalk, or else they wear their bathing suits under their street clothes, and only have to peel off to be ready for the beach. This is known as "bum-bathing," and those who follow this system are called drippers, because that's what they do when they put street clothes back on over wet bathing suits.

Temptation on Surf Avenue

But it's easy to get rid of money at Coney if you want to. From the minute you leave the subway and emerge on Surf Avenue, you are surrounded with 10- to 25-cent temptations to try your luck, strength or courage, to hit the baby, to see the freaks, alive, alive, to watch the pretty girlie take a bath in wine, alive, alive.

The wine-bath girl, named Tirza, says the kids who gather in front of her place can't believe she really takes a shower bath before their very eyes. She used to offer $1,000 to anybody who could prove her attractions were not true as advertised. But the customers couldn't believe in $1,000 either, so now her barker only offers to "refund your ticket money, plus $1 for your time," if Tirza doesn't live up to her promises. She does, all right, so realistically that the police once closed her show for three days. Now her filmy net G-string and bra have been okayed by the license bureau, and her show flourishes. Winters Tirza spends with her family in Miami, Florida, in the house the wine bath bought.

The aristocrat of Coney Island places is Steeplechase Park, where for $1 you get trees, grass and a place to sit down, plus your choice of 12 rides. No girls.

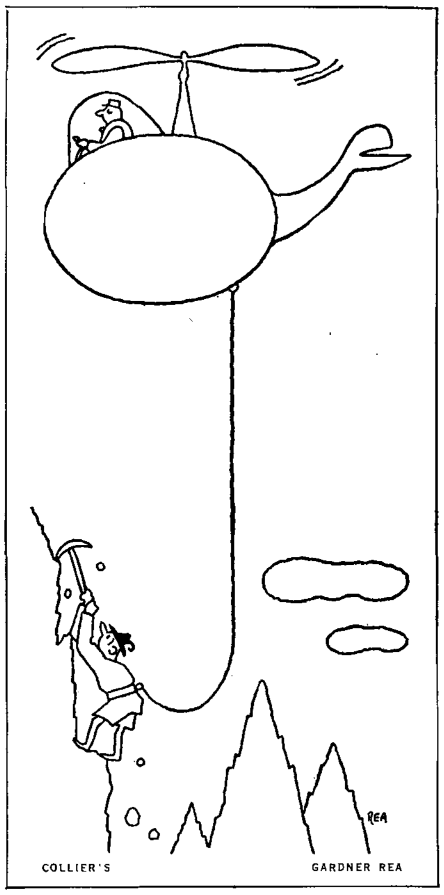
Or for $21 you can buy "the cheapest vacation in New York"—a season pass entitling you to use the 300-foot swimming pool, lockers, private beach and athletic facilities. You may also purchase as many flings as you want on the fright-and-fun gadgets in the park and inside the pavilion—"the only place on Coney Island where it never rains."

Steeplechase, built 51 years ago by George Tilyou and now run by his two sons, George C. and Frank, is the last of the famous establishments which can remember the time when Coney was something a little fancier than it is now, when Eddie Cantor used to perform at Henderson's Music Hall, when Marie Dressler ran the popcorn-and-peanut concession, when Jimmy Durante was a singing waiter, when the wild-animal acts were as good as any circus, when premature babies grew before your very eyes in Dr. Couney's glass-enclosed incubators, and when a Feltman dinner under the trees was as fine a thing and just as expensive as the best in Manhattan.

A little earlier, Coney was the center of sporting society. Jeffries and Corbett fought there, and all the race-track crowds from Gravesend made it their headquarters. Earlier still, Coney was almost as social as Newport. It entertained the famous in its de luxe hotels—Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, various Roosevelts, and scores of visiting European princelings.

The gradual cheapening of the place came about through cheaper transportation. The extension of the five-cent subway to Coney in the twenties marked the beginning of the new mass-production, nickel-and-dime era. Periodic fires wiped out the costlier places, one by one, making way for entertainment at people's prices.

One type of attraction, however, has changed very little since the 1880s—the rides. Coney Island had the first amusement railway in the world, a mild sort of roller coaster, built by Lamarcus A. Thompson in 1884. From it have developed the fearsome Cyclone and dozens of other variants now in use all over the world. The psychological explanation for the fascination of these vicious, nauseating rides is that they satisfy our basic need for mild danger. All of us are supposed to want the sort of "secure insecurity" we felt as infants when somebody tossed us into the air. All of us are supposed to want it, but some of us don't.



COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The Tilyou brothers, in devising Steeplechase attractions, still follow their father's maxims: "Never hire a feature attraction that can eat or talk back at you," and "Let the customers entertain each other." The customers do entertain each other hilariously. The pavilion's stage show, consisting of a standard routine built upon the simple business of blowing a girl's skirt up over her head has been running to a packed house steadily, day in day out, for the past 45 years.

There's only one threat to Coney's perpetual existence along its present lines. Park Commissioner Moses says that if any more of it burns down, he is going to change it into a simple beach and athletic resort, minus rides, girls and waxworks.

THE END

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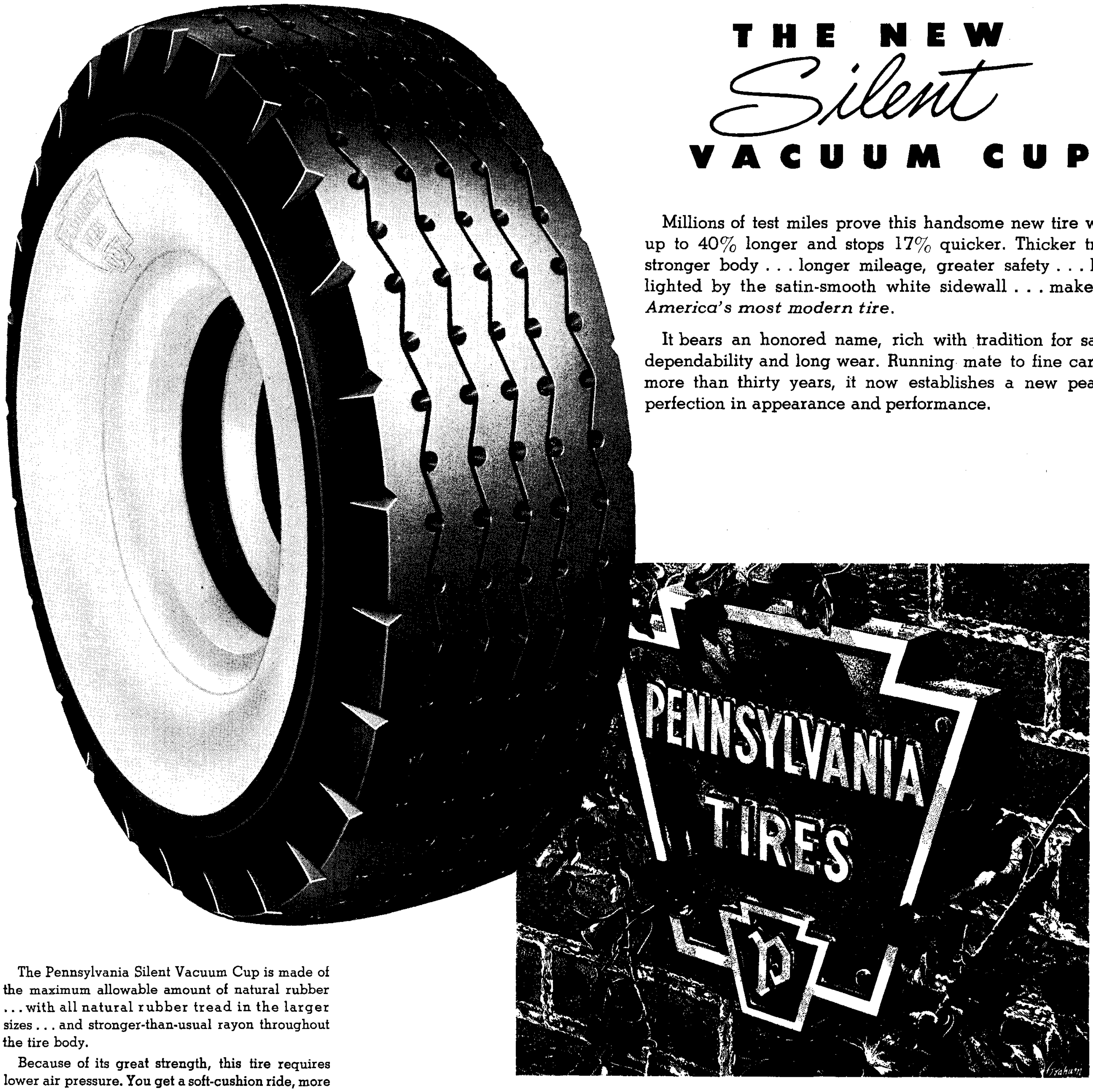

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A THING CALLED HEART

Continued from page 17

there was a close play, there was what looked like a quick jab of Rankin's spiked foot at the little man's leg. But it is hard to say which happens and which is made to happen in a close play at the base.

The Jeep could say, however, because words went with what had happened, and they were: "Dirty sawed-off runt." Nobody else heard the words, not even the base umpire, who had run halfway to second base to cover the play. "Safe!" he called, and leveled his arms out, palms down. He was wearing greens and looked more like a mechanic than an umpire. But his was the say-so.

SOMETHING was happening inside the little man called Jeep. Something that had been inside him a long time was breaking to pieces, and the strange thing he thought of was thin blue china cups which had hung from little brass hooks somewhere—he couldn't remember where.

"Safe!" he yelled. "I had 'im out by three feet!"

The umpire shook his head, inexorable authority. Everybody makes mistakes—even umpires. But umpires can't admit them.

"And he spiked me!" Then Jeep looked down at his leg, saw no marks there, perhaps a snag in the sock, but no marks. "Or tried to," he said. He felt like a kid complaining in the empty lot back home.

Behind him Rankin laughed gruntily. "Whatziss—a man's ball game or a kid's debatin s'ciety, hunh?"

The umpire said, "Play ball."

Marc Nettles came strolling toward them. "Let's go, Jeep boy." The lean brown face, secure from all illusion.

Rankin said, "Hey, Nettles, ain't you guys got any men out here?"

Tobacco juice from Marc's thin lips clotted unbeautifully in the dust at his feet. "We didn' leave many back home, Rankin."

"Bull," Rankin said.

"Gimme the ball, Jeep."

The breakdown seemed over now. It was the end of something. He couldn't remember the blue cups, but—to hell with the cups. It was where something came to pieces and wasn't any more. He could have sworn the spikes went into his leg. Only a snag in the sock.

"Gimme the damn' ball, Jeep."

He felt Marc's bony hand take the ball. The reality of it lifted him out of the nightlike feeling that had been flooding in around him. Marc grinned—same old grin, crooked—and said, "That's just a taste of the big time, fella. Bitter as a chicken with a busted gall, ain't it?" Then Marc turned and went back to the rubber.

For Jeep the blur of stands reshaped itself behind home plate and along the base lines. The diamond spread out, gray earth, green grass. The Jeep moved out to his position. Behind him he heard the grunty laughter and the slanting voice again: "You couldn' be a bat boy wit' my club. In the big time we dust off the plate wit' a little punk like you." Then Rankin took a short lead off second, pawed at the earth with his spikes, and laughed again.

In the fifth game of the series, Willys Jackson was knocked out of the box in the first inning—like this: Jernigan singled to right field. Samuelson walked. Knopka doubled off the left-field wall, scoring Jernigan. Rankin drove Jackson's first pitch over the right-field fence for one of the longest home runs ever hit in Rizal Stadium. Jeep left the game while the crowd was still murmuring over Rankin's drive. . . .

It was the fourth game of the World Series that Jeep Jackson again faced Ed Rankin. In midseason the Hawks had called Jackson up from the minors to help fill the gap left by Marc Nettles, who, after winning five straight games for the Hawks, had departed for Mexico, where baseball in a sprawling adolescence had flung out arms as far as Brooklyn.

When Jackson joined the Hawk club, nobody was talking much about Marc Nettles. Shorty Knopka, third baseman, did have this to say: "You knew Marc in Manila, didn't you, Jeep? Well, you know how he was. He just didn't believe a guy could get anything like a square deal in this racket. He wanted more cabbage, and the boys in the office couldn't see it. They said his time in the Army hadn't done his arm any good. So Marc said, 'To hell with 'em,' and headed south. I think it was a mistake, and maybe you do too, but it's just the way things go."

"Yeah," Jeep said. "Yeah, I guess so." It was like dry sawdust in his mouth. He didn't get it. A swell guy like Marc Nettles.

In his half season with the Hawks, Jeep Jackson didn't finish a great many games. He would go five, maybe six innings, like a fire in dry sedge, and then—the showers. But he managed to win as many as he lost, and that filled enough of the gap to put the Hawks into the Series with the Sox.

The wise guys said it would be the Graysox in five games, maybe four. Marlow might win one for the Hawks, they said, but it would be the Sox the rest of the way. Well, Marlow won his game, scattering five hits into one run. In the second game the Sox jumped on four Hawk pitchers for ten runs, and the Series, tied at one and one, moved to Parnham Field.

The wise guys said that the championship would be decided there. They said that manager Dobbie Oliver of the Hawks had shot his bolt. It looked like they might be right. In the third game Wheeler turned in a two-hitter for the Sox. That made it two and one. Rankin had a home run, a double, and two singles for a perfect day at the plate. The wise guys said the fences at Parnham Field were made for big Ed Rankin. It looked that way. In the first inning of the fourth game, with two men on, Rankin hit another homer into the right-field bleachers. And Willys (Billy the Jeep) Jackson, after one-third inning in his first World Series game, retired from the mound. The Sox won, going away. Three and one.

Then there came a surprise. Marlow won a second game for the Hawks and sent everybody back to Hawk Park—for one more game. You were kidding if you said, "Maybe for two more games?" *"C'niss Marlow wuk eviday? A guy gotta rest, ain 'e?"*

"So it's all over but dividin' up t' gate, see?"

So—everybody knew it but the Hawks, and they didn't know it. They didn't know it in the sixth game, so they tied up the Series at three all. And that was how it stood when Dobbie Oliver announced that his pitcher for the final game would be Willys Jackson. . . .

There were two little men in the hotel room. One of them stood at a window and gazed out on the sunny distances of morning over the city. The other little man sat on the bed and, with a tiny gold penknife, cut delicate hairlike shavings from his fingernails. His face was wedge-shaped, wrinkled in a perpetual grimace that was half a smile, half a frown. He talked around a fireless cigar clenched between his teeth. He said, "Stories get around, Willys. I know what's eatin' you. I wanted to talk to you after what happened in that fourth game, but I didn't know whether Dobbie would work you again."

The little man at the window shrugged. He had said nothing except a greeting since Sam Chester had come into the room. Sam said, "It happens to rookies all the time, when they first find out that all baseball's not as sweet-smelling as a bouquet of posies. They get sawdust where their hearts ought to be." He changed hands with the knife, trimmed away meticulously, as if that were the most important task of the day.

"But, Willys, if you think you got sawdust—how you reckon I felt? You know the first World Series I ever covered? Nineteen nineteen. You wasn't even born. How you reckon I felt?" He took the cigar from his mouth, spat a shred of tobacco away. Then he returned the cigar, still cold and fireless, to his teeth. He chewed it, waited.

The little man at the window took out small change, counted it over with no purpose. The sounds of the city came distantly in upon the room. The little man on the bed said, "You mentioned Marc Nettles in a couple of letters from Manila. I guess his good-neighbor policy sort of jarred you too, as well as this thing about Rank—"

The little man at the window whirled around. The bones in his face seemed pressing outward to make spots of whiteness on his skin. "Leave me alone, Sam! I know I'm a punk, a runty punk with no business in a man's game. Leave me to hell alone, will you? I know when I'm licked."

Sam Chester got up slowly. The closing of the penknife made a small singleness of sound in the room. Then Sam walked to the door. "Okay, Willys," he said. "You know where you belong better than anybody else can ever tell you." He opened the door. "But you're forgetting about a lot of good guys—like Tim Lacey and Amos Jarrell and Shorty Knopka. It's all Rankin and Nettles with you. Okay."

Sam Chester made to leave, then smiled as if on a very fond memory. "You know better than anybody else whether you're licked. But I remember the first time I ever saw you—you remember? The score was 38 to 5 in favor of the other guys, and you still wouldn't quit. Remember? But you know better than anybody else whether you're a runty punk. And if you are—well, you won't even be playing for Waycross in another year. Because being a runt is tough, but being a punk along with it is lousy. It makes a guy stink. And you know better than anybody else whether you stink."

Sam Chester laughed as if nothing in the world happened to be very funny. Then he left, because the little man at the window was just standing there, silent, white-faced, trembling, blinking to keep back tears that didn't belong in any man's world.

THE crowd was the largest he had ever worked before. But he had to keep his mind right in the groove. He was sweating, not a good sweat, a thin sickish moisture on his forehead and upper lip. Some baseball clubs were named for birds, and that was the way the cries of the infield were, birdcalls, shrill and imperative.

"Take your time, kid, take your time!" "You're way ahead of him, boy!" He stretched, threw. The umpire's fist went up, thumb jutting from it. And that was three of them—one, two, three. But the big fellow would be first up in the second inning.

Dobbie came out, helped him into his jacket, patted him on the shoulder. "Great work, kid! You looked good—good as hell."

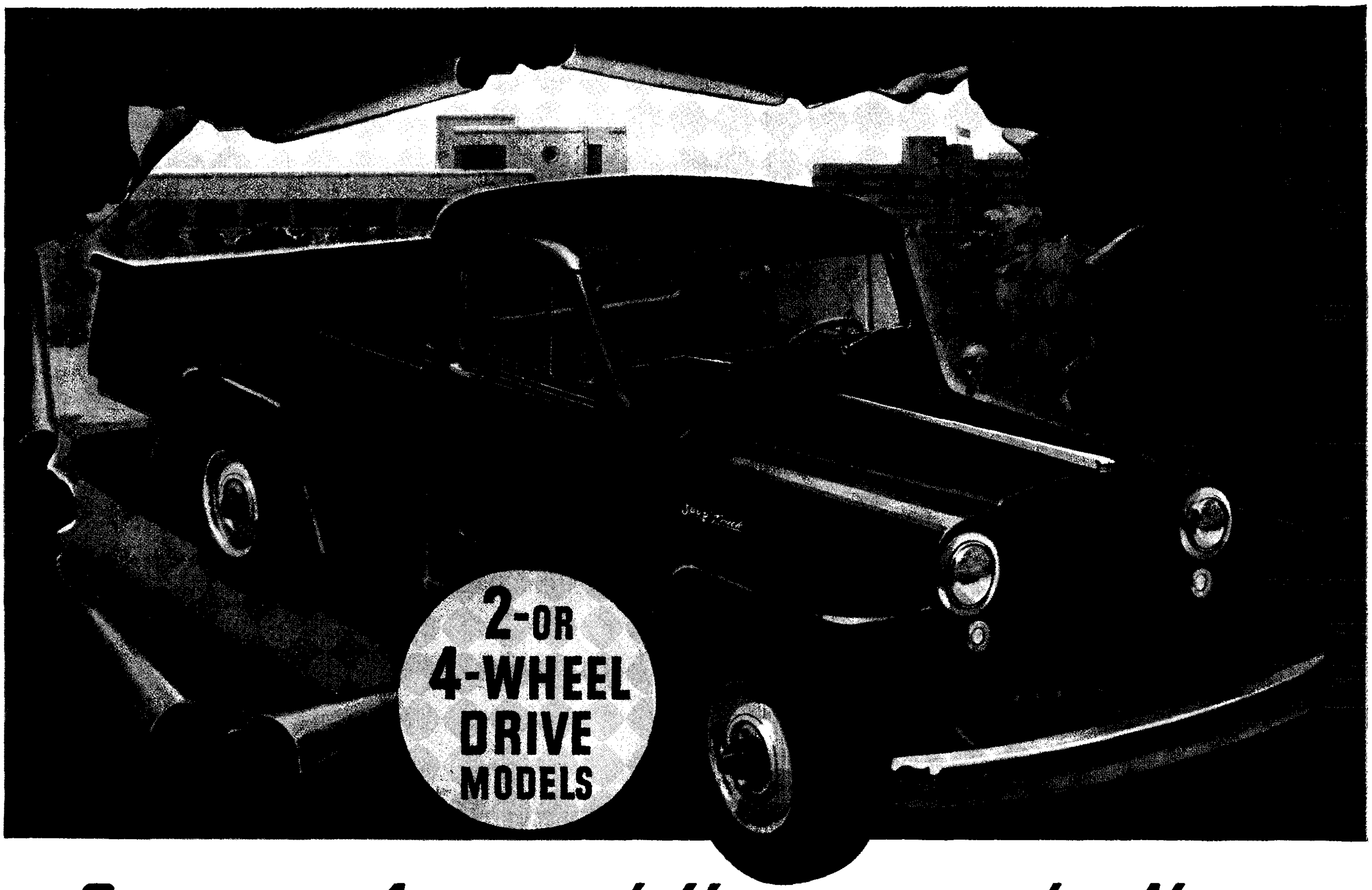
Then Dobbie moved away toward the first-base coaching box, looking like a man who felt good. But Dobbie didn't know. The big man was the one, he was the one.

The top of the Hawks' batting order got a run, and that put him away out in front, didn't it? And Tim Lacey was a smart catcher, knew as many hitters as any other man in baseball. Lacey would know how to handle the big one. Wouldn't he?

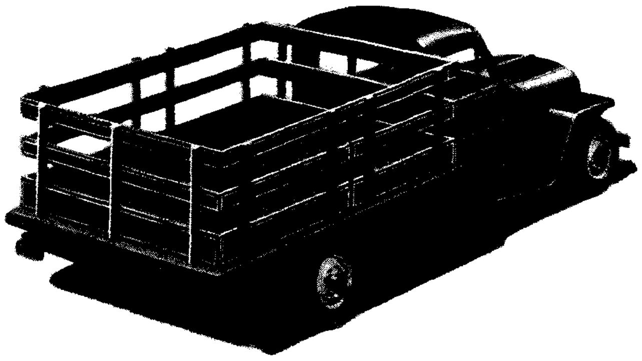
IT SEEMED A BRIGHT IDEA AT THE TIME

Originator	Idea	Result
A detective in Chicago	**He taught his pet spaniel how to push open a door with his nose.**	**Returning from a night shift, he found the refrigerator open and all faucets running.**
A hobo in Goshen, Indiana	**After eating a free meal at Salvation Army headquarters, he left this note: "I've fixed your light meter so it won't register."**	**All the fuses in the building blew out.**
A railroad engineer in Chicago	**On the day he retired, he tossed his work jacket in the firebox.**	**He left his last pay check in the jacket pocket.**
A migrant to Whittier, California	**He found a house for rent and phoned his family in Rochester, New York, to send on all household goods by plane.**	**His freight bill was $3,000.**
A gentleman in Baltimore	**He mailed out this letter: "I would like to own $1,000,000. . . . I request each recipient to send me $1 until I have $1,000,000. . . . Self-addressed envelope enclosed."**	**The recipients turned over their letters to postal inspectors.**
A resident of Springfield, Illinois	**Arrested for stealing $3,000 from a bank, he explained he had done it to pay off $3,000 he owed another bank.**	**The judge sent him to jail.**
A motorist of Elizabeth, New Jersey	**He made a new license plate for his auto out of cardboard, painting a perfect facsimile.**	**Police saw the difference and the judge fined him $50.**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



Gangway, America! Here come the New 'Jeep' *Trucks*



14 BODY AND CHASSIS STYLES—'Jeep' Truck bodies are functionally designed for long life and low maintenance costs. Top of page: steel-bed pickup. Above: platform stake, wood floor and gates. Below: (*left*) canopy top, (*center*) cab and chassis, (*right*) demountable steel van.

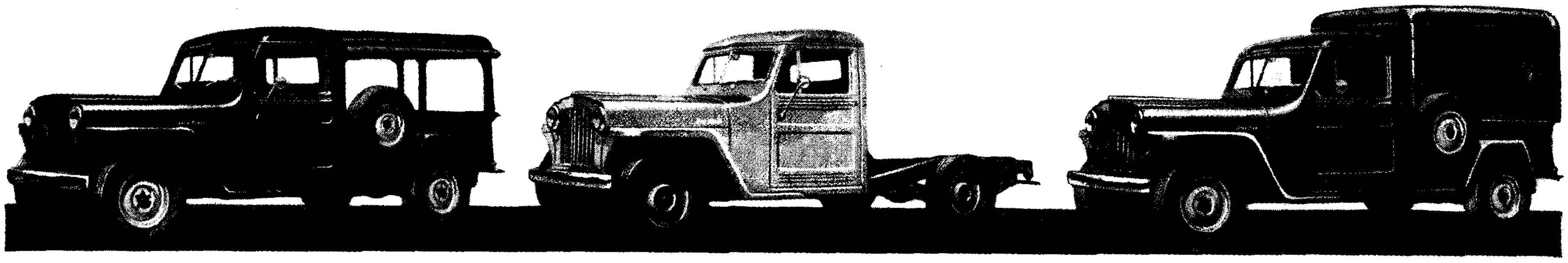
The new 'Jeep' Trucks are the biggest news in the medium-duty field. Here are tough, long-lived trucks with low gross vehicle weights in relation to pay-load capacity . . . 4700-5300 gross vehicle weights, ¾ to 1 ton nominal pay-load.

Willys-Overland engineers cut off every ounce of gas-eating dead-weight, producing trucks that whack operating costs but still have the strength and stamina that spell low maintenance and long service. Their lower weight, teamed up with the world famous 'Jeep' engine, make 'Jeep' Trucks the ace buy for reliable performance and rock-bottom costs.

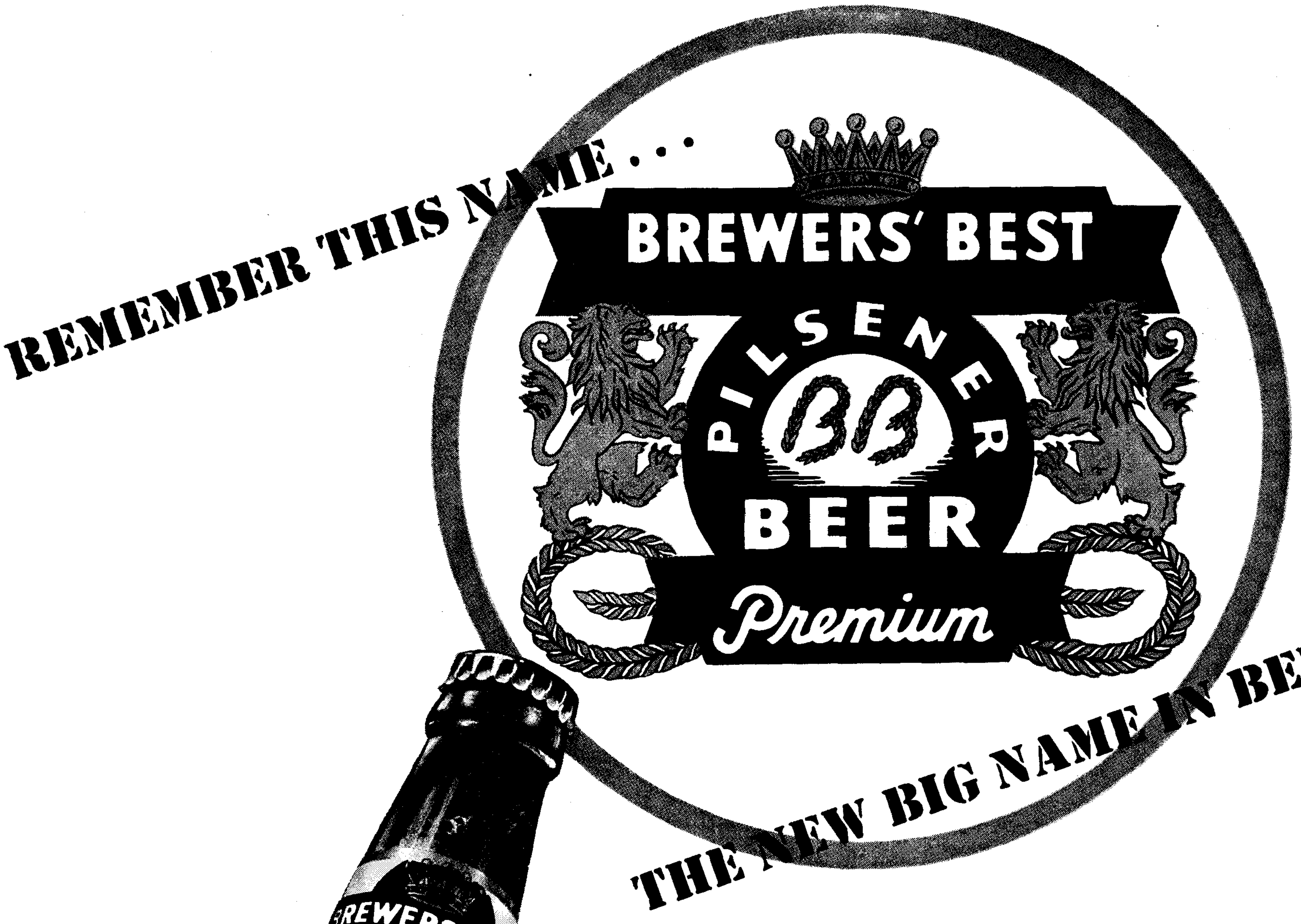
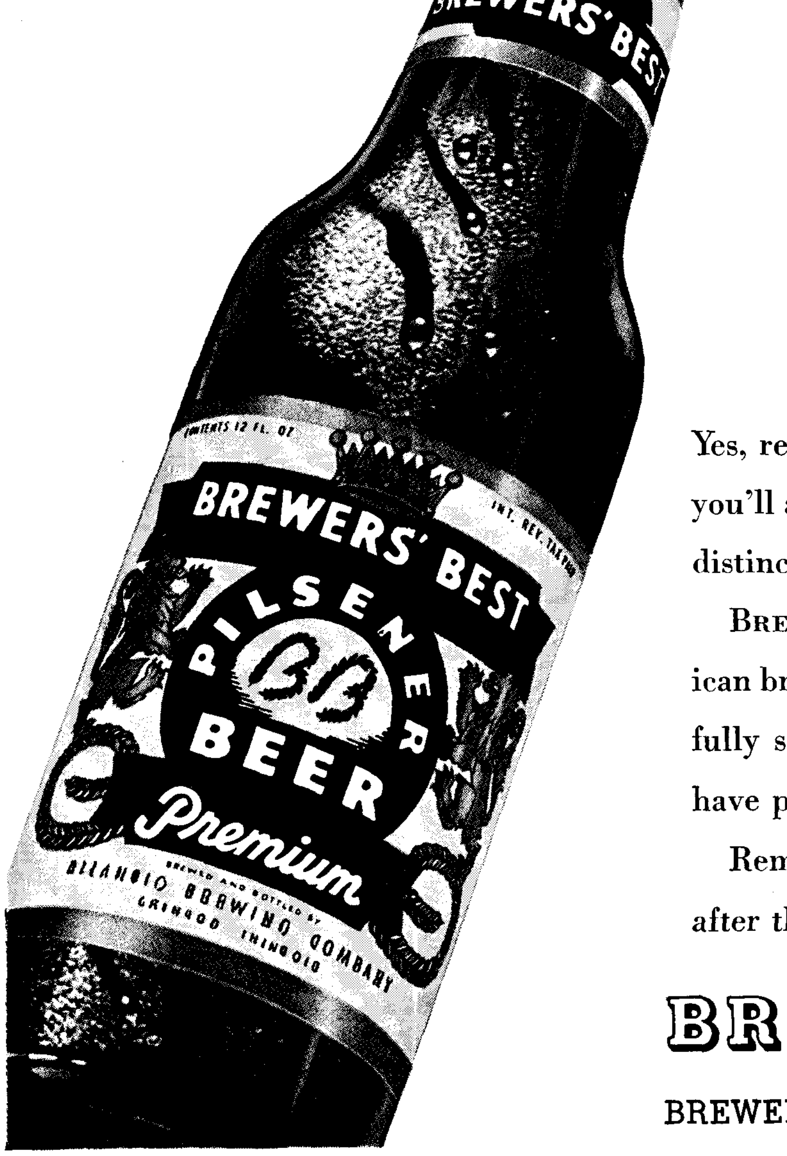
See them now, with their functional bodies that make sense to truck buyers . . . hard-to-damage fenders, well protected lights, full opening hoods, sturdy doors and comfortable cabs.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, Toledo, Ohio

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES



REMEMBER THIS NAME . . .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THE NEW BIG NAME IN BEER

"BREWERS' BEST BEER is among the finest", says Sherman Billingsley, host of New York's famous Stork Club.

Yes, remember the name Brewers' Best Premium Beer. Once you try it, you'll ask for it again and again. For Brewers' Best is truly a high quality, distinctive beer—with light, clean appetizing flavor.

Brewers' Best Premium Beer represents a great stride forward in American brewing because it is brewed and bottled by a *country-wide group* of carefully selected prominent brewers whose combined experience and resources have produced a superior premium beer.

Remember the name—Brewers' Best. You'll be asking for it...and saying, after the very first sip, "Now *this* is it—a great glass of beer!"

BREWERS' BEST *Premium* BEER

BREWERS' BEST ASSOCIATES, INC., 620 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

. . . . you're forgetting about a lot of good guys—like Tim Lacey. . . .

A brief delay while Rankin finished getting off his catcher's gear. And that didn't help. The thing to do was to pitch to him and get it over with. Sure.

Now the big man stood at the plate, swinging his bat easily, loosely, surely—waiting. Tim Lacey gave his pitcher a sign. The little man nodded, tugged at his cap, stepped in, threw. Rankin swung at the first one. The sound was like the sharp sudden cracking of a bone. Willys Jackson, turning helplessly to watch the drive, had an odd feeling that he might see the ball bounce in Second Street and roll into Macon's Garage, as it had been in the old days in the lot behind Dixie Produce. But when Billy looked, there were the green distances of Hawk Park, and there was Amos Jarrell running across those distances.

. . . . like Tim Lacey and Amos Jarrell and. . . .

IN THE way Jarrell ran was something thoroughbred; in the way he leaped and stretched his gloved hand high above his head was something stintless, something that—beyond all shabbiness of daily work and play—deserved Olympian accolade. The park filled up suddenly and tremendously with applause. Billy Jackson, watching the relay into and around the infield, took a little of the goodness of the moment to himself. It was enough to carry him past the next two batters. The stands gave Jarrell another round of approval as he came trotting in from center field.

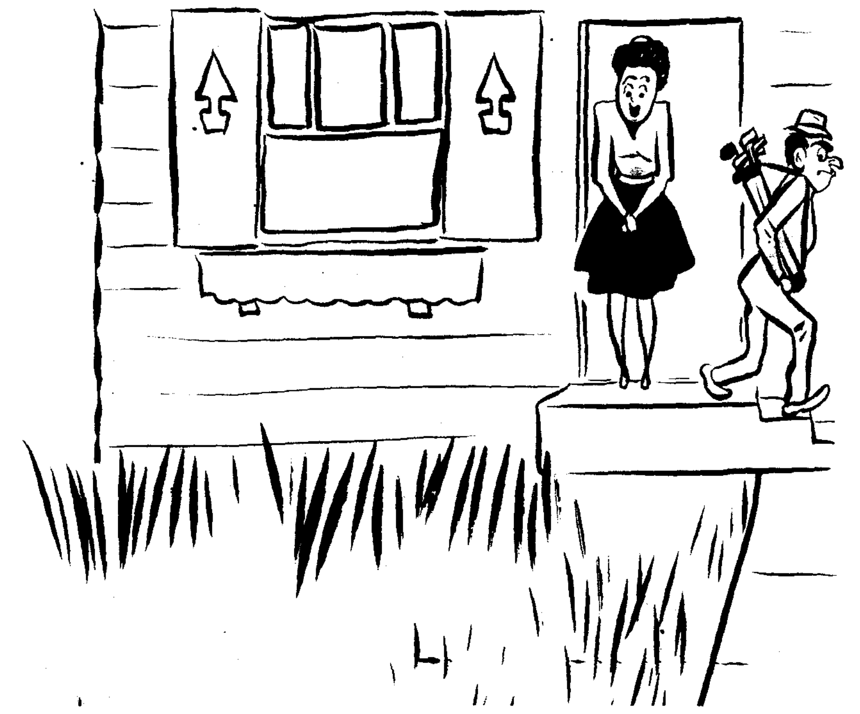
Two Hawks went away on infield outs. Lacey waited out a walk. Billy went to the plate. There was the big man, pounding his fist in his mitt, looking strangely powerful and invulnerable in his catcher's gear, grunting laughter through his mask. "I ain't through wit' you, Junior, I ain't through wit' you. You can thank Jarrell for that last one."

It was so. Jarrell's catch hadn't made a pitcher out of Willys Jackson. Down at first base Dobbie Oliver slapped his hands together, called: "Let's send 'im around to Charlie, boy, let's send 'im around to Charlie." But Tim Lacey was left on base as Billy took a called third strike.

You know where you belong better than anybody else can ever tell you.

Again in the third he retired three Graysox batters in order. Nine now. He didn't have to hit if he could pitch. Then to start the fourth, Knopka had trouble with a hot ground ball. The runner went safe at first. A sacrifice moved him to second. The third Sox batter was safe at first on a play that held the base runner up at third. Then in the pause while Rankin came to the plate, Billy knew what must happen, and he didn't want it to happen. Didn't they know that he had to pitch to the big man? To walk him now would be only putting off the inevitable test.

They converged on him—Knopka from third, Lacey from behind the plate, Raulston from first. And of the three, one should have known how it was with Billy Jackson. Shorty Knopka should have known, for he had been at Rizal with the All-Stars. But Shorty said, "Fill 'em up, baby. We'll take two." So Jeep threw the four outside to Rankin, and every pitch was wrong in him. It shouldn't be. But it had to be. Then, with the bases full, Knopka took a bouncing ball, stepped on third, made the throw to first. In time, by two steps.



COLLIER'S "Isn't that lawn fertilizer wonderful? You cut it yesterday and now it needs mowing again!" FRITZ WILKINSON

. . . good guys . . . Shorty Knopka . . .

But big-league fielding didn't make a pitcher out of . . .

Dirty sawed-off runt. From that the crumbling had begun. And then to help it along had been the way Marc Nettles went. But, before all that, a kid named Willys Jackson had got into the big time with a bunch of schoolboy notions that should have been left as far away as the days when they used to play with a two-bit ball that had sawdust inside. Wasn't that the trouble? Sure.

"You're on deck, bud."

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah." He had to quit going over and over it. In two, maybe three more innings, the big fellow would come to bat again. At the thought of it Willys Jackson felt a dread like a child's fear at the approach of night, the time of darkness and unseen things.

Pitching automatically in the fifth he retired three more batters in order. He did it again in the sixth. As he went out to work in the seventh he realized that he felt tired and beaten, though he was still the one big run ahead. Huss was at the plate. Rankin stood to one side, leaning lazily on his bat, waiting. He glanced out at Willys Jackson like a man carelessly certain of odds and fortune. And Willys Jackson, who had come six innings, wondered what other strength he might find in himself.

AS HE made the first pitch to Huss something rang a bell in the distances of memory, a far bell. *Thirty-eight to five. 38 to 5.* It was a hit, driven between short and third. One on, Rankin up. *38 to 5.* Then with the blurred focus that the years gave to remembrance, the big man wasn't Rankin any more, but was a lad by the name of Ralph Sykes, the captain of the West End Tigers. . . . And the Tigers came in those days down to Southside, and the game was played on a lot back of Dixie Produce. The West Enders had some big boys like Ralph Sykes, and it wasn't much of a contest, even with Willys Jackson pitching for Southside.

After three-and-a-half innings of play, the afternoon would get on toward night. The boys from West End gathered up what belongings they had brought and started off the field.

"Hey, where you think you goin'?"

"Hey, yourself, we goin' home."

"Yeah, but we ain't had our innin's."

"You ain't? Well, ain't that too bad!"

"Hey, but you got to give us our innin's."

"Yeah? Well, you kids choose up sides and play your innin's. We goin' home." Willys Jackson followed the West End boys out to the street, watched them go up the walk, laughing and jollying among themselves.

"We'll getcha next time," he yelled after them. "It ain't no ball game if we don't get our innin's."

"Aaa, shet up, Sawed-off. Shet up and go on home to Mama."

Then one of the two men in a car parked at the curb said, "What's the trouble here, young fella?" He was the little man of the two. The other man was a big man and looked like he ought to be somebody Willys knew.

Willys said, "Aw, they feather-legged on us, wouldn't give us our innin's. Jus' cause they was a little ahead, said we couldn't ever catch up."

"How much ahead were they?" said the big man.

"Aw," Willy said, "jus' 38 to 5." Then the two men got a big laugh out of that, and when they laughed, Willys felt about them the way he felt about the West End boys, so he yelled at the little man and the big man, "We mighta tied it up. It ain't right to quit a game that ain't finished." Then, because he believed so much in the rightness of never giving up, he began to cry.

It was then that the men stopped laughing. The little man said, "Hell-fire, son, you're exactly right. But don't cry about it."

And the big man said, "No—no use in crying. Just be good enough so they don't get you 38 to 5 next time. That's what to do. Be that good." Then the car went away with the two men in it. A long time later it turned out that the big man was Harry Brock, the same Harry Brock that kid pitchers were thinking about when they said, "I'm old Dizzy," or "I'm Carl Hubbell," or "I'm Harry Brock." That was who had sat in the car. And the little man—his name was Chester, and he liked to believe in a thing called heart.

It was in his house, at his dining-room table after supper one night that the paper had been signed which made Willys Jackson the property of the Hawks. Shaking hands with the man who had signed for the Hawks, Sam Chester had said, "He'll deliver, Harry, you bet. He's got an arm like leather and more heart than ~~the~~ law allows," . . . while the little bit of a fellow he was plugging for sat believing that the world must be a pretty fine place, and idly, as he thought, counting the thin blue cups that hung in Mrs. Chester's china closet. . . .

THE birdlike cries of the infield were like bright stones scattered over the cloth of memory. "Be workin' in there, kid, be workin' in there!" "You the one, boy! You the one!"

Tim Lacey stepped jauntily out, pegged the ball to Jeep. "Be pitchin' to me, Jeep, be pitchin' to me." The umpire signaled the count—one and one.

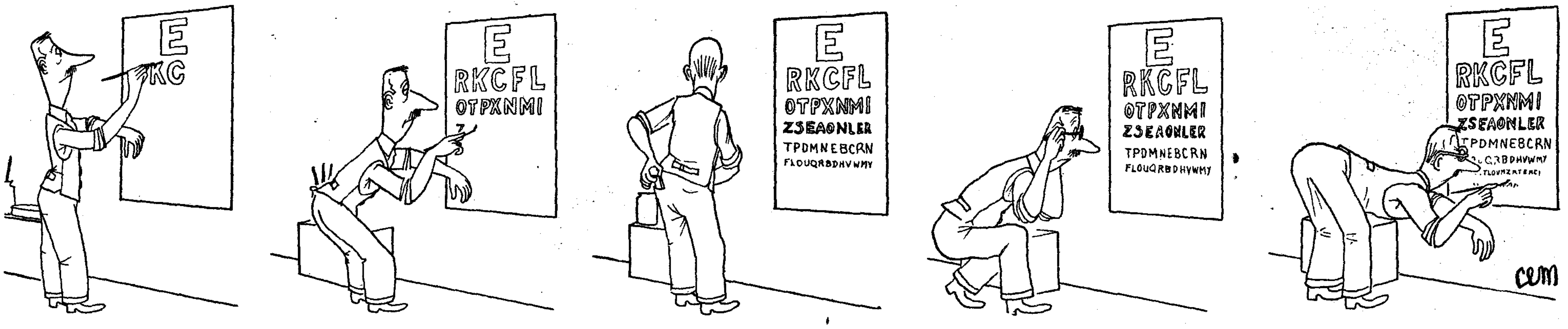
I musta blacked out. I can't even remember. He checked on the runner at first, stretched, threw to the plate. He watched Rankin's bat come around as though in slow-motion. *Klopf!* But that was the sound of a fast ball into a mitt, and Lacey held the ball up for Rankin to see, then pegged to Billy. "The big one now, baby. Pitch to me!"

Rankin stepped out of the box, and it was like stopping a river that must surely have carried them without doubt to the issue. And now when Rankin stepped into the box again, the flood had stopped, and it was just the two of them—the big man and the little one, face to face. The stands, the whole park, seemed very quiet—or was it that sounds seemed far away and of no importance? He didn't know, Willys Jackson didn't. He tossed to Raulston at first base, keeping the runner close, not to put off the inevitable moment, but to be ready for it when it came. Raulston threw back. Billy, stretched, glanced at first, turned and pitched. And suddenly there was the solid thud of the ball in Lacey's mitt, and there was Rankin's grunt as his big bat came around, full circle.

Then, gazing toward the runner at first, waiting surely for the next batter, Willys Jackson stood all alone in the wide diamond, or at least as much alone as a man can be when his mind and heart are peopled with a thousand good moments. He laughed a little to himself and turned to face the batter.

THE END

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN



GARDENIA

BY KATHRYN GRONDAHL

He was a saddened man—and she was a sorrowing child. It was good for both of them to meet in this way, at this time

THE red-flowered bean vine clambering the pickets of the white fence did not hinder Henry Buckle's view of the road at all. The road sloped gently past the fence to become for a little stretch the main street of the mountain village, then it coasted free, looping down among the pines toward the lake.

A few rods above Henry's gate the road forked, one tine bending down into the canyon toward Deersprings, the other turning up through a tunnel of live oak into the back country. It was up this road Henry stared, although he was waiting for no one.

He stood on his porch in the hot quiet, his corded neck and cropped, grizzled head thrust forward from the open collar of his blue shirt. The top button of his duck pants was undone and spread a little V to ease the settling of his lunch. His stance and paunch were like a strong old bear's.

The telegram was in his pocket. It lay there lightly, yet somehow he could feel it nudging him, like a child's elbow. One of the Mitchell twins was coming home, but it wasn't Molly.

The thought of Molly was with him strong, and it seemed to let the tucks out of his heart so it sagged, and he knew he didn't feel up to going fishing this afternoon. It was a perfect day for it too. Over beyond Goat Mountain he knew how it would be: a glinting riffle of water over the inlet stones and Baptism Pool lying cool and clear as a child's eye.

It wasn't Molly who was coming and for a moment he felt like an old, old man with a meandering mind, because the Molly he was lonely for wasn't real any more. It was Molly the child he cherished and she was now long grown and gone.

Henry let himself down with nice care for the worn withes of his wicker porch chair. He found his pipe on the porch rail but held it unlighted, its brown bowl hidden in the larger brown bowl of his hand. His eyes were still on the country road and then around the bend he saw a little girl coming. Far off, but unmistakably a little girl because braids dangled. Besides, he recognized something in the way of a girl's walk, a kind of choosiness in where to put the next foot down.

It was as if wishing had made it so, and this little girl was Molly coming down from the Mitchell ranch to ask to tag along fishing.

Only Molly was now twenty years older than this young one. Molly had put her braids up long ago.

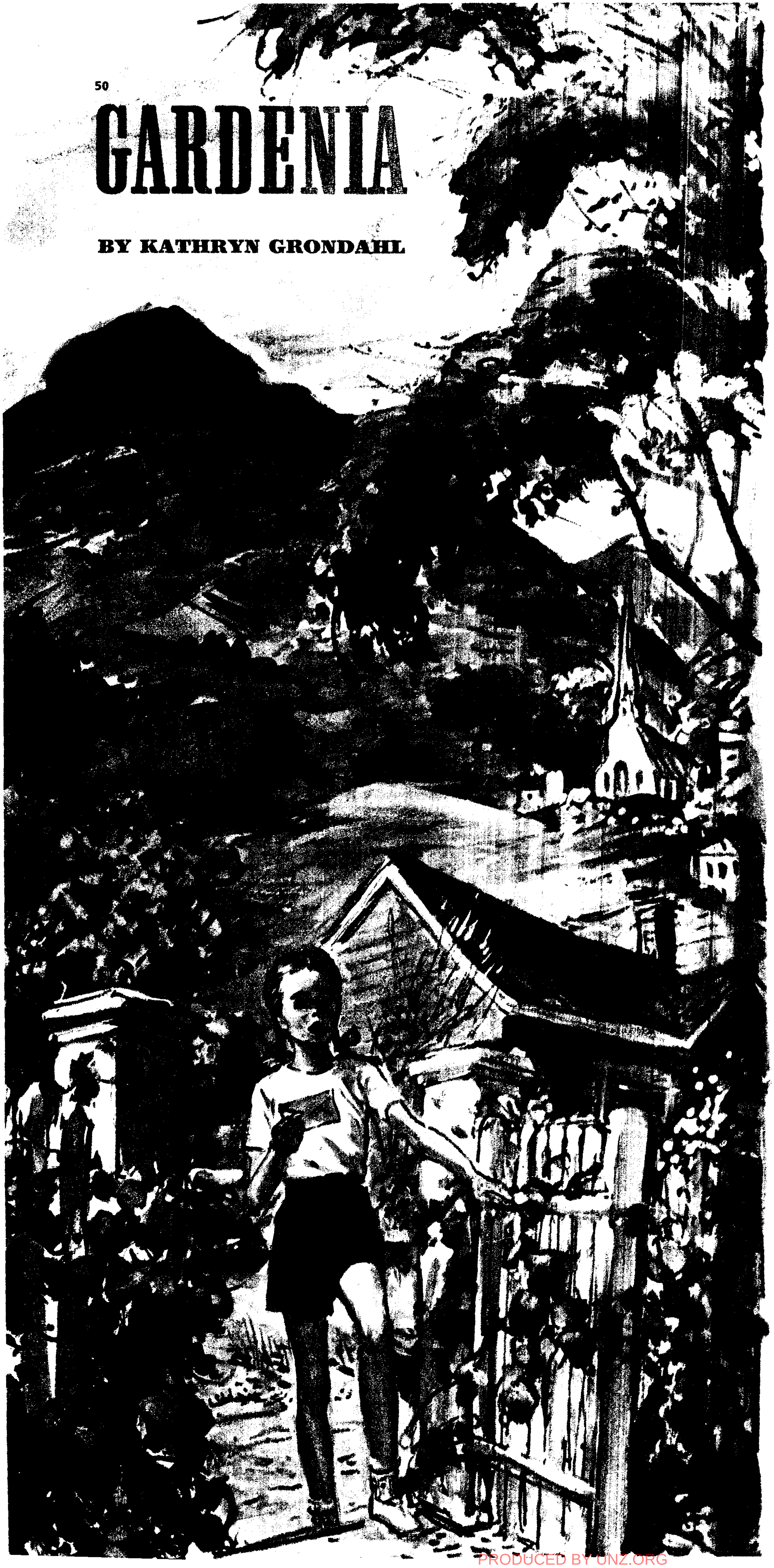
A MONARCH butterfly drifted across the porch and came to rest, wavering orange and black, on Henry's blue sleeve, then fluttered down to the rows of dwarf zinnias that banded the porch. Beyond the zinnias the neat lawn spread away toward a walnut tree, beyond which his shabby old sedan waited, her nose headed out, Henry's rod, tackle and creel stowed in the back seat.

His eyes went back to the child on the road. She was making time, Henry noted, coming straight without any sideways looking, moving quickly through the mottle of light and shade. She was colt-legged and her braids swung forward like short reins.

He had never seen the child before. Maybe she belonged at the inn down by the lake or to one of the camps on Goat Mountain. Either way she was a summer kid, one from the sunburned flocks that came and went in shifts through the summer months, seasonally shoving up to Henry's counter to buy penny stamps to lick for grubby post cards.

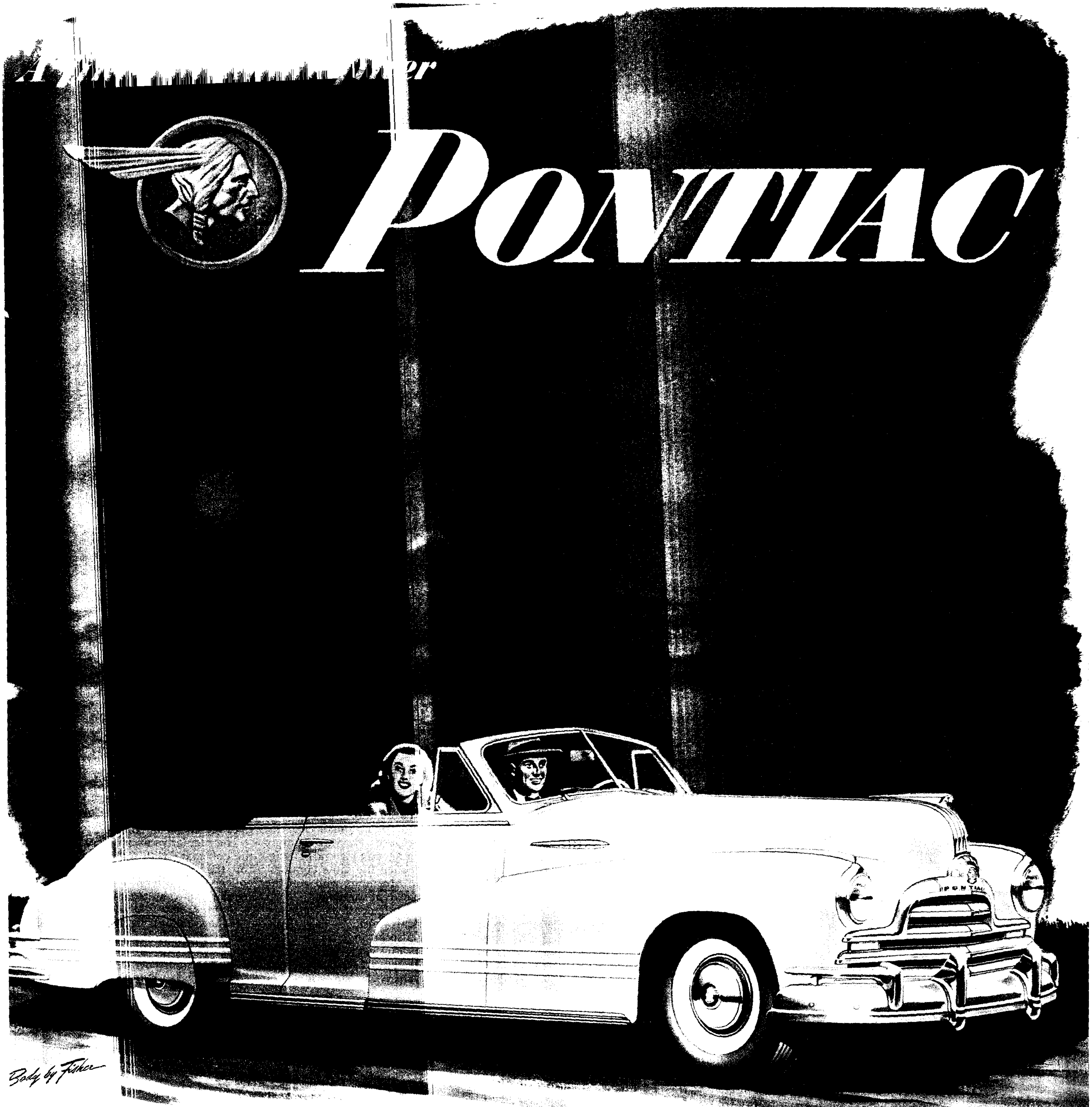
Henry thumbed tobacco into his pipe and lighted it. In a little while he'd back the car into the barn. Maybe he'd put on his boots and wash it, then go back and hoe a little corn and call his Saturday afternoon spent. . . .

Time has carried me fast, thought Henry. It will be twenty-five years this fall that Mitch's widow brought the twins to the *(Continued on page 53)*



The child crossed the road and stood by the white gate, waiting. There was an envelope in her hand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



You'll say..."This is it!"

Once you take the wheel of a Pontiac, we predict you will be *completely satisfied!* Your search for a car that pleases you will be over. "This," you will say, "is *IT!*"

Here is the *performance* you have always wanted—a silken-smooth engine, easy steering, quick, eager power. Here is the *comfort* you have always wanted—a smooth, balanced, easy ride that actually seems to level out the roughest road.

Here is the *beauty* you have always wanted—distinctive "Silver Streak" styling that is always smart, always in good taste, always so individual that you can *recognize* a Pontiac anywhere. Finally, here is that dependable *goodness* you have always wanted—that ability to "take it" and stay on the job which Pontiac owners praise so highly.

Yes, you'll *like* your Pontiac—regardless of when you get it. For Pontiac is *always* a good car, through and through. This year—or *any* year—you can't do better than a P

Always Drive Carefully

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ONLY PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS OFFERS YOU THIS PROOF!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%

And this way really works—no matter how you shaved before!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—no *matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. This *way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

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CARIOCA
Puerto Rico's *Romantic* drink

...preferred for its exclusive
Tropical Tang

Rum Carioca
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Puerto Rican Rum • White Label—86 proof • Gold Label—86 proof • Schenley Import Corp., New York

RAH! RAH! RADIO

Continued from page 15

to become self-supporting, a happy state already achieved by a few of its members. Local advertisers—restaurants, florists, barbers, hairdressers, clothes shops—gladly buy collegiate air time. A few national advertisers have done the same, with good results.

The joyful thing about college radio is that it can do practically anything it pleases—from defying the laws of physics in its homemade transmitting equipment to discussing birth control on the air. (In a round-table discussion two men from Brown and two girls from Pembroke College concluded that there was no insurmountable objection to birth control.) College radio can and sometimes does commit the crime of crimes in radio, which is, keep silence. This happens when somebody loses the key to the studio, or when a turntable quits turning, or when the announcer of the Wake-Up Club sleeps through the alarm.

Perfect Freedom from Taboos

Since college stations are nonprofit, low-power, short-range outfits, they don't have to have Federal Communications Commission licenses. Since they don't cater to kiddies or elderly citizens with blue-law ideas, they are free from most of the taboos that restrain freedom of speech on the commercial air. They can use swear words when the script calls for them, and motherhood, to them, is not necessarily sacred in the manner of the soap operas. Actually in some college scripts Mother is depicted as a selfish old harridan.

Since the college stations are not officially speaking for the college to the community at large, but are simply talking amongst themselves on the campus, the college authorities generally give them their head. Since everybody works for free and there is no pay roll to meet, they can, if they wish, display an Olympian indifference toward would-be sponsors. Harvard's station said "No, thanks," to an offer of a popular cigarette commercial, because Harvard simply can't stand singing commercials. Brigham Young declined the same commercial because the Mormons who run the school don't believe in smoking.

Most stations broadcast at least one hour of classical music a day, from records. They also arrange for as many "live" long-hair musical events as they can—such as the concert series at Cornell featuring Marian Anderson and other artists, and the symphony orchestra and chapel choir programs at Princeton.

The great musical event of next year will be a 26-week series of broadcasts now being prepared by IBS for all its college stations.

Robert Landon, a Boston University music graduate (and a Swarthmore campus radio-station alumnus) is touring Europe interviewing young conductors and composers in each major city. He is also arranging for recordings of their major works. His comments and their works will be put onto 26 platters for distribution to all IBS members next year.

Every collegiate little theater or dramatic workshop gets its turn on the air, preferably with original plays. Here again the lack of taboos encourages production. Ernest Kinoy, a student at Columbia University, New York, sells many of his scripts to commercial radio, but one fine script of his which was produced on Columbia University's WKCR was not salable commercially because of its subject—the effect of a nationally enacted law of religious persecution. It was called Dream into Egypt.

Station KUOI at the University of Idaho is experimenting with three-act plays, putting on one act each night.

Most stations, in imitation of the commercials, have inquiring reporter shows, quiz shows, bingo shows and other participation stunt shows.

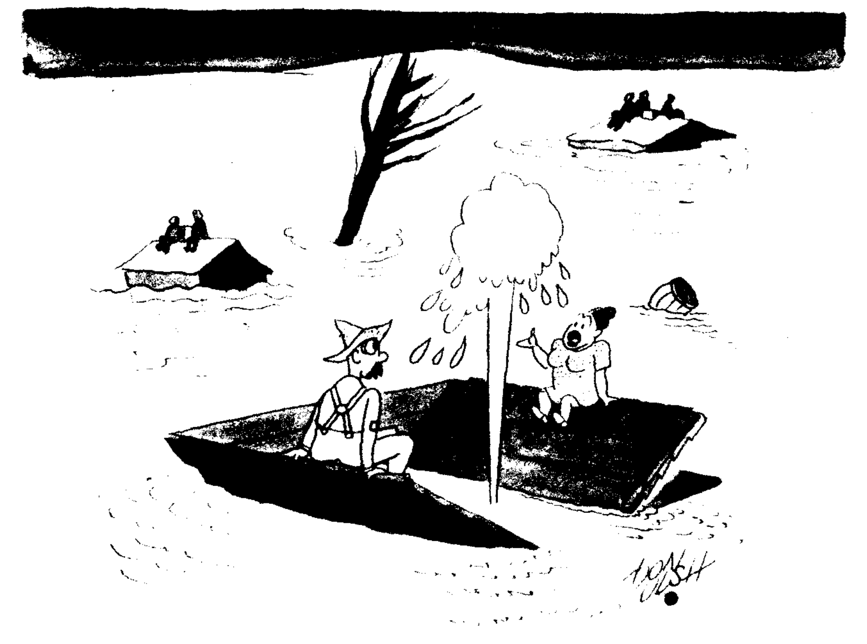
Their weakest point seems to be on news and comment on news. Only a few stations have regular news commentators. About once a week they do have round-table discussions of the atom bomb, or Palestine, or the United Nations, but their own polls indicate that such shows are not popular.

Cornell, one of the few stations with its own Associated Press teletype, does broadcast good news summaries. During last November's elections, it supplied the whole town of Ithaca with election news—for the regular local station there goes off the air at sundown.

The regular radio industry is watching the collegians with interest. Each year for the last several years about 100 college-radio alumni have found jobs in regular radio, as technicians, as writers, as announcers.

College radio is beginning to serve the radio industry in the same way that summer stock serves Broadway—as a testing ground for new talent.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I told you to fix this leaky roof!" DON ULSH

GARDENIA

Continued from page 50

ranch for Aunt Laura to help raise. A girl and a boy about nine hands high each. And it wasn't long afterward that the whole raising of them was left to Laura, with a little side help from Henry.

He'd cottoned to Molly from the start. She was the strong one, the sassy one, the twin who never whimpered, while Hugh hadn't seemed a true Mitchell at all. A dark, wary kid who had to be coaxed and was afraid of more things than a boy should be.

Henry watched his smoke spiral. You should have tried harder for Mitch's sake, he told himself, but Hugh had been a hard boy to get next to.

Sometimes a man gets off to a bad start with someone, and there's disappointment, then a kind of sore pride sets on both sides and there's no cracking it. But Hugh was just a kid, and I should have found a way.

He tugged a big gold watch from his pocket. In another hour Laura should be up from her nap and then he'd phone the telegram message out to the ranch. He could already hear Laura's excited clucks when she learned one of the twins was coming home.

THE little girl had reached the road fork. Henry could see her denim shorts were new, still stiff with crease, and the white polo shirt fitted so evenly Henry guessed that was just out of a box too. Her braids were tan, a bleached grass color and tied with narrow blue ribbon. There'd been a lot of sorrel in the color of Molly's braids and she'd usually settled for rubber bands to hold them, but the ends of these braids were just the same, like little silky whisk brooms.

The child headed straight for the low clapboard building that sat down the road from Henry's house. The side of the building was smothered with hop vine but the front was clear and the glass pane shone with gold letters: Post Office. She tried the post-office door, then stood stiff and still.

Henry whistled. She turned and spied him on the porch and made no move. When he beckoned, she crossed the road slowly and stood by the white gate and stared at him, waiting. There was an envelope in her hand.

"It's Saturday," Henry explained, "and I close the post office at noon, but come on in and maybe I can fix it."

She came up the graveled path and halted on the first step of the porch, appraising him. She sees a heavy, grizzled old fellow with steel-rimmed specs and a pipe, thought Henry, and she's probably measuring me against her own grandfather. Henry smiled.

"Come up and sit down." He waved toward the wicker settee and looked at her envelope with its carefully block-printed address. "I guess you need a stamp."

She nodded and sat on the edge of the settee, her knees and sneakers pressed together. She smelled of talcum, fresh sunburn and road dust. Her eyes were light brown, acorn brown, and any resemblance to Molly was all gone. Her sun-pinked face was pointed and her fingers thin. There was nothing colt about this one; she was boned like a fawn.

"Do you own the post office?" she asked politely.

"No." Henry was grave. "I just run it for folks. It's off hours, but I'll see your letter gets stamped and goes out tonight."

"Thank you. It's *quite* an important letter." She pulled out her handkerchief and unknotted it to find her coins. "How much is air mail to New York, please?"

"The price is five cents." Henry spoke in an official tone. "It will go down to the city on tonight's bus and then catch a plane from there." He accepted the nickel. She parted with her letter and he tucked it in his shirt pocket with care and patted it.

"Thank you." She tied up her handkerchief. "Can you tell me how soon it will get there?"

Henry considered. "I'd say Tuesday."

She figured audibly. "Then I'll have an answer by Friday, won't I?"

"Might." Henry nodded. "If it's answered right off by air mail."

"Oh, Daddy will." She smiled then, showing a line of gold brace across her four front teeth. "Well," she rose and bobbed her head, "thank you very much." She started toward the steps then turned. "What time does the mail come on Friday?"

He told the truth. "That all depends on how often the bus breaks down on the long pull up from Deersprings."

She looked bleak. "Then there's no sure time for me to come and get my letter so nobody will know?" Her hands fluttered a little at her sides. "It's a kind of *secret* letter."

"Well," Henry drawled, "in certain cases I give special service." He rubbed his chin judiciously and peered at her over his spectacles. The child straightened to meet this inspection, her eyes hopeful. "Particularly when it's a kind of secret letter. Maybe I can just hold that letter out for you."

"Can you?" The brace on her teeth gleamed again. "I'll come right after lunch on Friday to see if it's here," she promised. She smoothed her shorts with little gestures and stepped backward. "Well, thank you. I guess I better go now."

Henry grinned. "Before you go, you'd better give me your name and address so I'll know what letter to save."

"Oh." She paused and then explained seriously. "I guess because I know my own name so well I think everybody else does too. My name is Hildegard Wick. I mean that *was* my name. I've changed it and I told Daddy all about it in that letter so probably my letter will come to Gardenia Wick, *Miss* Gardenia Wick."

She looked at Henry, a little unsure.

"Miss Gardenia Wick," he repeated firmly.

"I *hate* Hildegard," she told him in a rush. "I don't *feel* like Hildegard. Everybody calls me Gardy for short anyway, so I thought Gardy could be short for Gardenia just the same." She hesitated. "Only better."

"I see," said Henry and he did. "That's a very sweet-smelling name, Gardenia."

The child gave a pleased sigh. "I changed it yesterday. Gardenia Wick. I'm staying at the Mitchell ranch."

HENRY was openly surprised. "Well! And here I didn't know Laura had company."

"We aren't exactly company." She cocked her head trying to define. "You see Mother knows a friend of Miss Mitchell's and she said we could come. I was awful sick with pneumonia this spring and Mother wanted me to be in the country to get stronger, so we came up Thursday night and we're staying in the cottage and I'm going to learn to ride a horse!"

"Good!" Henry grinned. "Why, in no time you'll be riding down to pick up the ranch mail."

"Will I?" The thought was enormous.

"Don't see why not," Henry answered. "I knew a little girl no bigger than you who did just that. She came agalloping too." He smiled. "I bet Aunt Laura likes having a little girl around again."

At that the child's face tightened. "She's not really my aunt," she corrected him sharply. Then aware of her manners, she hung her head. "I mean I don't

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think it's nice to call people aunt or uncle when they really aren't."

Henry was silent and puzzled. This must be some quirk all her own, thought Henry. I can't imagine any child not liking Laura. Laura had a talent for being an aunt. It seemed like her birthright. She was all kindly clucks and in her time had cured a mountain of little ills with a mountain of raisin cookies.

"I better go now." Her face was still tight. "I'm s'posed to be resting, so I'd better hurry back."

"Wait a minute, Gardenia." Henry beckoned her back with the stem of his pipe. This child's been sick. He couldn't let any thin, troubled tyke walk another four miles of hot road. "Come back and sit a minute and I'll drive you out to the ranch. I got a telegram I might as well deliver at the same time."

She came back obediently and sat down folding her hands in a ball on top of her knees. The fine hairs on her arms showed white against the new sunburn. "A telegram comes very fast, doesn't it? Like magic."

Henry agreed. "Like magic."

SHE sighed. "Maybe Daddy'll send a telegram to say he's coming. I've invited him to come in my letter. I haven't seen him since I was only six years old. I've been with Mother all that time and he'd be surprised to see what I look like now." She looked at Henry anxiously. "It isn't because Daddy doesn't want me, but he lives in a club and he can't have a little girl living with him. I mean there wouldn't be room and nobody to fix my clothes, though I *can* braid my own hair."

Henry spoke quietly, "Your braids look just fine."

"Well," she admitted, "Mother did these, but I *can* do it, or I could have it cut off, then it would be easy." The solution seemed good. "I'll tell him that when—if he comes. I thought he could sleep at the inn if Mother—maybe she wouldn't even have to know he was here," she added doubtfully.

She was looking at him with worried brown eyes, seeking his opinion, his assurance. Henry pretended to examine his pipe but instead his lowered eyes saw only the skinned place on her knobby knee painted orange-red with mercurochrome.

"How old are you, Gardenia?" he asked her.

"I'll be nine next April."

Henry sighed. "Well, we'll just have to wait and see how it works out. But remember, whether your father telegraphs or writes I'll hold it for you safe." He stirred and made a business of placing the telegram and letter on the porch rail and his pipe atop them. "You wait here just a minute. I've got some sweet corn in the kitchen I'm going to take out to Laura. Then we'll get going."

When Henry came back with his sack of corn ears, Gardenia was no longer on the settee. She was leaning against the porch pillar, her face into the vines. Before he could speak, she turned, her face flushed.

"I read the telegram," she said defiantly; then in appeal, "I didn't *mean* to read it. It was open and I was pretending it was for me and then I read it!"

Henry shifted his sack. "Well now," he was hearty, "there's not so much harm in that."

Her back was against the pillar, her face sharp. "Hugh Mitchell is coming here, isn't he?" It was an accusation. "It's the Hugh Mitchell who's an archeteck, isn't it?"

For a moment Henry was bewildered. The child was standing so stiff, so charged, so at bay. Hugh, he thought, Hugh again. There's something all mixed up here and I wonder if I can deal with it. He felt tired and unable. Then that mispronounced word came back and touched him. Archeteck. . . . Why, she's just a baby, eight years old, puckered up with trouble.

Henry put his sack down and came toward her. "Why, yes, that's Hugh, all right, child, but—"

"And he has a blue car?" Her voice slid off hopelessly. "I didn't *guess* this was *his* ranch. Mother didn't tell me." She faltered under the betrayal of it.

Henry placed his big hands lightly on her shoulders. "Now, Gardenia, tell me. What can be so bad about Hugh's coming?"

Her slim shoulders were rigid under his hands. "He wants me to call him *Uncle* Hugh—but I won't! He's not my really uncle—and if he marries Mother he won't be my really father either!"

She began to cry in a gasping way and covered her face with her thin hands. Henry pulled her toward him with a murmur and led her to the settee.

"It must hand you a terrific boot to realize that you'll be remembered long after we're all forgotten"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"Now—now." He patted her. I must sound like Laura, he thought ruefully, an old rooster instead of a hen, and I've got something here no clucks or cookies can comfort. He tightened his arm about her, carefully: her bones felt so delicate under his touch. She leaned against him and he was gratified to feel some of the tightness going out of her. Her spasm of tears had stopped and she was now tapering off with jerky sniffles.

So he'd thought this was the ghost of Molly coming down the road; Square, forthright, gusty Molly—and here I am holding a temperamental little skinful of matchsticks.

He looked down upon her head and saw the tiny clean stream of her part, the sheen of her locks flowing into braids, the halo of shorter hairs along her brow. The skin of her small nose was beginning to peel a bit.

The satisfaction of giving shelter warmed Henry; heresy sneaked into his heart. She's not so healthy as Molly, not so able maybe, but this little girl is a whole lot prettier.

He watched her wipe her eyes on her wrist, then pull out her knotted hanky and use the ears of the knot to dab her cheeks.

"That's better." Henry bent down to see her face. "Now tell me what all this fuss is about."

She took a quavery breath. "People only have one *really* father," she insisted, "but he won't come. Daddy didn't even come when I was sick. He'll only send me a check and tell me to be a g-good girl."

Henry sat forward, thoughtful. Tears had darkened her lashes and they were arcs of star points. A hope began to creep up on Henry, that maybe through this child he might at last make his peace with Hugh.

He looked down at the damp streak on the wrist she'd used to wipe her tears off, and his hope spread. For if Hugh married, that would make Gardenia a Mitchell, and then this little girl would be a kind of granddaughter for Henry.

He knew he was going to try, knew what he was going to say and he leaned back against the settee cushions and began with careful ease. "Maybe you're right and your real father isn't going to come." He crossed his knees slowly to show her what a comfortable conversation this was going to be. "But I'll bet he's got good secret reasons for not coming, that he figures it's best this way. Maybe—why, maybe he's even hoping you'll find a *new* father, someone to look after you since he can't, things being how they are."

The child lifted her face to that thought, then dropped it. Henry went on slowly, trying hard. "Now about this 'really' business, I'm not so sure. You see, I had a little girl once. I wasn't her 'really' father, but we got along fine. Couldn't have been better. She lived out at Mitchell ranch and Aunt Laura was like her mother and I was like her father."

Gardenia stirred. "What was her name?"

"Mary," he said; "but we called her Molly."

"Was she the one who galloped the horse to get the mail?"

"She's the one, all right."

Gardenia clasped her hands. "And she was all alone, no real father or mother?"

"Well, she didn't feel alone. We took good care of her—and she had a brother."

There was a wait. "What was *his* name?"

Henry paused. "Hugh," he said.

"You mean it was *that* Hugh"—she looked at the telegram—"only when he was a little boy?"

"That's right."

"And you were a father to him too?"

Henry considered. "Not so much. You see, Hugh was quite a shy little boy. He liked to be alone."

"I don't like to be alone. I hate it. I wish I had a brother." She frowned and Henry began to feel surer. "Why didn't his sister play with him?"

"Oh, she did, some." Henry shook his head sadly. "But Hugh wasn't too strong. He'd been sick a lot. He wasn't very good at games, so the other kids didn't think he was much fun."

She sat up. "Why, how mean! They should have been extra nice to him because he was sick."

"I suppose," Henry admitted. "But most kids don't think of that." He added casually, "They used to call him Hooey."

Gardenia looked appalled. "Did Molly call him that too?"

"Sometimes, when she was mad."

"Why didn't you stop her?" She was pained and demanding.

Why didn't I? thought Henry. Did I have an idea then that some toughness might be shamed into the boy? He looked for words but she had gone on.

"'Hooey.'" She tasted the name and spat it out. "How mean! He must have just hated it. If I'd been there I'd simply have killed them all!" Her pointed face was hot with outrage and sympathy. "I'd have *made* them call him a good name, like Terry, that boy in the funny papers with the Dragon Lady or"—she thought of another and pounced on it—"Van! He's a movie actor I saw."

"H'm," said Henry, then took a good guess. "I think Hugh wanted to be called the name his father had—Mitch."

GARDENIA sat quiet for several minutes and Henry waited, a little tension mounting in him. Finally the child broke it.

"Mitch," she repeated. "That's what I'd better call him then." She leaned back and looked up for Henry's approval. "I'm going to call him Mitch all the time from now on."

One of her golden tan braids lay across his blue sleeve. "He'll like that," Henry assured her, and contentment filled his chest. "Mitch will like that." He thought a minute. "And next Saturday I'm going to ask your mother if you can go fishing with me. How would you like to learn to lay a fly on a riffle?"

She nodded. "What kind of a fly?"

"I'll show you. Trout flies are mighty pretty little things." He pulled out his big watch and held it up to her. "And now, young lady, what time does this turnip say?"

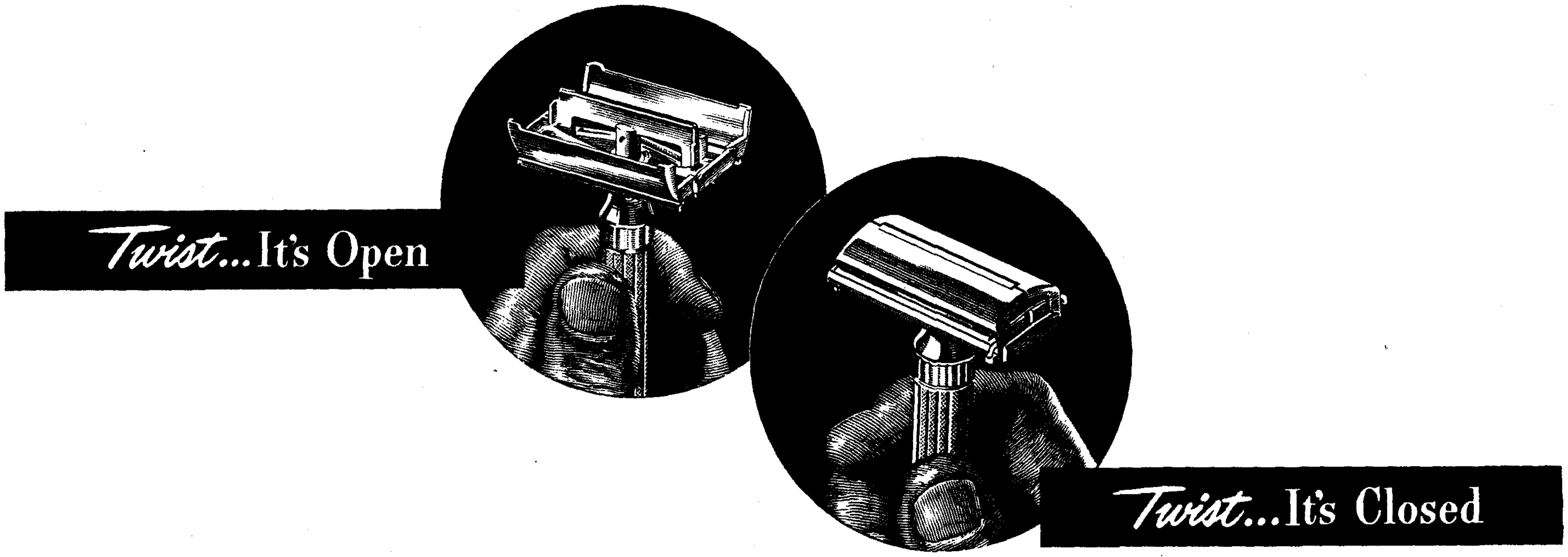
"Turnip?" She giggled. "Half past one."

"Know what that means?" He pretended to ponder. "You and I have time for a double chocolate soda before we set out for the ranch."

"Oh," she sighed. "Chocolate is my favorite."

It always is, thought Henry and grinned. "I'm a good guesser."

THE END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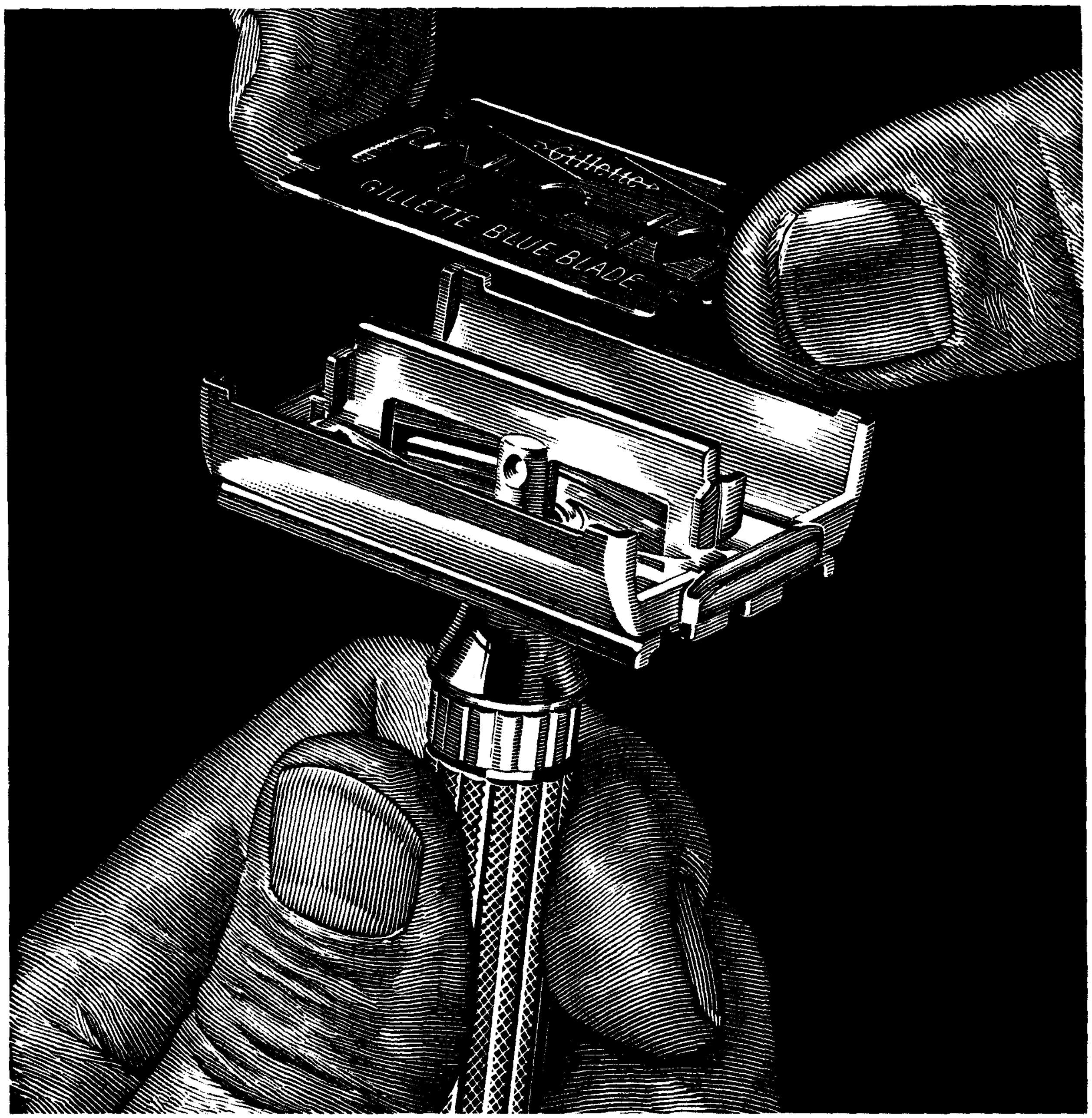
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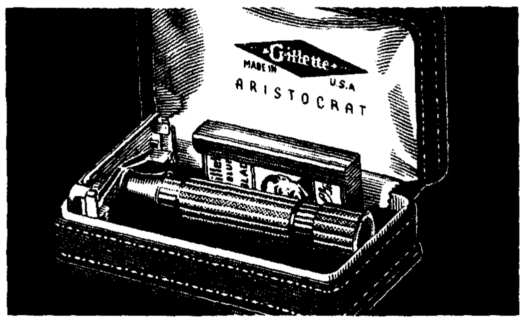
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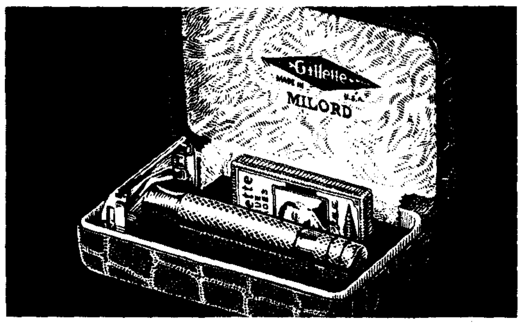
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BOY VS. BASS

Continued from page 13

quickly. His arm was true, but the fish shifted a scale's thickness and the spear glanced harmlessly from his armor plate of green-silver. "I hit him! I hit him!" Skipper murmured to himself delightedly, noting where the spear lay before he swam up for air. "If I can hit him once I can do it again."

For an hour the hunters tracked the bass along the face of the reef. Suddenly Commodore came up from a dive and yelled: "Look at that fat green snake! He's right near the bass now."

"Conger eel, and a big one!" Makoa said abruptly, flipping Commodore into the canoe which Ann had brought along in the wake of the hunters. "Everybody in the boat, quick!" No one argued.

"*Now* take a look," Makoa said with relief when all four were in the canoe. "Never take a chance with one of those fellows. They'll attack for the sheer fun of it. One of them nearly drowned me once, long ago. That's what cost me my finger." He held up his left hand from which the middle finger was missing.

The eel, six feet long and bigger around than a strong man's upper arm, swam leisurely and peaceably under the canoe and disappeared. The watchers clearly saw its jaws, lined with needle-sharp, meshing teeth and the pulsing of its gills. The long ribbon of a dorsal fin rippled all the way from the close-set, angry-looking eyes to the tip of the sinewy tail. The creature was a chartreuse color, greenish-mustardy, and the children agreed with Skipper. They had never seen a more frightening beast.

How Makoa Lost a Finger

"I was only seventeen when it happened," Makoa said, "and I was fishing, just as we are now. I missed a shot and my spear skittered into a hole in the reef. I thoughtlessly reached in to get it, and an eel like that clamped down on my hand. Fortunately he caught only my finger. I felt as though I'd run my hand into a flame.

"That's the way eels hunt. They brace themselves back in holes and wait for fish—or anything else—to swim by. Then they grab them with a quick thrust of their long necks. They are so strong and they brace themselves so powerfully among the rocks that nothing can budge them. I was strong, plenty strong, and I fought hard to get away, but I couldn't."

"So the eel bit your finger off?" Ann asked.

"Oh, no! He just hung on like a bulldog. He knew that I'd quit struggling sooner or later." Makoa shook his head grimly. "I don't know how long I was down there. I remember how my hand ached and how blood came out of the hole and how my lungs felt as though they were collapsing. It seemed a long, long time. Fortunately I had my knife with me. I finally got it free. I jabbed at the eel, but he was too well hidden for me to hurt him badly. I couldn't make him open those jaws. So I cut off my finger. I had only one life but ten fingers.

"Well," he concluded, rubbing the stump at the memory, "let's go now and see if we can't get this old bass. But remember—don't go reaching into black holes."

The bass seemed to have learned caution. It was no longer easy to get within shooting range of him. He had a trick of swimming insolently just beyond reach of the spears.

"Just as soon as my arrow hits the bottom he flips around until I can almost grab him barehanded," Skipper complained. "If he'd only give me one shot at him that way I couldn't miss."

Many years before a steamer had foundered on the reef, and now the fleeing bass led his pursuers to all that was left of that wreck, an enormous boiler. Skipper saw it first as he dived angrily after the bass. He was nearly spent from the longest dive he'd ever made when he finally released his spear only to see it miss again. The bass flicked his tail derisively and slid into the blackness of the huge cylinder.

With his vision dimming and pain shooting through his chest, Skipper kicked off from the bottom. Near panic struck him as he looked longingly toward the light so far above. He swam, kicking and clawing, wondering dimly if he could lose consciousness before he broke through to life-giving air. He was exhausted when his head eventually emerged, and he knocked aside his mask so he could drink the air in great gulps.

Makoa had seen the bass glide into the boiler. He dived to get Skipper's arrow and look over the situation. It was the muffled sound of his voice which later induced Skipper to lift his ears from the water. Makoa was completing instructions to Commodore and the pair of them were plainly waiting for Skipper's assistance.

"One of you should surely get him when he comes out," Makoa was saying. "You take one of those holes, Commodore, and the Skipper can take the other."

So, a moment later, the trio dived together, and it was only as they dropped downward that Skipper noticed Makoa was without his spear. He was swimming unencumbered, but with his knife gripped in his teeth.

As Makoa had explained there were three sizable holes in the boiler, one for each of the swimmers. The big man reached the boiler first and hung above it, gripping the crumbling metal as he watched the other two swim to their positions. He saw them ready their spears and then—with a devil-may-care, here-I-go gesture—

"Don't, Makoa! Come back!" Skipper was so startled he tried to shout, but the water gagged him, and Makoa neither heard nor saw him. Makoa had pulled himself through the jagged aperture and was pursuing the bass inside the boiler.

Things began happening at once. A school of smaller fish whished out past Skipper, and a frightened sting ray flapped out of the cavern which had swallowed Makoa. Skipper watched the vent below him, and suddenly saw the bass half exposed. He ripped back his sling and released it, but he was too much shaken by Makoa's foolhardiness to concentrate on his aim. The spear clanged on the iron, turning the bass to the only retreat left to him.

Squarely in front of Commodore, broadside to, the big fish darted into open water—and stopped. The boy was not more than three feet from him. His spear was scarcely clear of its projector when he saw it strike squarely and pass directly through its target.

A Glimpse of the Death Throes

The bass spun on the steel like a huge, badly balanced pinwheel, flailing madly in erratic circles, falling slowly and helplessly toward the bottom. Commodore tried to catch the spear as the stricken bass whirled past, but the fish's frenzy foiled him. The tiring boy shot to the surface, keeping his gaze fixed on the fish while he rose.

"Did you see? I got him! I got him!" he screamed to Ann.

"I saw! Hurry back before he gets away," his sister yelled.

Just then Makoa and Skipper broke water together.

"Jeepers! You scared me to death, Makoa," Skipper said. "I wouldn't have gone into that trap for a million bucks."

"Who hit him—you or Commodore?" Makoa demanded delightedly. "We got him, you know—somebody did."

"What?" Skipper questioned stupidly. "I missed him, clean. You don't mean that Commodore—? Really?"

"I'll say he got him." Makoa laughed like a boy. "I'll go and get him—"

"No, you don't!" Commodore said. "That's *my* fish. I shot him and I'll bring him in." And this time it was easy to see and overtake the gyrating bass. Its burnished sides made bursts of silvery light in the depths and it could no longer swim strongly.

"Oooh. He's strong! He almost got away from me again," Commodore gasped when he finally reached the surface with his prize.

"No wonder. He weighs a good twenty-five pounds," Skipper gloated, pleased as though he had shot the bass himself.

The fishermen started home. Finally Skipper turned to Makoa. "Come now, confess, Makoa. That was a risky stunt, going into that boiler, wasn't it? How could you tell what was in there?"

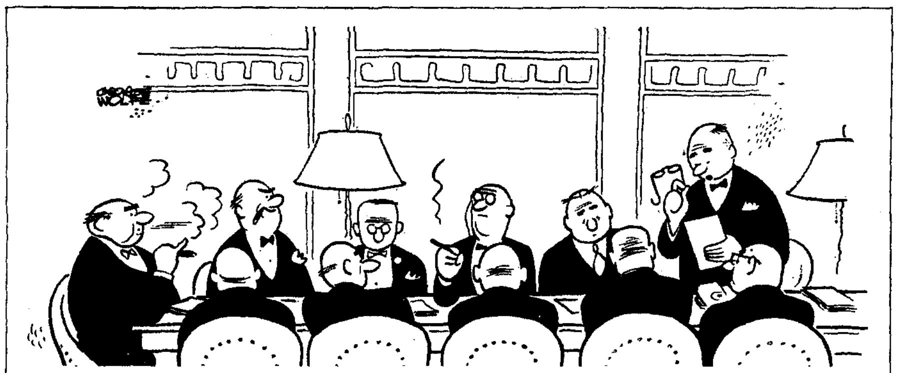
"I couldn't tell," the Tahitian confessed somewhat shamefacedly, "but that old bass—he'd made me *so* mad. I couldn't let him get away. And, as I rather suspected, he *wasn't* the only thing in there, either—"

"We saw the ray and a lot of small fish," Skipper said. "I was afraid there might be an eel."

Makoa pointed to his right thigh. "Know what did that?" he asked. Curling halfway around it and slanting from the knee to the edge of his *pareu* was an angry red welt. It was like a burn, or the scar of a whiplash.

"That is the trade-mark of an octopus. One hit me when I was coming out. I don't think he was very big. I didn't stick around to see, either. I slashed with my knife, and he spit ink. I think I cut off a couple of his long arms. I got out quick. You know, I just don't *like* octopuses!"

THE END



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Reading time: 20 seconds • Pleasure time: all summer

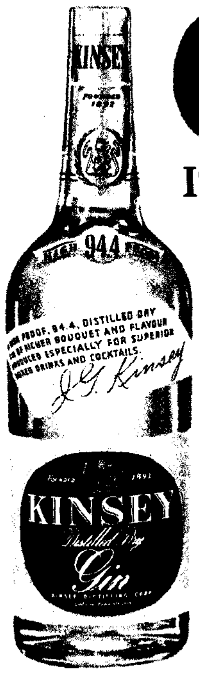
Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer . . . so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.

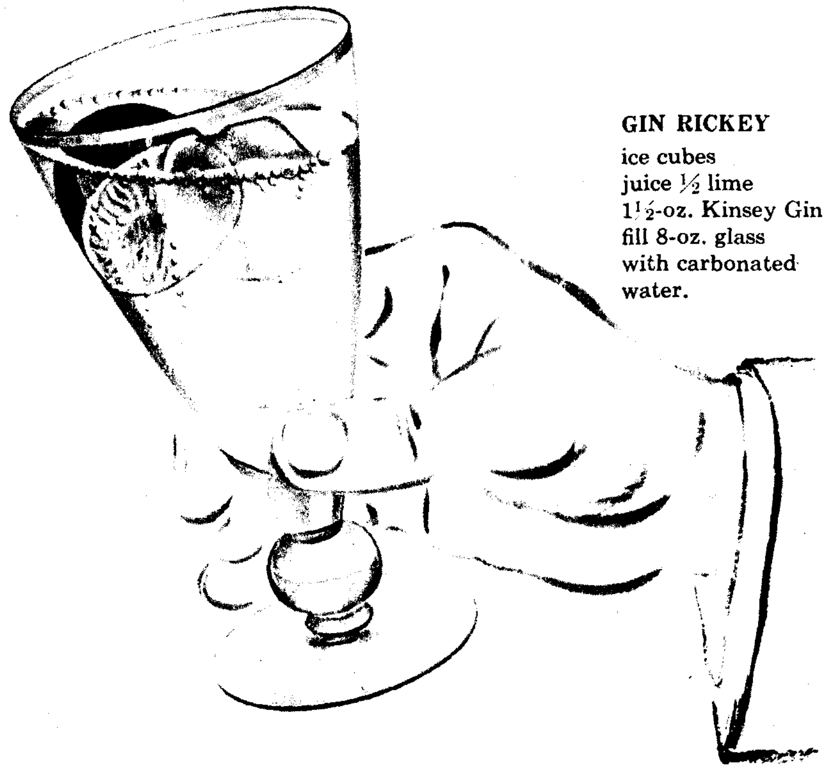
Happy beginning . . . happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

KINSEY GIN

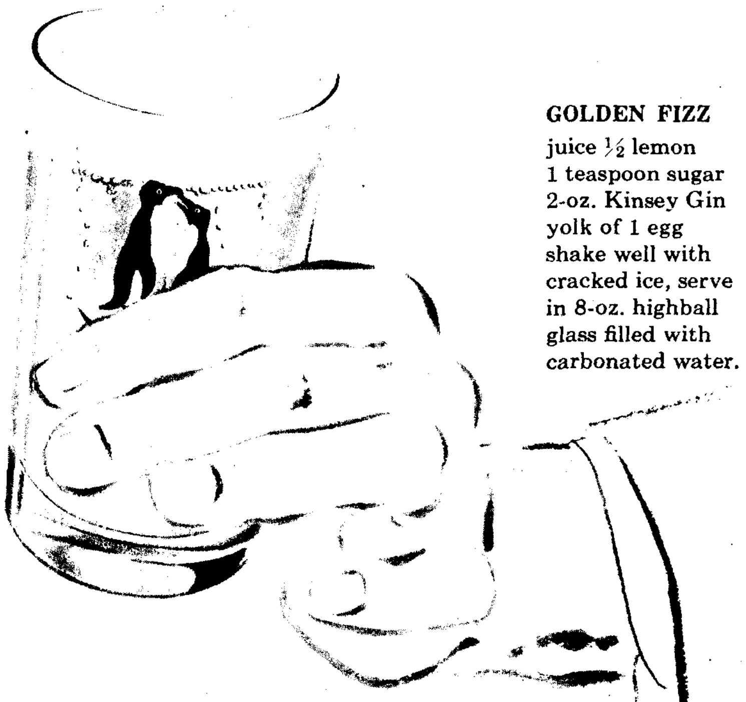
IT'S 94.4 PROOF



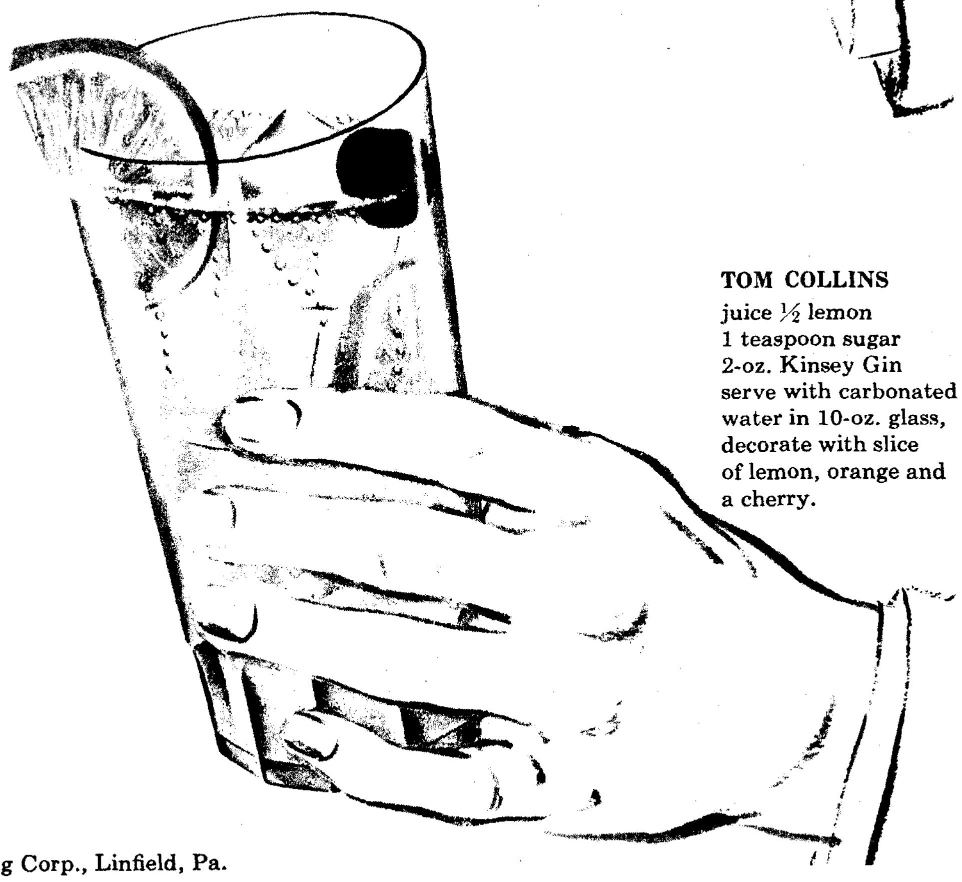
It's GENIAL
It's DRY



GIN RICKEY
ice cubes
juice ½ lime
1½-oz. Kinsey Gin
fill 8-oz. glass
with carbonated
water.



GOLDEN FIZZ
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
yolk of 1 egg
shake well with
cracked ice, serve
in 8-oz. highball
glass filled with
carbonated water.



TOM COLLINS
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve with carbonated
water in 10-oz. glass,
decorate with slice
of lemon, orange and
a cherry.

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

Continued from page 19

the first word that came to your mind be *chair* or *leg* or *cloth* or *furniture?* If so you would be thinking objectively. But if your reaction to *table* was something like *breakfast* or *multiplication* or *contents* you would be thinking subjectively. The way you react to one word wouldn't prove anything about you, but the way you react to a hundred words may, and in fact, almost certainly does.

If most of your responses to words are impersonal ones you have an objective personality. You'll easily understand the way other people think and not surprise or disturb them with your own way of thinking. If most of your responses are personal or unusual, you are subjective and will be happiest working on your own.

Objective people are the leaders of men, the organizers, the best teachers, but all the great discoveries of the world have been made by subjective people. A subjective man invented the radio but it took objective men to put it into your and your neighbors' homes. This word-association test sounds pretty vague and psychological but the O'Connor Foundation, on the basis of its hundred thousand human guinea pigs, feels it's the most foolproof of all the tests they give, even when it runs directly in the face of all apparent evidence.

Test Revealed a Misfit

A remarkably charming man with a brilliant record as a salesman came into one of the laboratories to be tested some time ago. His word-response was so extremely subjective that the director thought for once the test was wrong and asked him to repeat it. But the second time all his responses were still subjective. When he was somewhat apologetically told that without his record as a salesman the laboratory would have said he should be in some line of research, that selling was all wrong for him, he confessed that he had come to the laboratory because selling had suddenly gone sour on him.

He had always wanted to do economic research and had majored in economics and mathematics at college, but when he graduated he had been offered such a highly paid selling job—he'd been the most popular man in his class—that he hadn't felt he could turn it down.

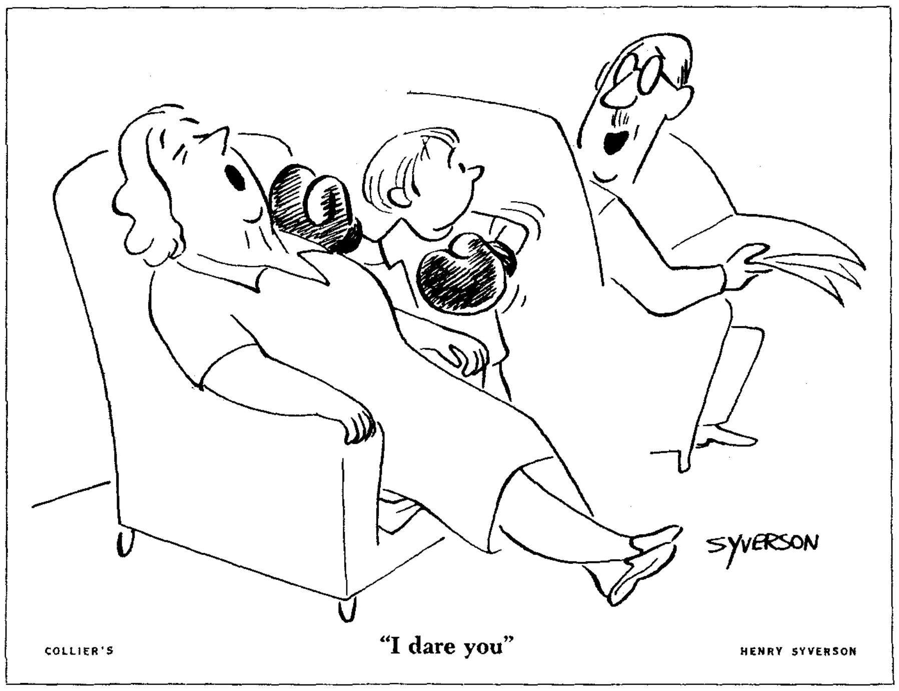
Everybody had envied his lucky break so he'd pushed on. Then he'd got married and pushed on a little further, always suppressing his real but much less profitable ambition. Suddenly in his late thirties his selling ability had failed him. Everybody told him he had just gone stale but in his heart he knew what the aptitude test told him: He should never have tried to be a salesman. He soon after got a job in statistical research. He'll never be as rich as he once thought he'd be, but he's having a lot more fun.

Objective people, on the other hand, can act as shy and withdrawn as the most subjective dreamer if they are made to feel inadequate by the wrong kind of work. Boys in engineering school whose tests show objective personalities but no structural visualization almost always act in a highly subjective way. Their families may want them to be engineers and nothing else, but you can't be a good engineer without structural visualization, no matter what else you have. The boys know there's something wrong and feel inadequate. The sooner they get out to handling people the better for everyone.

All this is by no means theoretical or based on individual case histories. The Foundation has a very illuminating little chart of 800 men who took the aptitude tests ten years ago. Four hundred of them are executives and 400 technical engineers. All the executives who achieved big or even adequate salaries had objective personalities and scored low in structural visualization. All the successful engineers were subjective and scored high in structural visualization.

Here's another aptitude. Suppose someone gives you the statement "The moon is made of green cheese," how much could you write about that in five minutes, not how logically or how beautifully, but how much? The laboratory grades you on quantity alone. It doesn't even read your answer, just counts the words. That's ideaphoria, or creative imagination. What it stands for is a rapid flow of ideas. Salesmen have to have this to a high degree and so do teachers. Eighty per cent of all high-school teachers who have taken the test scored very high in it. Artists and writers who have to produce in quantity need it. But a low score doesn't mean you aren't creative, merely that you can't create fast.

So far the Foundation has isolated about fifteen different aptitudes and has done elaborate correlating as to which combinations of aptitudes are needed for various jobs. About a dozen more aptitudes are still in the experimental stage. It takes about ten years and nearly $20,000 to isolate one aptitude, and, since the Foundation is a nonprofit institution and dependent on outside endowment, it can go ahead only as fast as its budget allows. But, at best, isolating an aptitude is a fairly elaborate job.



COLLIER'S "I dare you" HENRY SYVERSON

First they dream up a test and give it experimentally to two hundred people. If the results of this look promising they give it to a thousand more of each sex to find out how accurate it is, all the time correlating it with other aptitudes and with the subjects' known capacities. Finally if the aptitude seems to shape up as a sure-enough can-do that some people have more of than others, then comes the job of finding out what that particular can-do is useful for.

Grip, a test they are giving experimentally now at the Philadelphia laboratory, is in that stage. A little gadget you hold in your hand measures how hard you can grip with each hand. The laboratory is fairly sure Grip is a measure of physical energy and suspects it may be a measure of that important intangible called drive.

The Human Engineers won't go so far as to say that lack of any particular aptitude is positive proof a person will never succeed in a particular line of work, or that a very definite aptitude is insurance that he will. That intangible called drive and other intangibles such as pride and even spite can often substitute quite well for real ability. But they feel it is a great waste of human energy for a person to spend his life in work he has no natural ability for, doubly so because then he isn't spending it in work he does have natural ability for. They think, too, that a lot of restlessness and dissatisfaction with life comes from people not using all their aptitudes.

It wouldn't make sense to advise a man or woman who is comfortably established in one kind of work to change to entirely different work, but it is often possible for a person to branch out so as to use newly discovered aptitudes. A doctor who found he was highly objective—most doctors are subjective—might be happier if he did more medical society or community health work.

A hardheaded executive found from tests that he was extremely subjective, with a highly facile flow of ideas. When he had digested this discovery for a few weeks, he decided he'd try writing some of the important reports he had always delegated to a junior. He had a wonderful time at it and the reports were so good they turned out to be a big source of new business. A restless housewife who found she was objective and had structural visualization might go out and work on committees planning better playgrounds or other city improvements. If on the other hand she found she was subjective she might understand better why she had always hated committee work, stop feeling guilty about it and find some other more individual enterprise.

The Human Engineering Laboratories have found that not more than one person in 8,000 is entirely lacking in *all* the aptitudes they now test for. It may be something of a blow to discover you are not naturally equipped to do the things you have thought you wanted to do, but there is always the compensation of finding other work you have real aptitude for. A boy who came of a journalistic family and had been encouraged by his English teachers at college spent three years after college drifting from journalistic job to radio job to advertising job. He thought he wanted to write but he also knew he was miserable trying.

He finally took the aptitude tests and found that nothing pointed to his being a creative writer, and a good many things pointed to his being an engineer. He got a job in an airplane factory and has been doing fine ever since, part of the time writing trouble-shooting letters between the company and the government. His only worry has been to stick to design, which he likes and knows he is fitted for, when the company keeps trying to push him into executive work, which he is also in some ways fitted for, but isn't so happy in. He has a few too many aptitudes to be comfortable.

You're better off if you have only a few strongly developed aptitudes than if you have nine or ten. The too-many-aptitudes person can do almost anything easily and is apt to flit from one interest to another. A lot of the most dissatisfied and least successful people that come to the laboratories are people with too many conflicting aptitudes, who have never been able to make up their minds on which ones to concentrate. And the strongest aptitude in the world is no insurance of success unless you develop it and the necessary knowledge to use it.

Tweezer dexterity and structural visualization are important aptitudes for a surgeon but he still has to go to medical school and work for years in hospitals before you'd entrust your gall bladder to him. Accounting aptitude is important to nurses but no matter how beautiful her temperature charts and how exact she is about administering medicines, it's no help if she doesn't understand the doctor's instructions. And that brings us to vocabulary, which the O'Connor Foundation, along with a good many other experts on human progress, has found to be the only positive measure of success or potential success and which is the only acquired characteristic they test for.

Ratio of Vocabulary to Success

It's a little uncanny, this matter of vocabulary. You wouldn't think a bank president would need to know as many words as a professor of English, or the head of a big automobile business as many as a popular lecturer, but the evidence seems to be that he does. Right on down the line the most successful people in any line of work turn out to have the biggest vocabularies. The bank president will have a bigger vocabulary than the college professor unless the professor is top man in his department. The automobile tycoon will have a bigger vocabulary than the professional lecturer unless the lecturer is also a national authority on some subject.

The way the Human Engineer explains it, and it makes sense, is this: Words are the tools with which we make use of ideas. An idea is not clear in our minds until we can think in words. We need not talk well or even write well but we have to have the words in our minds before we can formulate ideas.

A wide vocabulary generally works best harnessed to the right aptitudes, and, though you can't do much about developing aptitudes you haven't got, the sky's the limit when it comes to developing a vocabulary you haven't got. And it does seem to have some effect on your capacity for progress, which is why it is the one test outside of innate aptitudes the Foundation includes. Mr. O'Connor once took a group of teen-age boys who couldn't pass ordinary intelligence tests and drilled them for a month on vocabulary, nothing but vocabulary. At the end of the month they retook the tests and passed them easily.

Maybe if there is any formula for success, it is to find out in your early teens all the things you do most naturally and begin from then on to think and talk in as many words as possible about how you can use those aptitudes.

THE END

Finest Tone System in RCA Victor history . . .
This symbolizes the "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA
"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Luxurious Listening with the "Golden Throat"

world-wide radio with RCA Victor FM, roll-out record changer with the "Silent Sapphire" pickup

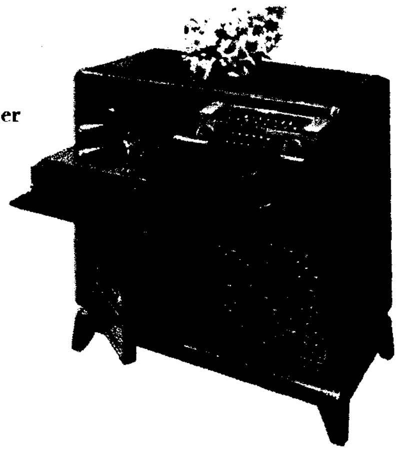
Lovely to look at . . . Completely at home with 18th Century antiques or contemporary design . . . This great Victrola radio-phonograph brings you the clear, *true* tonal beauty of the "Golden Throat."

For radio, there's standard, foreign short wave and RCA Victor FM with its clear, virtually static-free reception.

For records, there's the roll-out changer that plays as many as 12 records . . . The permanent, jewel-point "Silent Sapphire" pickup eliminates needle chatter and needle changing. It's so light, so *safe,* even accidental scratches won't damage it or your records. Ask your RCA Victor dealer for model 711V2. It plays on AC—a superb, new console Victrola radio-phonograph.

Hear Robert Merrill sing "Music America Loves Best" . . . Sundays, 2 PM EDT, on your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



GENIUS WORKING

Continued from page 11

deserve, and headed for the conference.

Joe Castle was getting to be a nuisance, if not an actual menace. Disbrow had hired him a year ago, a chubby, red-faced man addicted to loud shirts and small familiarities with the office force. Harvey had to admit that Joe could think on his feet. He'd plucked two smash campaigns out of conference-room air, including the one for Unavoidable Slips, the lingerie for the Woman Who Cares Too Much. And his great idea for Barkies, with the picture of the woeful puppy watching its master eat up a platter of the sponsor's dog food.

This was the first time Disbrow had thrown Joe and Harvey into actual competition, although Castle was now also ranked as a senior writer. But there was more at stake than a single campaign.

FIRST to arrive in the windowless conference room, so designed to eliminate all outside distraction, Harvey stared moodily at the room's sole decoration. It was a life-size oil of the late Compton Yates, founder of the agency, whose widow had put up a gallant but losing fight before Disbrow got control. There was a space beside the picture.

Disbrow would hang there one day, Harvey thought, and that was what made this Castle business so rugged. For Disbrow would have to name a partner soon, and until Castle appeared, Harvey Renner, as the old man's favorite, had been almost an automatic choice.

Favorites in an advertising agency are little different from race-track favorites, Harvey thought. They lose as often as they win—but a horse only has one guy on his back at a time.

Disbrow and Evans, the account executive, came in breathing a heady scent of excellent cigar smoke. The cigars were Disbrow's own special fifty-centers, but each had been carefully ringed with the band of a popular six-cent make whose account the agency had.

"Harvey, we've got a great opportunity here," Disbrow said by way of greeting. "This client Ralph has is willing to go the limit if he gets what he wants."

Evans said, "Hadn't we better wait for Joe?"

Disbrow nodded. "Good man, Joe."

"Good man," said Harvey.

The door opened for Joe Castle. He wore blue slacks and a yellow sport shirt with an open throat. He stood in the doorway an instant, smiling, one hand slightly raised, a carefully posed picture of unfettered genius on the verge of action. Harvey decided he looked like a cheerleader for MacMurray College for Women. Joe went around the table and sat by Disbrow.

"Castle to the king's side," he said.

Evans guffawed. Disbrow smiled appreciatively and said, "Sharp this morning, eh, Joe?"

"Ha, ha," Harvey said. *He's even found out Disbrow likes chess!*

Pleasantries disposed of, Disbrow grew serious and began fumbling with the papers in front of him. None of them had any bearing on the new client.

"Ralph here has a client who wants to take a bit of a plunge in radio," Disbrow said. "I'll let him brief you on his problems, and then we can pool our thinking on the best way to go ahead."

"Right, chief," said Evans. He surveyed the two writers with the air of a Hindu who is about to do the celebrated rope trick, using live cobras for rope.

"Boys," he said, "this promises to be the most sensational thing since the discovery of soap. Here's this fellow has a brand-new type remedy. It's terrific!"

"Remedy for what?" Harvey asked.

Evans looked annoyed. "Hell, Renner; for everything, I guess. It makes you feel fine. It hasn't even been named, yet. That's your department. You're supposed to have the brains, the creative ability. Take this remedy and plan a campaign on it, complete with name. Something that'll knock their eyes out!"

"It's a straight radio campaign," Disbrow pointed out. "No other media, so you boys have to carry the mail. Evans, how's the man's production setup?"

Evans made a circle with his thumb and forefinger. "He can go all out as soon as the orders start pouring in. Naturally, he isn't going to plunge into production until he sees how the public responds. That's our baby."

"What's his name?" asked Castle.

Evans frowned. "It's Knits," he said. "Simon R. Knits, spelled K-N-I-T-S."

"H'm," Castle said. "S-T—say, this is tough!"

"Well, here's all the data," Evans said. He gave each of the writers a neat folder. "Formula and all, and passed by the Pure Food and Drug people. So go to it."

"We'll give it top priority, chief," Castle said; "complete with label designs for the bottle, campaign and slogans, and some sure-fire radio copy."

"That's the spirit," Disbrow said.

Outside the door, Harvey Renner looked at Castle malignantly. "And just how did you know that remedy was going to be a bottled product?"

"Isn't it?" asked Castle airily.

"You've been briefed in advance!" Renner said. "You and Evans framed this whole thing so you'd get a head start and look good. I ought to punch—"

"Ah, ah!" Castle smirked, holding up a finger. "Temper!"

He walked out, leaving Harvey staring after him with fists inadequately clenched; he was in the same position when Edna Mae found him a moment later.

"Well, you look frustrate!" she said.

"Those chiselers!" Harvey said. "And you—making puns."

"Tell Mama."

His knee joints melted, and he gave her a smile of sickly adoration. It was a little while before he could remember what had been troubling him.

She crinkled her eyes at his torrent of protest, tutted in concern at his indictment of Castle's integrity and patted him sympathetically on the arm.

"Don't you worry," she said. "Even if they did frame you, you can still write rings around Castle. Just go in and show 'em who's the old master."

"But he's got a head start!"

"They'll need it," she said. "You're still tops. No other copywriter can make that statement."

"I'll do it!" he said. "They'll learn that Renner spelled backward is still Renner!"

"I'll bet that's how you got into the business in the first place," she said. "Listen, if you want some help typing your brochure, I'll be free around four."

WHEN he brought in his copy, Edna Mae had completed a revision of her make-up, and was reading Billboard with studious attention. She lifted her brows at the sheaf of paper in Harvey's hand. "Writing books yet," she said.

"I forgot and made three carbons," he explained. "I'll put these extra copies in the wastebasket. But read the deal and see if it sounds okay to you."

She read it with a complete lack of expression. It is considered very bad form for an agency critic to show any sign of approval or disapproval on a first reading. Such a demonstration would detract from the final, measured opinion. Even if the copy is written by W. Shakespeare—its first reading gets the deadpan treatment. Always.

But when she laid the copy down at

last, Edna Mae looked at Harvey with undisguised awe in her eyes. "Love that man!" she breathed. "It's genius! He's invented a new complaint!"

"You like that angle?"

"Like it? It's sensational! Think of selling a remedy to people just because they feel too good. You're in," she said. "They'll never top this."

Harvey Renner stood up and smoothed his vest. His face wore the high spiritual exaltation of a knight who has finally seen the Grail, or a comedian whose Hooper rating has just passed twenty.

"Morning will be time enough for it," he said. "And don't think I'll forget your help, Miss—Edna Mae."

HARVEY went home, to the riotous sort of evening only an agency man can look forward to—sitting in front of a radio listening to a show of which he has already read every word, listening not for entertainment but with eardrums braced against the slightest fluff or deviation that may annoy the sponsor.

He went into the conference room next morning with Edna Mae's crisp brochure under his arm, and serenity in his soul. He looked at the bewhiskered face of Compton Yates, 1871-1933, and in his mind's eye beside it he saw James Disbrow, 1900-1950, and Harvey Renner, 1912-? Yates, Disbrow & Renner. It had a ringing sound. Renner & Disbrow. The Renner Agency.

"Well, Harvey!" boomed Disbrow.

Harvey jumped guiltily out of the big chair at the end of the conference table. They had all come in together, Disbrow and Evans and Castle, which would have been a danger sign had not Harvey been armed with his idea. He snuggled the brochure under his arm and smiled.

"I'm expecting great things," Evans said.

"I've got a little something—" Harvey began.

"Wait a minute!" Castle said.

He stood up and looked at them, resting a hand on the table. Today he wore seal-brown slacks and a burnt-orange sport shirt; he looked like a cheerleader for Bowling Green State University. Harvey had once done a series of programs saluting various colleges, and the college colors remained in his memory, exemplary of the things that come finally to clutter up a writer's mind.

"I think I've got something," Castle said. "Mind you, I'm only thinking out loud. But it seems to me we're to have to merchandise this product on a totally new appeal. We can't just climb on board the good old acid stomach, or the cold that hangs on, or loss of pep—fine as those are, we need something more."

He stopped suddenly, and smote his brow with an open palm. In awe-struck tones, he said, "I got it!"

They leaned forward tensely, Evans with his jaw dropping, Disbrow forgetting to puff on his cigar. A feeling of uneasiness crept over Harvey Renner. The guy was putting on a terrific act; his ideas were following dangerously—

"I got it!" Castle repeated. "Of course you all know the word *euphoria*—means a sense of well-being, of radiant health. We'll call this product Euphoria! We'll peddle it this way! 'Do you feel better sometimes than you do other times? Do you have your ups and downs? Then learn what *Euphoria* can *do for ya!*' We'll get the sick *and* the well! We'll—"

"Sensational!" Evans moaned happily.

Harvey Renner sat rigid, stunned, listening to Castle elaborate on the ideas in Harvey's own brochure. Not word for word—he was actually improving on parts of it—but closely enough to rule out any chance of coincidence.

He stood it as long as he could, and then, white and silent, he got up and walked out of the room. Behind him Disbrow said, "Harvey, wait a minute. Listen!" But he closed the door softly behind him, and walked over to where Edna Mae sat enthroned behind her desk.

"Judas!" he said. "You betrayed me! You gave him my brochure—my idea! You—" He stopped. She was smiling.

"But natch!" she said. "After all, getting it across is the main—Harvey! Wait a minute! Where are you going?"

But Harvey was gone, this time out the door of the agency and hatless into the street. He walked through a blur of people and traffic, and it was not for a number of blocks that he remembered the brochure still under his arm. Tearing it up, he tossed it behind him.

Had any man ever had it so bad? he wondered. His brain child stolen and his future wrecked by a clown in motley and a hussy with soft lips. He was betrayed and despised.

"Wake up, laddie," said a harsh voice.

A rough hand turned him and pointed back along the sidewalk where a straggling line of paper fragments marked his passing. The policeman frowned at him.

"Where's your civic pride?" he said. "Don't you see the waste cans? Don't you want to live in a tidy city?"

"What difference does it make?" Harvey said listlessly.

"Difference?" the officer said indignantly. "It makes the difference there's a law agin throwing trash on the city streets. I've a good mind to make you pick up every piece with your teeth!"

Harvey wasn't listening. He was thinking that this round, red face in front of him was a reasonably exact facsimile of Joe Castle's face—

"I'll punch your nose," he muttered.

And to his own surprise, he did.

HE WAS booked, fingerprinted and locked in a quiet single cell with only vague awareness of his fate. He would rot here in a dungeon, like the prisoner of Chillon. Better that than to face again the people at Yates & Disbrow—probably by now Yates, Disbrow & Castle.

A hoarse voice broke through this musing. "Come out, you. The young lady's springin' you."

"I'll see he behaves," said Edna Mae.

Harvey stumbled into the room and Edna Mae put a protecting arm around his shoulder. The heady scent she wore enveloped him.

"How did you find me?"

"That paper you were throwing around had the agency name on it," she said. "They called up, and by then I knew what had happened in the conference."

Stupidly, he said, "By then you knew?"

"Come on," she said. "Mr. Disbrow's just named you a partner in the agency! Joe Castle's been fired, and you've got all his work to do besides your own. Come on, Harvey, they're waiting for us."

"But—but, I don't understand!" said Harvey. It was a corny line, but he could think of none truer.

"Did you think I'd given Joe Castle your idea?" Edna Mae said. "He got one of your own carbons out of your wastebasket last night—the janitor saw him! But I'd already put a copy of your brochure on Mr. Disbrow's desk, so the chief knew it was your idea as soon as Joe started talking. I always try to let the chief know things in advance, so he can make better snap judgments!"

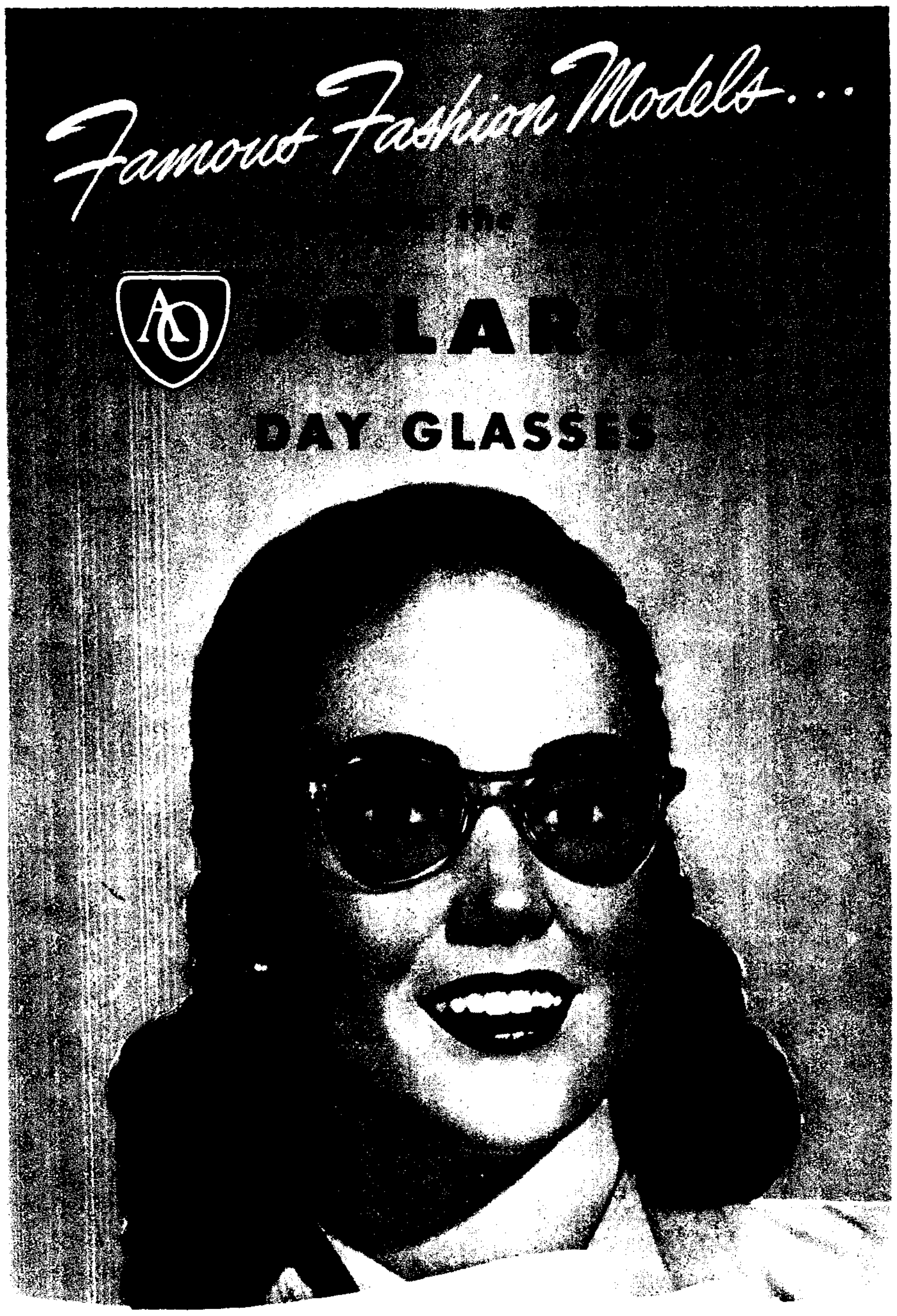
"But what did Disbrow think when I walked out?"

"He thought you were being noble," said Edna Mae. "That's why he made you a partner. I had to write him quite a little speech on integrity to deliver when he announced your elevation. So there's a cocktail party in your honor this afternoon, and you stay away from those girls in the mailing room, d'you hear?"

Harvey kissed her in a fashion that drew a low, admiring whistle from the listening cop. "Edna Mae," he said solemnly, "I love you so much it hurts!"

"If pain persists, or is unusually severe," she said, "see your parson."

THE END



LOVELY POWERS MODEL *Carolyn Cross* wears the smart new AO Polaroid Day Glasses in a gay flattering shade of blue. You may prefer the crystal or red—but in any case, you'll like the style-plus glare protection combination offered by these distinctive glasses. You'll like the upsweep frames, the Ful-Vue (high) endpieces, the comfortable slip-on temples. Ask for them wherever better sun glasses are sold.

$2.69
with case

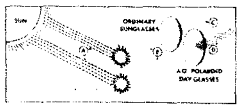
The *Only* Sun Glasses That Filter Reflected Glare!

For Men, too—
AO Polaroid Day Glasses

Man-styled sun glasses for sportsmen and all men who want the exclusive AO Polaroid protection against reflected sun glare.

$2.69 with case.

How AO Polaroid Day Glasses Filter Reflected Glare!



A Bright light from the sun strikes a surface.

B Some rays bounce off as glare; others reflect to the eye as useful "seeing" rays, show color and detail.

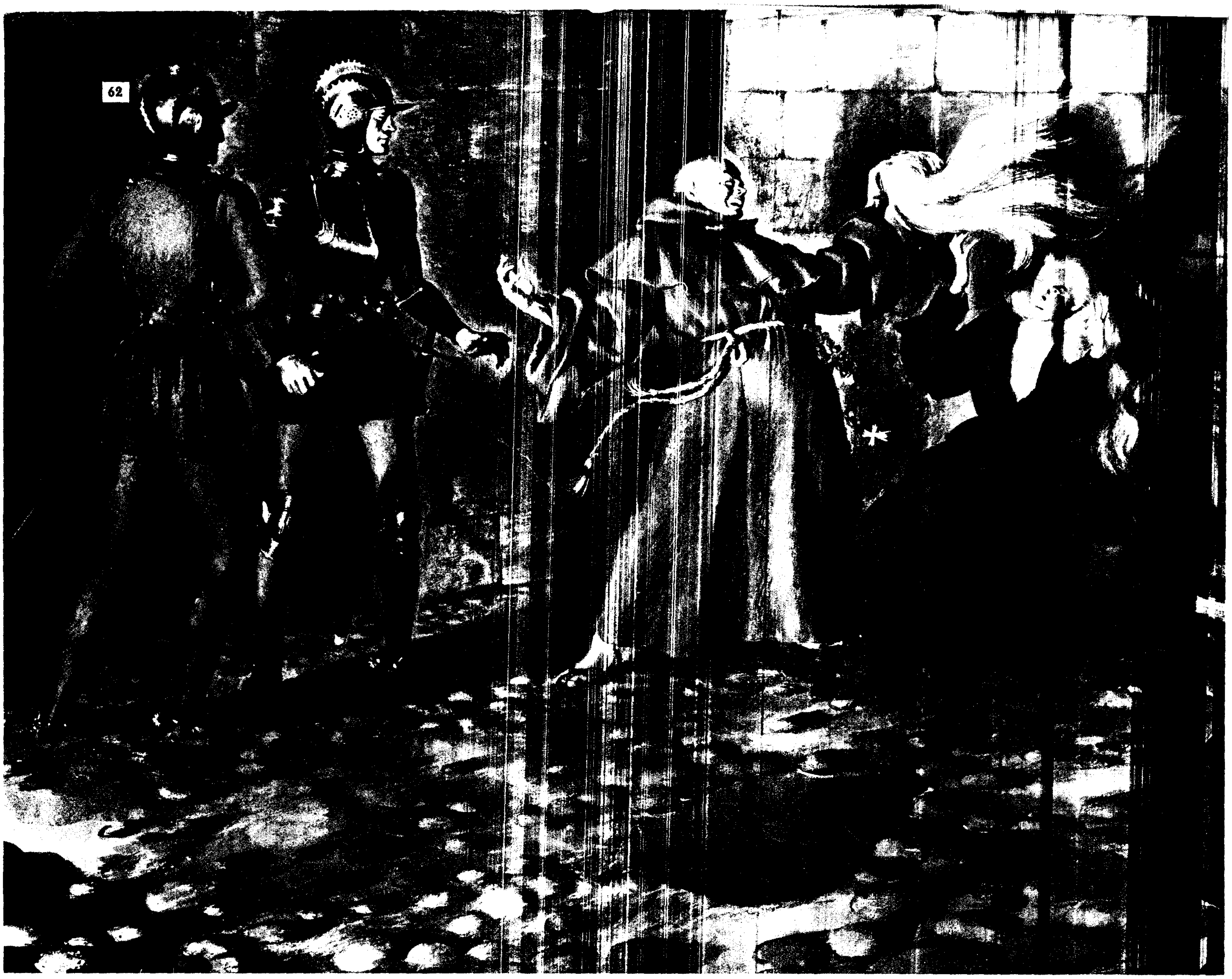
C Ordinary sun glasses dim both glare-light and useful light. Glare remains to hide detail, to dilute true colors.

D AO Polaroid Day Glasses reduce annoying glare, reveal detail, transmit undiluted color rays.

American Optical
COMPANY

IF IT'S MARKED *IT'S SMARTLY STYLED . . . OPTICALLY CORRECT*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corporation



Before I could step between, the monk darted forward with incredible speed and snatched the wig from Betsy's head. "So I was not wrong!" he laughed gloatingly

CONTINUING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Story:

The events narrated take place in sixteenth-century Italy. A Medici Pope sits at Rome, trying to control a country turbulent with internal strife.

PETER CAREW, son of an English wool merchant, is in Florence on business for his father. An honest, straightforward boy, Peter falls under what he believes is an enchantment cast by a haughty and beautiful Italian girl whose purposes are shrouded in mystery. Not knowing her name, Peter calls her BETSY.

After a street fight in which he slays some henchmen of Florence's Cardinal, Peter is forced to flee the city and enroll in GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI's Black Bands, a famous free-lance army.

A cheerfully unscrupulous monk, who boasts of being the hunting dog for the Pope, follows Peter tenaciously, hoping the love-smitten Englishman will lead him to the elusive Betsy. The monk works in conjunction with COUNT PIERO RIARIO, who hates Peter for preventing him from mistreating a ragged, homeless mountain girl named BEATRICE.

In the camp of King Francis of France, on whose side the Black Bands are fighting, Betsy—disguised as a French courtesan—rides and flirts with the generals, and is reputed to be the latest love of the SIEUR DE BONNIVET.

One night her servant, the dwarf JOHN-PETER, brings a demented old man into Peter Carew's tent; he demands that Peter take the old man to Betsy immediately. Peter and his servant, CHRISTOFORO, walk through the camp early in the morning, the old man limping between them. They come upon a group of six masked men trying to force Betsy's door. "It is Giovanni of the Black Bands. Open!" says the leader of the party.

Peter's loyalty to his general is exceeded by his love for the aloof adventuress. Determined to keep any intruder from Betsy's door, even though it cost his life or the life of his general, Peter unsheathes his sword and, shouting denunciations of Giovanni's treachery, rushes to the fray.

IV

THE six were loosely grouped about the door, smitten with surprise at my shout and my attack, so that I cut through them to the threshold and placed my back against the oak; now none might enter save over my body. Christoforo was but a pace behind me. The leader urged his men upon us, and they hacked at us with right good will. The night was loud with the clash of steel and the trampling of feet and the panting of fighting men. Christoforo and I stood shoulder to shoulder, and grateful was I for his company that night—for the leader was at me with the ferocity of some jungle beast. I thanked God I was wide of shoulder and long of arm, and that six men attacking two impede one another's movements. They gave back and paused to think it over. It may have been a ruse to draw our backs from the wall, but we stood firm.

One thing I knew, even in the excitement and the darkness—and that was that the leader was not My Lord Giovanni. For he was not of the size of My

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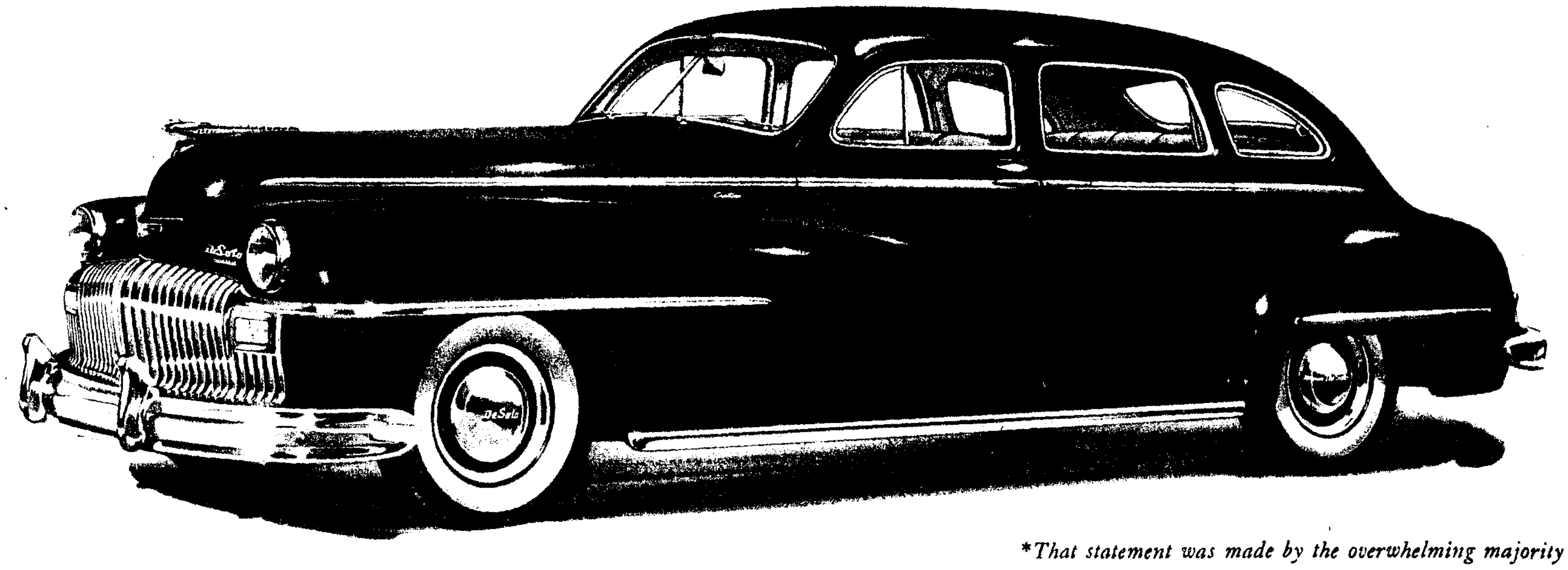

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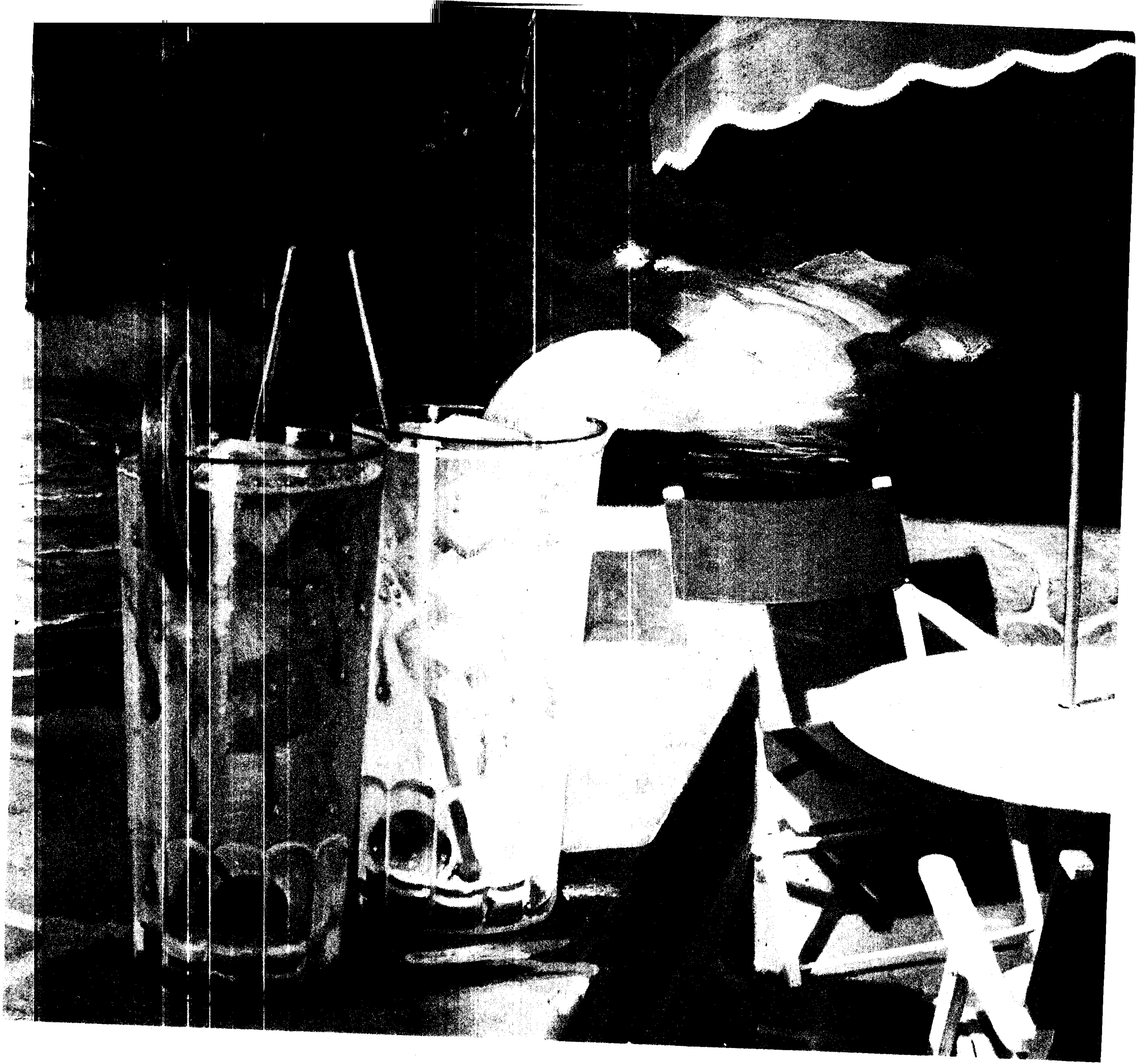
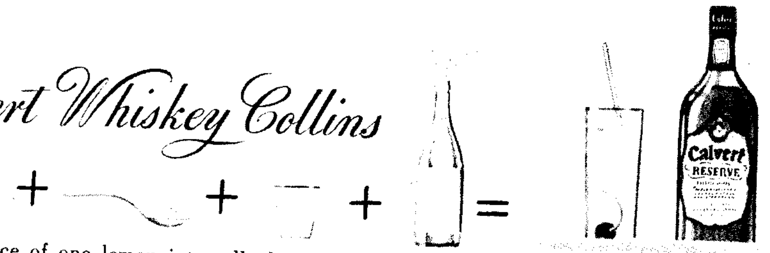
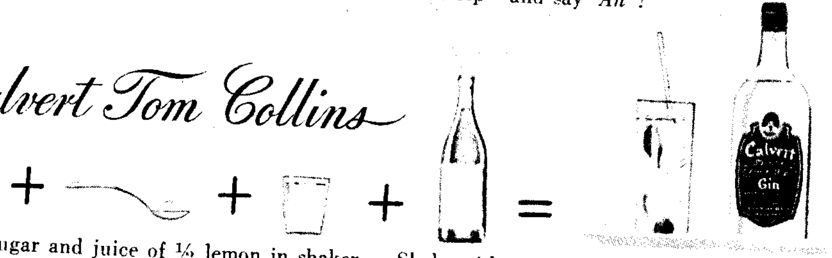


Calvert Whiskey Collins



Squeeze juice of one lemon into tall glass. Sweeten to taste. Now a generous jigger of good-mannered Calvert Whiskey. Next, the ice cubes. Now fill with club soda and stir. Decorate with cherry, slice of orange, if you like. Sip—and say *"Ah"!*

Calvert Tom Collins



Stir sugar and juice of ½ lemon in shaker. Add a goodly jigger of mild-distilled Calvert Gin. (Yes, Calvert makes the best gin, too!) Shake with cracked ice. Pour into tall glass; add club soda. Add fruit slices, cherry, if desired. M-mm—cool, lucky you!

Collins

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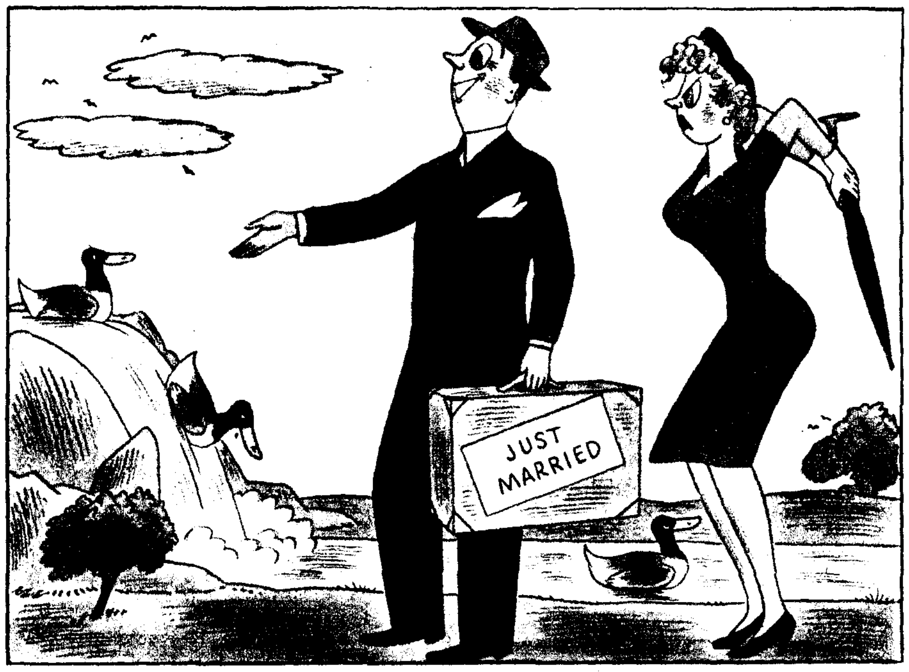

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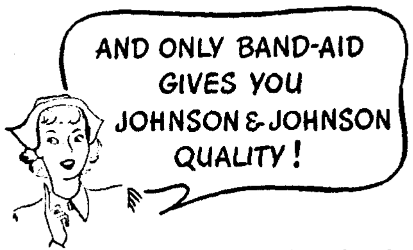
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Lord, nor did he fight like him, nor have his strength of wrist and arm. He had not come himself, but had sent others to do his treacherous business for him. But even as I thought of this the man sprang again to the attack, snarling. It was no dainty swordsmanship, but wild, savage swinging and slashing, and the sound of Christoforo's voice jeering at them was audible above the clang of steel; and I, feeling the savage joy of it, shouted in English.

Again they gave back, leaving a little space.

"The Englishman!" snarled the leader, and lunged at me so deftly that I was like to be spitted. But I warded off his stroke and countered, and as he stumbled backward his headgear fell and his mask with it. And my heart leaped with joy and relief, for the face under the mask was the face of Piero Riario.

"Ha, woman harrier!" I said joyously.

NOW I knew My Lord had no part in this matter and that I had hated him without just reason. I saw that his naming of My Lord's name had been a treachery so that in the morning when Betsy was missing it would have been said that he had stolen her away.

But now lights moved in the night, and there were voices, for the neighborhood was aroused by the din of our fighting.

Uneasiness came to the face of the Count Riario. "This is the second time, Englishman," he said.

"Aye, a second thwarting. Beware of the third."

The lights and voices were closer now, and suddenly, with a sharp word to his followers, Riario turned and ran toward his horses. I did not follow him, and restrained Christoforo.

"Nay," I said. "Our task is to guard this door. The rest is for another day."

Then, behind me I heard the sound of bolts being drawn and the door opened; turning, I saw Betsy standing in night attire, lovely against the light of candles within.

"Bar the door, Betsy," I said, "and keep safe inside."

"It is safe," she said. "I watched through the window. Come in, both of ye, before too many questions be asked."

But suddenly I bethought myself of the madman we had brought hither and whom I had forgotten in the excitement of it; I spoke to Christoforo, who ran to the spot where we had left him cowering. But Christoforo returned empty-handed.

"While we fought," he said ruefully, "he slunk away."

To search for him now in the darkness and in that country would have been futile, and I blamed myself but did not see what I could have done about it. So we went into the room and Christoforo goggled at Betsy, and I could not keep my eyes off her face because it was softly flushed with sleep and wondrous lovely to look upon.

"What is this?" she demanded.

"It was lucky chance," I said. "We came hither, leading a madman to place in thy charge. Which must have been brought about by some saint who hath thee in her care. Otherwise thou shouldst have been carried away by Piero Riario."

"Riario!" she said. "Was the monk also there?"

"Nay," I answered. "I deem this to be the private enterprise of Riario, whose head hath been turned by passion for thee. He was not urged on by the monk. He knoweth not that thou art Betsy."

"The monk will know on the morrow," she said tartly. "What is this you say about a madman?"

"One entrusted to us by John-Peter," I said. "The homunculus brought the creature to my tent, and questioned him."

"Niccolo Gozzoli!" she said softly. I nodded. "Niccolo Gozzoli. John-Peter hath run him to earth at last!" Her voice sharpened. "And now thou hast let him elude thee."

"There was little choice in the matter," I said dryly. "What good would this madman be to thee once thou wert in Riario's hands?"

She nodded, and looked at me steadily, but with some puzzlement as if there were a troublesome mystery. There was no softening toward me, nor did she utter words of thanks that we had arrived so opportunely. Christoforo snorted with his nose and eyed me sidewise.

"I thank God," he said, "that my interest in any woman doth not outlast the hour. There is neither reason nor consistency in them, but only perversity and grave peril to a man's sanity."

"Hold thy tongue, Christoforo," I said angrily.

Betsy smiled. "Christoforo hath a rare gift of wisdom," she said, and smiled at him kindly. "We women be perverse, yet not because we desire it. Methinks, Christoforo, it is because our minds are divided by a curtain, and what we think or hope or desire on the one side of it is constantly thwarted and altered and contradicted by what goes on on the other side of it. We open doors into rooms we do not wish to enter, and bar against ourselves doors that lead to our desire. It is some poison descending to us from Eve when she was bitten by the serpent."

I stared at her hungrily as she stood there, seeming in her night attire smaller and more childlike than was her custom, and sweeter and softer and more like a maid that could give back love for love. But with it all there was a dignity to her and a loftiness that made me remember that she was far above the station of a mere merchant.

"How canst look so fair"—and the words were wrung from me—"and clean and virtuous when thy life is all to the contrary?"

She was not angry with me, nor was she sad nor in any wise repentant. "Thou," she said, "art a great simple animal, to whom good is good and evil is evil, and no compromising about it. Never wilt thou understand that good may be evil and evil may be good, depending upon how and why thou dost a good thing or a bad thing. There is no wall betwixt saint and Satan holding them forever apart, but always a most complex mingling of the two."

"My mind is not apt at such discussions, Betsy," I said, "but I know full well what I want in a woman, and what my mother would want ere she welcomed the maid into her home."

SHE laughed at me, but it was a kindly laugh, not tinged with derision. "I hope, Pietro, thou dost accomplish thy desire," she said, and then with impishness in her eyes, "but I sorely doubt it. Now go thy ways, both of thee."

"Nay," I said stubbornly, "here we stay until we see the sun rise safely upon thee."

"What of the eyes that see thee leave my house at dawn?" she asked, laughter in her voice.

"I will lop the ears from any man that speaks evil of thee," I said.

"It would seem, then," she said, "that thine own ears be in grave peril. For thou dost think and speak most hardly of me." Again her eyes held that look of puzzlement as if there were something she did not understand about me and was troubled by it. "It seems," she said, "I cannot be rid of thee, no matter how I try. And I would not have thee warped and hurt by it."

So she turned, and with no word of thanks to us went out of the room. We sat there until dawn, drowsing, and then went out into the cold of the morning and back to my tent.

I laid me down to recapture an hour of the sleep I had lost, but when My Lord Giovanni was commander one never could be certain of sleep or rest, and I was aroused by orders to accompany him and a detachment of the Black

Bands upon an expedition of reprisal to the westward. We rode hard and My Lord was well pleased at what he termed some most excellent skirmishing. But when we returned to camp two days later there was news that threw him into a rage. For, without orders, a company of his men had ventured forth toward Pavia where they had ridden into an ambush cleverly set by De Levra, so that only a handful of them returned alive. My Lord was injured in his heart at the loss of his men and in his pride that the Black Bands had suffered a defeat. He could think of nothing but his revenge upon the Spaniards. Yet, impulsive and headlong as he was, he did not give rein to his temper and rush upon the enemy with reckless fury. He planned before he acted, and no man in Italy, or the world for that matter, was more adroit at laying traps than he. In the darkness he drew up the bands, and selecting a portion of them to bait his snare, he sent them with seeming carelessness toward the gates of the city. It was just such a situation as had given De Levra his triumph a few days before, and the Spanish general pounced upon this new opportunity.

Enemy troops poured out of the gates of Pavia, and others emerged from encampments to right and left so that it looked as if our detachment would be surrounded and destroyed. But at a well-timed moment they fell back as if in dismay, and the Spaniards charged after them with shouts of triumph. Whereupon our men, in seeming disorder, fled headlong and De Levra's men, breaking their formations, pursued. It was then that My Lord, himself leading the charge, threw his concealed companies upon the Spanish flanks and even upon their rear, so that the enemy was all but surrounded. And the bands slew to their hearts' content most savagely and relentlessly.

Then, having slain ten of the enemy for every one of his own men who had been lost in the earlier skirmish, My Lord, proudly riding upon Sultan's back, turned his face triumphantly to our camp. I rode beside him watching his young, proud face, and the boyish elation of him at this success.

As we neared the encampment a splendid cavalcade rode out to meet us, and Bonnivet rode at the head of it. He came up to my master and leaped from his saddle, and Lord Giovanni did the same, whereupon they embraced. And then Bonnivet asked the particulars of the battle which My Lord related with zest. So astonished was General Bonnivet at the skill and the fury of it that he demanded of My Lord that he be conducted to the battlefield so that he could trace with his own eye the various maneuvers which had discomfited the enemy.

This My Lord was full eager to do, and we rode again over the stricken field strewn with enemy slain, and Bonnivet complimented My Lord saying that no more perfect battle ever had been fought, and that My Lord was, in truth, a very god of war. They rode up and down, even counting the enemy slain in the massacre. But even upon a field of carnage it is the will of God that some remain alive. We were passing a ruined hut, all unsuspecting of peril, when there arose from amidst its tumbled stones a man with a great gun, and he aimed and fired it at us.

My Lord cried out and all but fell from his saddle, but Bonnivet caught him and held him.

"Art hit, My Lord?" he asked.

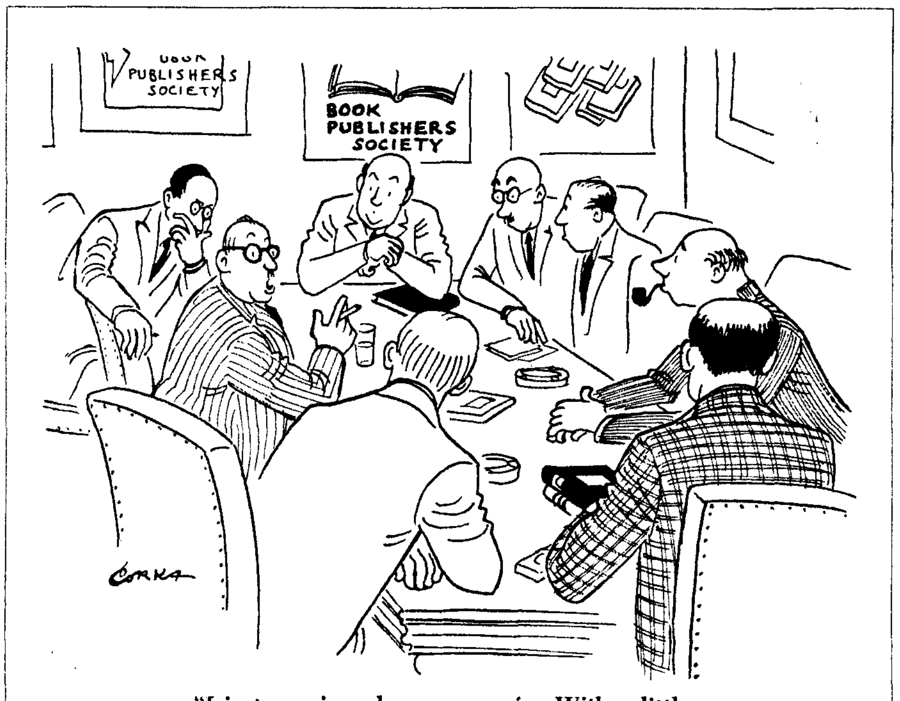
"In the leg," said my master between his teeth. After disposing of the enemy soldier, we lowered My Lord from his horse and found that a clumsy ball, which weighed no less than eleven ounces, had penetrated his leg above the ankle where the greave of his armor left a slight space above the solleret. Amidst the blood were fragments of bone and chain armor—a most ghastly wound.

IN SILENCE, when the litter came, we carried him back, and King Francis sent his own physician, the learned Hebrew Abraham of Mantua, to treat the wound, and I do not believe the King could have grieved more deeply had the wounded man been his own son. He gave orders that My Lord Giovanni be transported forthwith down the Po River to Piacenza to be nursed. Under safe conduct given by the Spanish General Pescara, and with a strong escort—necessary because he was most bitterly hated by the people of those parts—My Lord was floated down upon a barge. The Black Bands were left leaderless, which was an evil thing for the King.

My Lord would not permit that I go with him, but gave me duties to perform. Also he charged me to write an account of it to his dear wife, which I did, striving to allay her fears. . . .

From that day our army was a different army. For it had felt that with My Lord Giovanni present no evil could befall, and all men agreed that his wounding was equal to the loss of a pitched battle. Even the spirit and discipline of the Black Bands suffered in his absence, and I looked forward with foreboding to the day of the great battle betwixt the French King and Pescara which, so men said, would decide the fate of Europe.

I sat, mournful, before my tent when



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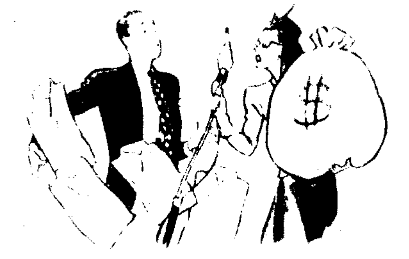
M. C.: GOOD FOR YOU! ANOTHER 25 big, round silver dollars AND two dozen *wonderful* Arrow Shirts! Congratulations to a smart lady!

ANN: Thank you very much, Sir — but you can keep the shirts!



M. C.: Why—why—this is INCREDIBLE! You don't want these fine Arrows for your husband? Why? Why?

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the obese monk came plodding toward me, his sandals squishing in the mud, and he was no welcome sight for I believed he was far away. He stopped, and with false face of sympathy he said, "I grieve with thee, my son, for the evil that hath befallen thy general." He cocked his beady eye and puffed out his flabby cheeks. "There be those," he said, "who desire the death of Giovanni de' Medici more strongly than the Spaniards, and who grow impatient that he is not killed honorably in the heat of battle. Is it not time that a halt be caused to the growth of his fame? It needs but little more to persuade the rule of Florence and all Tuscany to drop into his pocket like an overripe fruit. But this be high politics and above my understanding."

"I think," said I, "that thou art one who would see treachery in the smile of a baby and plotting in the chirping of little birds."

He shrugged his fat shoulders. "At any rate, my son, you may sleep untroubled. Count Piero Riario hath left the camp. It is not wise for a minor man to tamper with the women of great lords."

"I am glad he has gone," said I. "One day I should be obliged to send him on a longer journey."

"I wash my hands of him," said the monk. "Passion for this woman hath addled his brains. He is no longer useful to me. But tell me, my son, how was it you discovered the plot? How came it that you arrived so opportunely to prevent the stealing of Bonnivet's mistress?"

"Chance," said I. "Kind chance that led me thither as I strolled by."

"Was it chance that stayed thee in the woman's house till dawn?"

"Nay," said I, "it was but what a man should do to protect a woman."

HE LEERED at me. "Tell me this, my son. There were three of ye. Thyself, Christoforo and another. Who was this other? Whence came he? Why wert thou conducting him to the house of Bonnivet's woman? A madman, I am told, in whom was no tincture of reason. What kernel didst hope to pick from such a shell?"

"It is thou who art the madman," I said, striving to make a jeer of it, for I was alarmed that he knew so much. But from his manner and way of speaking I guessed that he did not know that John-Peter had found the madman.

I was reassured upon the point, but his next question alarmed me. "This woman," he said, "who bears a French name, but whose face is not French, and of whose kinship to her family there is no record, how comes it thou art her acquaintance?"

"All I know of her," I said, "is that I carried to her a message from My Lord."

"Methinks thou liest," he said. "I shall keep an eye upon her. Aye, an she be proven to be who I suspect she is, then I will approach thee again with an offer. And if this madman but prove to be who I suspect he may be, then I will be in strong position to trade."

"Thy mind doth run again to treasure and jewels?"

"It runneth to profit. Out of this matter I shall gain me an abbey for delivering this maid to Cardinal Passerini—or secular wealth for saving her slender limbs from torture. And thou, my son, are the heart and core of it. I will stick to thee like a leech."

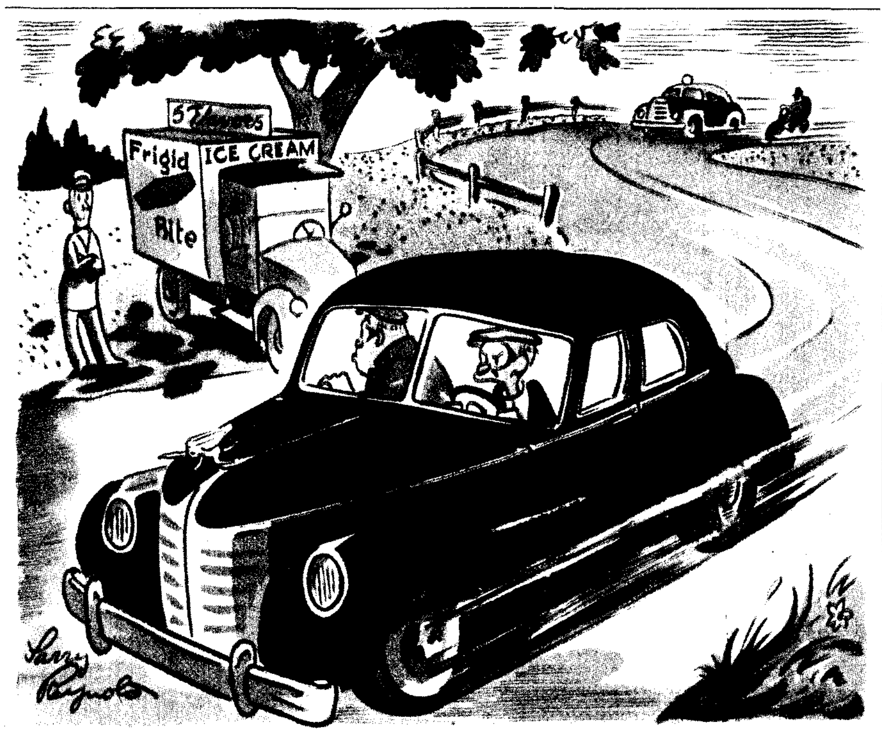
I stood up, towering over the monk, and I curled my lip at him. He gave back a step as if he feared lest I forget my reverence for his churchliness. To encourage him in that thought I took one stride toward him, and his beady eyes blackened with malice. He spoke no other word, but scuttled away. . . .

I shall ever feel that had My Lord Giovanni been present to lead his incomparable troops and to restrain the forwardness of King Francis with wise counsel the disaster would not have befallen and many good gentlemen who are dead would be alive. That day of February 24th will live in my mind as the most terrible of my life save only one.

Our camp lay betwixt the walls of the great park of Mirabello, which guarded our front from the army of Pescara, and the beleaguered city of Pavia, and we were confident, aye, overconfident. We knew that Pescara's army was in straits, mutinous from hunger, and suffering from cold. He must fight or withdraw, for his conditions were intolerable. Many tongues were spoken under his banner, Spanish horsemen under Lannoy, *Landsknechts* under the rebel Bourbon, and fanatic Lutherans marching in what they deemed a holy war. Our own army was scarcely less polyglot, made up of sixteen companies of gendarmes, five thousand Germans, seven thousand French foot, eight thousand Swiss and some six thousand Italians, among which were the leaderless Black Bands.

Now, before the enemy could come at us they must first broach the high and thick walls of the park of Mirabello, which gave our commanders ample notice of the attack and time to deploy our troops to best advantage. All night their sappers, wearing white shirts in the darkness so they could recognize one another, tore great holes, three of them, in the obstructing walls. Then, in the dawn our gentlemen, accoutered in armor like knights ready for a tournament, detected with sleepless eyes the movement of stealthy harquebusiers creeping upon us through the park, with light horsemen striving to cut their way around to the walls of Pavia. But our artilleryman, the great Galliot de Genouillac, opened fire with his guns, and so dreadful was the carnage that they retreated headlong.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I'm not being mean, Butch. If th' cops weren't so close I'd gladly stop"

COLLIER'S

The headstrong King, enjoying the premature flush of victory, gave orders to advance from our good position to level ground where his favorite gendarmes could maneuver, and in that lay fatal error, because they came between our cannon and the enemy, forcing the cannon to become silent. With them rode Francis himself, seeing himself that day a plumed knight instead of leader and king. He rode for glory.

He might, indeed, have been riding to glory save for the path he chose, that path which My Lord Giovanni would never have followed because it made of his own men a rampart between themselves and our roaring cannon. So that Lannoy came on safely, followed by *Landsknechts* a hundred deep. And then Pescara, aware of God-sent opportunity, poured in reinforcements of lances, light horse, harquebusiers. But for a time the French King repelled this attack which outnumbered him four to one. All might yet have gone well because of the courage of men fighting under the eyes of their King—but then, on the flank, our Swiss crumpled and our Germans were cut down. De Levra sallied out from Pavia, and then, suddenly, there was panic and confusion and dreadful slaughter. The Most Christian King fought alone for his life, with lance, with sword, and none could reach him to rescue him. And there, unhorsed, unhelmed, wounded, bloody, his mouth full of mud and bitterness, the rash young King of France was taken prisoner.

It was a carnage. There died the flower of France: old La Tremoille; La Palice; San Severino; Richard of Suffolk would revolt against our King Henry no more. And Bonnivet—that gallant, scheming, flashing man died with his head upon the shoulder of the Abbot of Najera. Perhaps ten thousand of us died. The army as an army was no more.

Through that day the Black Bands fought with stubbornness and courage. But the skill was lacking, the darting surprise, the generalship that had made us the most feared troops in all Europe, and great were our losses.

THEN we, the captains, met in shivering council—what were left of us. And it was determined that I, being his close friend, should ride to bear to our general, the Lord Giovanni, the tale of what had befallen—and ask him for his commands and what we should do about it.

So, wearied as I was and sore, I mounted my horse once more, and taking Christoforo for company, set out for the River Po, hoping there to find some barge to carry me to Piacenza where lay my wounded lord.

And then—for in a day of battle a man's mind is occupied with other matters than women—I remembered Betsy. And I knew a fear greater than any I had ever suffered for myself. Her lodging had been on the very outskirts of the great battle whose field swarmed now with despoilers and looters, with savage men from the north who would hold a girl a more precious booty than gold or gems. Though I be not a man of keen imagination, I could see her, so slender and proud and desirable, screaming and struggling in the savage arms of some bearded *Landsknecht* or uncouth Swiss.

"Christoforo!" I cried out.

"Aye, Pietro," he said gruffly, "I waited for you to remember. She was a chancy maid, and uncanny, but soft and sweet withal. May the holy saints grant that no horror hath befallen her."

So, reckless of what enemy we might encounter, we rode across the stricken field, over the dismembered dead and the wailing wounded. So busied were all we met with their greed that they attended us not.

AND so we came to the place and the house that had sheltered her. But there was no house, only roofless walls and smoking rafters and piles of rubble. Amidst this ruin I searched, crying out her name and tearing at the stones with my hands. But she was not there, nor anything that I could recognize as hers. And in my despair I sat and held my throbbing head in cold hands and gave myself up to agony and hopelessness.

"It serves not," said Christoforo after a short while, "to sit here till some German dog digs thee in the ribs with his dagger to enrich himself with the parings of thy fingernails."

Dully and without will to move or live, I climbed upon my horse and followed him as he rode, and after a time he spoke, and his voice which commonly was gay and jeering was tender.

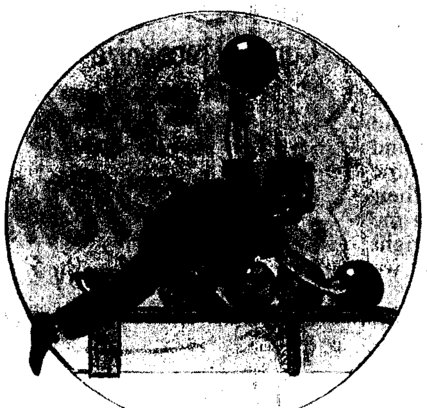
"It runs in my mind," he said, "that such as she come to no common death—nor to such violation as doth make thee mad. Nay. She hath wit and cunning, and, should these fail her, there is sorcery. For I do believe she hath the secrets of magic at her finger tips. So take heart, Pietro. No *Landsknecht* could cope with her. By necromancy she would transmute him into a rooting hog."

Now there was nonsense, yet it was heartening nonsense. Just as no man believes that harm or suffering can come to him—which belief is placed in him by God to make it possible for him to live without losing his reason—so doth each man believe that nought of evil can befall the one he loves. Therefore, though I was sick with fearfulness, nevertheless a tiny flower of hope blossomed in my gloom. And because there was nothing else I could do in her behalf, I prayed most earnestly. And felt the better for it. I lightened my own load by piling it upon the shoulders of God. Which, doubtless is how the compassionate Father of All intended us to use Him.

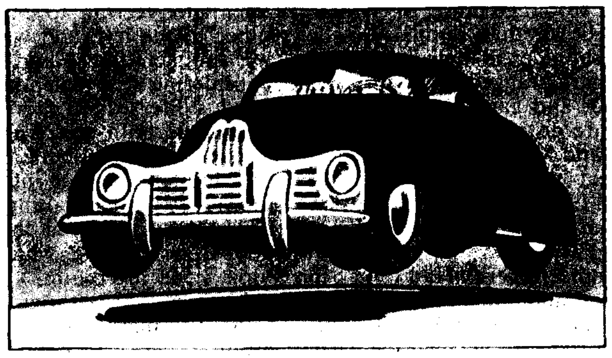
It was a weary ride upon all but exhausted horses down the stream of the Ficinio to the broader Po. We had not eaten since dawn, and because we wore the insignia of the Black Bands we durst not ask for food or shelter, because in all that land we were hated because of the cruelties our men had inflicted upon the peasantry. So we found shelter in a sort of sty, and I doffed my armor and lay me down in the foul straw.

I thought of Betsy and of My Lord Giovanni, and what disaster this defeat had brought to his fortunes; I thought of my mother, wondering if she were in good health; and of my father and the business he had sent me to transact in Florence. It seemed to me he would be discontented with me, and angry at my long delay in coming home. I was not pleased with myself, and nothing in the world seemed right or pleasing. But ever and ever again my heart compelled my mind to return to Betsy. How could I find her? If I found her what would I find? I despaired. A future in which she had no part seemed black and dreary indeed.

Then, suddenly, I slept, and when I awakened, Christoforo crouched in a corner frying eggs on his breastplate. Of all the men I have ever known, he was

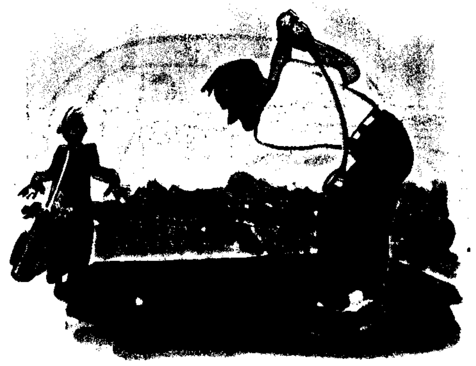


Strike, spare or miss, it took the same amount of energy to roll the ball down the alley. In 3 games, you'll "burn" about 10 oz. of dextrose.



As gasoline is fuel for your motor, dextrose is fuel for your body. Even just rolling along a quiet road, your body will "burn" nearly 1 oz. of dextrose per hour. Just think what you use in Sunday traffic!

NOTE: *In these examples, calorie expenditure is expressed in equivalent quantities of dextrose sugar, the immediate source of body energy.*



The 100-shooter may use more dextrose, but even an under par golfer uses about 16 oz. of dextrose for 18 holes. That's why soft drinks, enriched with dextrose, renew energy at the 19th hole.

What Do You Do For Fun?

From Archery to Zither playing, you can have fun in many ways.

To enjoy your favorite sport thoroughly, you should maintain your "E. Q.", your Energy Quota. It gives you power for every movement, every thought, every breath.

Medical research has determined the amount of energy you expend in every activity. This may be measured in calories or translated into quantities of dextrose sugar, because dextrose is the basic carbohydrate of the body. It is the natural "fuel" sugar of the body, the chief source of all energy. Like any other fuel, dextrose creates energy when it is "burned" in body tissues.

Read the captions under the pictures on this page.

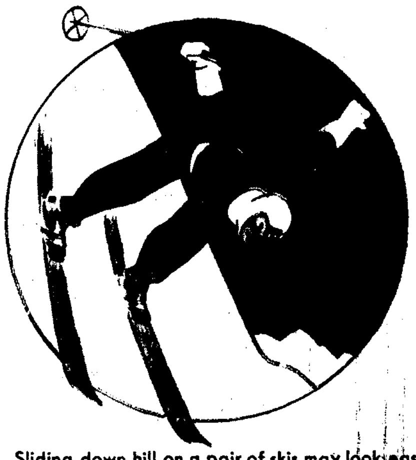
Whether you just "sit this one out" or take an active part, you are constantly using dextrose sugar for energy.

This page is presented for your interest by Corn Products Refining Company, one of the producers of dextrose.

- *Incidentally, while reading this page, your mind and body will have used about 1/8 oz. of dextrose.*

How much energy you expend in fishing depends on whether you're content to sit and watch a bobbing cork or prefer to wade in a trout stream. You will use up to 7 oz. of dextrose an hour.

Reading or listening to radio are small exertions—but do you know that in a quiet evening at home you use about 1½ oz. of dextrose an hour?



Sliding down hill on a pair of skis may look easy, but it's skillful exercise as well as good fun. An afternoon on the ski-trail will use nearly 16 oz. of dextrose.

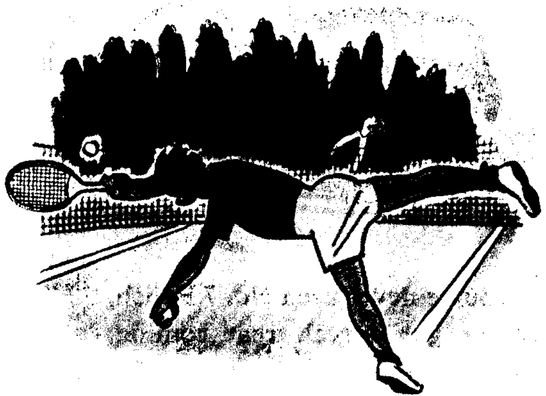
You may swim like a fish, or just paddle around. In either case you're exercising lungs, arms and legs, using up energy at the rate of at least 7 oz. of dextrose per hour.

FRED COOPER

Spading, seeding, hoeing, weeding may be work for some people, but they're fun for most men when spring is in the air. You'll "burn" up to 4 oz. of dextrose sugar an hour in the garden.

Whether you're a jitterbug or enjoy a Viennese waltz, you're expending energy replaceable by dextrose sugar. Even in a quiet one-step you would use about 2 oz. of dextrose per hour.

Serious bridge players fidget on their chairs, walk around the table . . . expend physical as well as mental energy at the rate of about 1½ oz. of dextrose sugar per hour.



Even spectators following the ball use about 1 oz. of dextrose per hour. Tennis players themselves consume as much as 20 oz. in a match. Many champions nibble candy bars between sets, because most candy contains dextrose, food-energy sugar.

Nice work if you can get it! But even at rest, you consume almost 1 oz. of dextrose an hour, because you need energy to power every breath, every move, every thought. © C. P. R. Co., 1947

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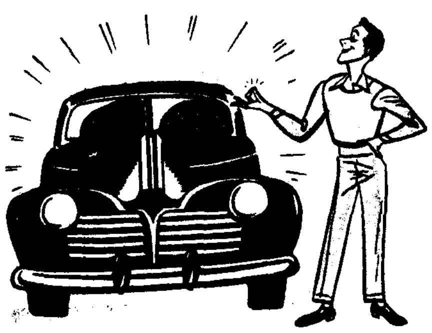

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... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

the most skillful at finding food where even a raven would go hungry.

We rode down that Lombard valley shoulder to shoulder in the sunshine, and though haggard, ragged men cursed us as we passed, and gaunt urchins stoned us from a safe distance, we came at last to Piacenza and My Lord Giovanni, who suffered great pain but would not be content until I had described the battle to him, and that part in it that our Black Bands had played.

"Had I but been there! Had I but been there! Curses upon their foul artillery. He has hit upon a new kind of warfare," My Lord said. "It won the battle. It will win other battles. Pietro, such as thou and I are fated to vanish. Aye and all armored knights and gendarmes."

The good Cardinal Salviati sat by his bedside, his wise, kindly face troubled and his thoughts upon matters higher than belching muzzles and pikemen.

"Always and ever," he said, "men devise how they shall slaughter one another in new and foul ways," he said gently. "Who is there anywhere who labors to contrive new ways of gentleness, or to exalt reason, or bring us nearer to God? The world is in dire travail. The Turk carries all before him and marches toward Vienna. When all Christendom should join to repel the pagan, they fight with one another."

"There is always the Pope," said My Lord bitterly.

"Nay, brother, rail not at Pope or church. The church is founded upon a rock and will prevail, and the rock is the teachings of Him who ordained that there should be peace upon earth and good will to men. The church is ill, Giovanni, sick with the grievous malady of wealth and power. Those who rule the church forget that its kingdom is not one of lands and cities and principalities and of armies, but in the great, universal heart of all mankind. In all lands and climes there be little priests and monks and friars who do keep alive the flame, and live in poverty and virtue. There, my brother, lives the leadership. At the bottom and not at the top. The fault is not with church, but with those into whose unfit hands has fallen the outward rule of church."

These matters were too high for my brain, and I feared I tired My Lord, for the Cardinal had glanced at me warningly.

"What orders hast thou for me and the bands?" I asked.

"My wife hath sped to Rome to work in my behalf," he said wryly. "For it seems I shall need it. I myself, when my wound permits, will go to the restorative mud baths at Abana. My command to thee, Pietro, is that you go forthwith to Trebbio, where will come my wife and son. look well to their safety."

WE RESTED that night, Christoforo and I, and next morning, albeit reluctantly, we left my master and set forth on the long journey to Trebbio. For days we rode southwesterly through a land where there was neither merriment nor plenty, for the plague had laid its foul hand heavily upon the land, and great wars breed famine and want among the poor people who, in the end, must foot the bill. All Italy was divided and neighbor preyed upon neighbor and there was no order and no good will. It caused me to yearn for England, where we try to arrange things better.

Christoforo was gay and bellowed ribald songs, but as for me, there was no pleasure in the journey but only heaviness of heart, and black fears and hopelessness. For the more I thought about it the less I was able to hope that Betsy was still among the living.

We were still a day from Trebbio, and mountains now lifted themselves on all sides of us. At midday the smell of approaching spring was in the air and Christoforo sang more lustily. Traveling thus we came to a fork in the way with one path veering to the right and the other to the left, and we debated which we should follow, and while we were considering it, a splendid buck running for his life leaped from a thicket and passed us with graceful leaps. Behind him dogs gave tongue, and then came the hunters riding intent upon their quarry. Without waiting word from me Christoforo followed them to the right and I, not caring which direction we took, rode after him.

Now it is a strange and wonderful thing, as I have learned, how small a decision will cause so large a result; and how, by taking one turn of the road at a fork a man's whole life will become a completely different thing from what it would have been had he taken the other.

In a little time a wide valley opened before us between the cliffs, and it seemed a greener valley than any we had seen. We could see the buck running freely and hear the dogs and the shouts of the huntsmen. Then there was sudden silence, and the hunters were among the dogs, beating them back from the trail—and the buck ran a little way farther and then stopped and lowered its head and commenced to nibble at the young grass as if neither dogs nor hunters were within miles of it. The dogs stood slavering and straining, and the huntsmen sat their horses and looked longingly and with chagrin at the buck. But they did not move so much as an inch.

THEN I saw planted in the ground before them a tiny white cross, and at a distance another tiny white cross, and farther along another, so that, as far as I could see, small holy roods grew in a line like some hedge or boundary marking. And neither horse nor dog crossed this line.

It was a marvel past understanding, so I rode up to the young lord who led the hunt and spoke him courteously.

"Ser Huntsman," said I, "what be these crosses? And, having passed them, why is yon deer fearless of thee and these who hunt with thee?"

He looked at me and his eyes narrowed when he saw the insigne I wore, but he replied with grudging courtesy.

"Beyond this hedge of crosses," he said, "there is refuge. Aye, for hunted beast or for hunted man."

"But I see no wardens to enforce it."

"There be none that the eye can see."

"This must be land of a very potent lord," I said to him.

"Beyond this line," he said, "is neither sword nor pike nor soldier to bear them. But I had sooner swim a river infested with foul crocodiles, than to cross this boundary meaning violence to any living creature."

"Now here is a marvel," I said, wonderingly. "Of what is thy fear?"

"There be worse and more permanent damages to a man than sword hacks in his flesh," he said.

Then he turned away from me and commanded his party to leash the dogs, and they rode away hastily and silently as if from a spot ridden by a murrain. Christoforo and I peered after them and then at each other, and there was no grin upon his face but only a sort of awe.

"Now what is this?" he asked. "Have we come to the domain of some sorcerer?"

"We have come to something that is a mystery," said I gravely, "and I cannot ride on content until I know more."

"Nay," said he, and shivered, "let us go on our way lest some uncanny thing befall us. I like not traffic with witches nor warlocks. For, though they may not damage the body they be potent to wound the soul."

But such curiosity gripped me that I was determined, and I rode forward saying "We mean neither harm nor violence to any, so we do not violate this strange sanctuary. We be weary and

Can you recognize the unlucky SEVEN SYMPTOMS* in your family?

THE UNLUCKY SEVEN
1. Digestive Upset
2. Poor Appetite
3. Lack of Pep
4. Cranky and Irritable
5. Heartburn
6. Headachy
7. Washed-Out Look

*Due to irregularity

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Take Saraka tonight, to start your day right. Results are so nearly natural, there's no usual "laxative sensation" with Saraka! Your own doctor can tell you about Saraka's superiority.

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Both children and adults prefer Saraka because it's tasteless! It's more economical too. Make sure you get the original Saraka in the orange and yellow box. Caution: Use only as directed. Double your money back if not delighted. At drug counters everywhere.

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49¢ for twenty helpings

The Original Pure Vegetable
SARAKA
SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

hungry and seek sanctuary ourselves. I must penetrate to the meaning of this."

He followed me, not liking it at all. We rode past the grazing buck who lifted his head to peer at us with mild, unstartled eyes, and as the path climbed gently upward a small, furry creature came out of a bush and ran beside us and gamboled, and a bold bird upon a bough that my hand could have touched, swelled its little throat in song.

"Have we," I asked, for a strange feeling was upon me, "come to the Garden of Eden?"

"Rather to some lair of necromancers," said Christoforo.

But anon we saw beside the path a little shrine in which stood a sweetly carven crucifix and I was comforted, for no agents of Satan could abide the presence of that holy symbol.

Then came a turn in the path and a glade in the midst of which was a hut of white stones and before it stood a tall man garbed altogether in white, with sandals of white leather. His beard was golden and his hair was golden and his eyes were brown. And on his outstretched arms perched birds of many kinds, and a large bird sat upon his crown. It seemed to me they were talking together in perfect understanding. His face was a noble face but not stern, and he smiled very gently at me and spoke to his birds.

"Go away now, little friends," he said. "Guests come to claim my attention." And then to me, "Ser Englishman, thou art welcome. I expected thee."

"But," I said, "I knew not myself that I was coming, or that there was such a place to come to."

"Hadst thou taken the other turning," said the man, "an invitation would have been given thee. So get down from thy horses and rest and refresh thyselves."

"Thou art of the church," said I.

"As thou art of the world," he said, and smiled again.

"What is thy order?" I asked.

"I be of no fellowship, but of all fellowships. Thou art upon an island of peace in a world at war. See," he said, "a friend is coming."

I looked to see who the friend might be, and saw coming up the path a ragged, small maid, and she came closer and peered at me out of big wistful eyes and stood wordless. At first I did not know her, for many months had passed, but then I remembered. It was the girl child who had been harried by Count Riario and whom I had rescued from the tree.

"Thou art Beatrice," said I.

"I am Beatrice," she answered softly.

"Thy father, Tasso," I asked, "is he safe and well?"

"Aye," she answered, "and speaks thy name often in gratitude."

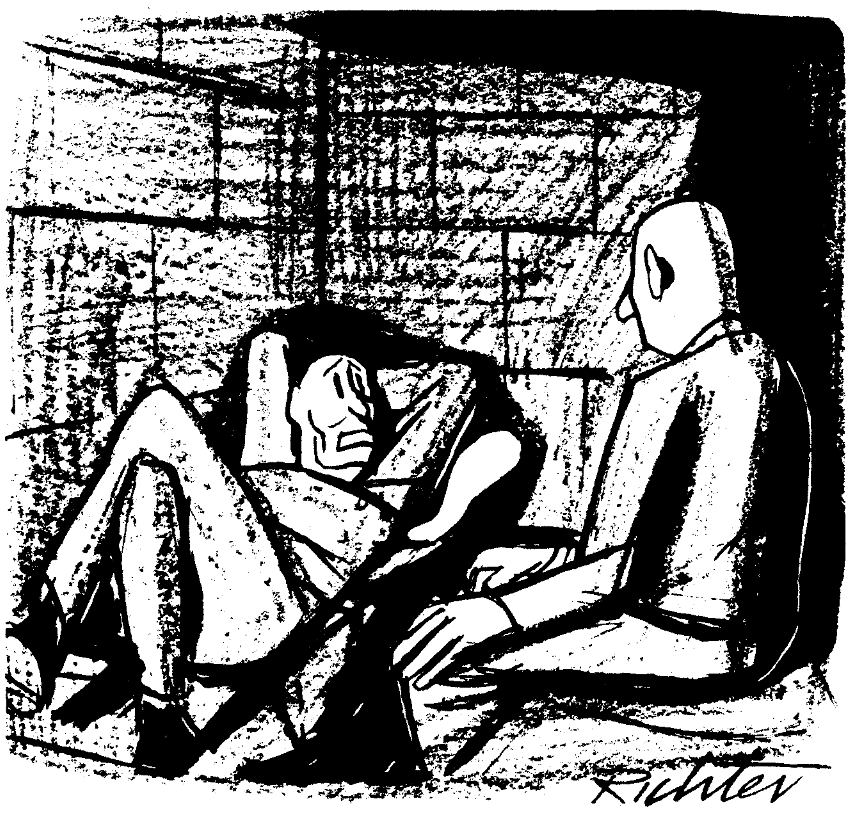
"Even," said the man in white, "as thou dost befriend the least of these thou dost befriend also Him." He turned and led us into the hut which was plain to austerity. With his own hands he set forth wine and bread and food compounded of vegetables, but no flesh or fowl. His eyes twinkled as he saw Christoforo's face fall.

"It will fill thee and amply sustain thee," he said, "though no living thing has died to satisfy thy appetite. Fall to."

WE ATE with zest, for the food was good and the wine sparkling, but I was not altogether at ease because of the maid, who crouched with her back against the wall and stared and stared at me, even as she had before the fire on the night I rescued her from Riario.

When we were finished and she had cleared away, our host began to speak to us, and we sat entranced, for his voice was golden, and his words flowed forth as if he wove the pattern of a wondrous tapestry of many colored threads. He made me to see life as it should be in a world where no man harmed man nor beast harmed beast; where there was no rancor nor hatred nor brutal selfishness nor lust for power. He spoke of a world in which every man's platter should be heaped with food because the bountiful earth could provide enough for all if it were but permitted to do so, and wherein there should be no England nor France nor Venice nor Spain divided against one another—but all one people living in friendship. He spoke harshly of no man, but gently of all, holding that men are not evil of themselves, but are forced to do evil until they come to love evil—forced to do evil by a world of chaos not organized for virtue.

"So," he said, "I have created this little oasis of peace as an example, praying daily and nightly that each year its borders shall spread an inch or a yard or a mile, until in the fullness of time it shall cover the whole world—and bring the Kingdom of Heaven down from the skies



"You can't change cops just by slugging and shooting them. It's gotta be done by education"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

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A wolf that we know found himself in a mess
For onions he loved, he just had to confess.
Shunned by the girls, you will surely surmise,
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You're right as can be... so now he is making
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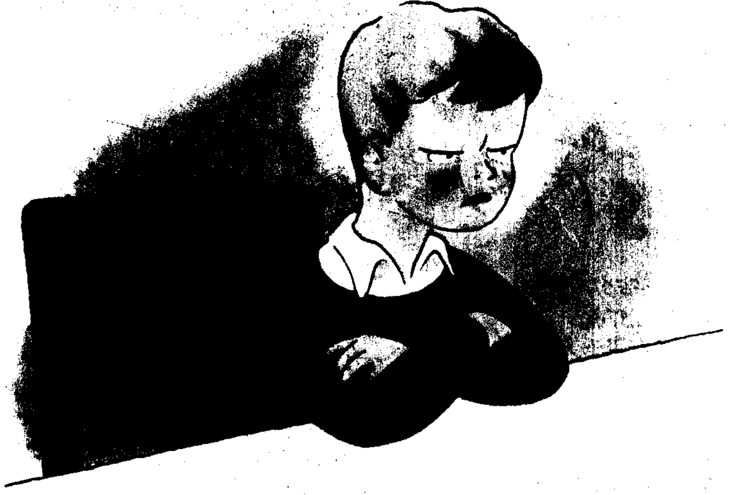
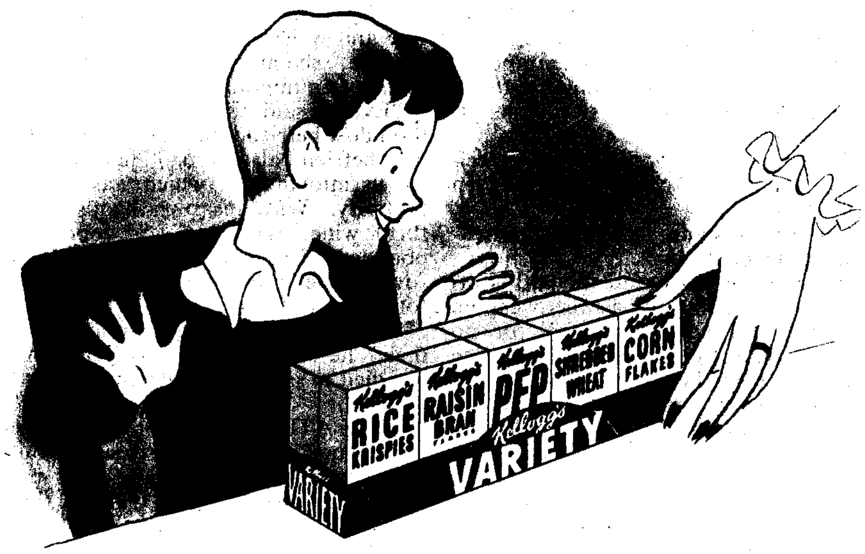
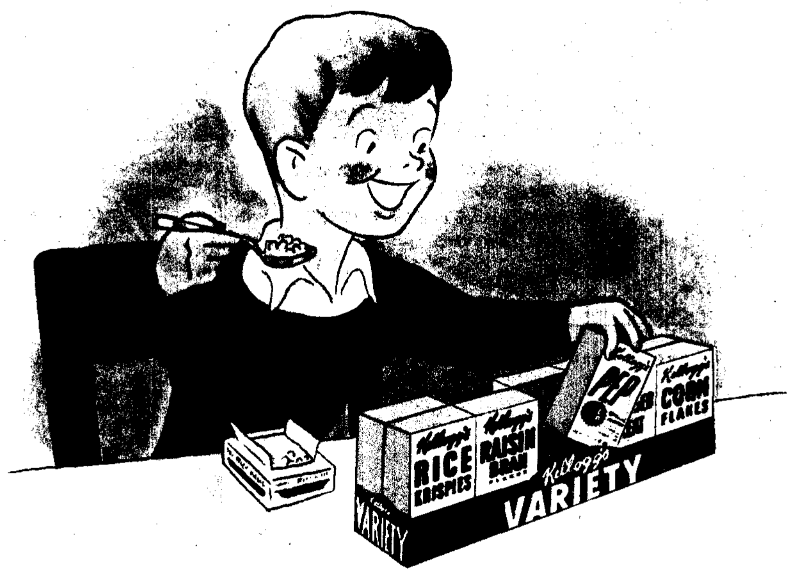


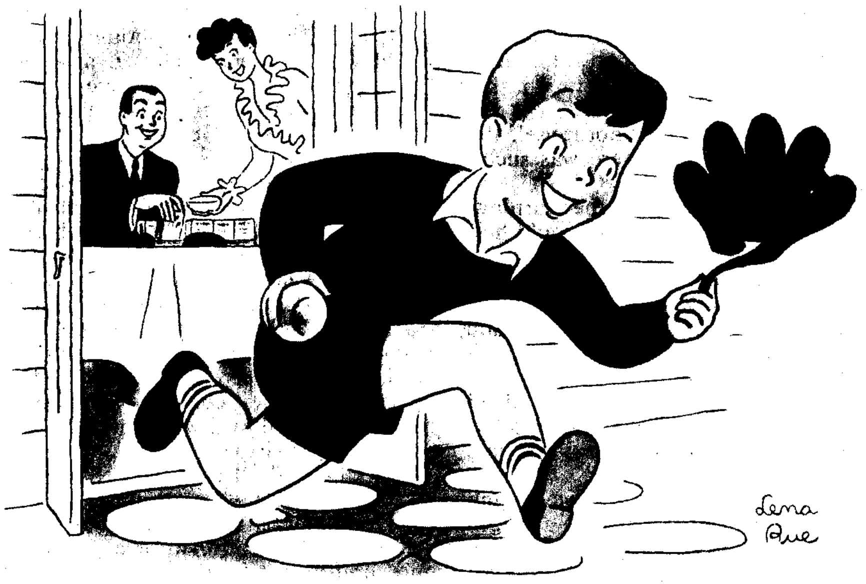
1. STATES FIRMLY THAT HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EATING THIS MORNING. PRACTICALLY DARES HIS MOTHER TO GET BREAKFAST INTO HIM.


Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN
Kellogg's PEP
Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Kellogg's VARIETY
VARIETY

2. BRIGHTENS UP AT SIGHT OF KELLOGG'S **VARIETY**. DISCOVERS HE CAN PICK AND CHOOSE FROM FLAKED, POPPED AND SHREDDED CEREALS – EACH A FAVORITE.


Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN
PEP
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Kellogg's VARIETY
VARIETY

3. SO TICKLED HE EATS BOTH KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES AND KELLOGG'S PEP. FINDS IT'S FUN TO EAT FROM KEL-BOWL-PAC. (THE BOX IS THE BOWL – NO DISHES TO WASH.)



4. GOES OUT FUELED UP FOR MORNING'S FUN – LEAVING FAMILY HAPPILY PICKING OWN FAVORITES FROM KELLOGG'S GREAT **VARIETY!** TRY IT FOR BETTER, BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS!

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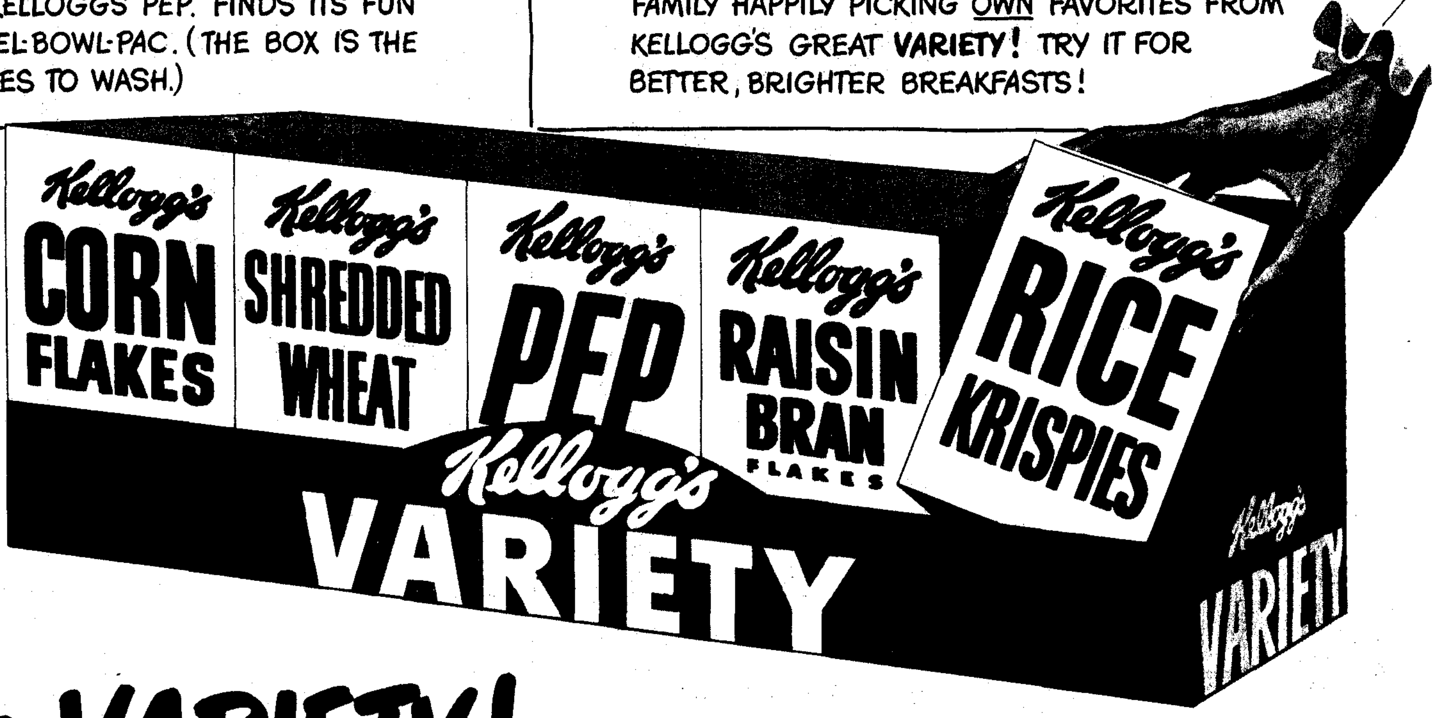
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT
Kellogg's PEP
Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN FLAKES
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Kellogg's VARIETY

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10 GENEROUS PACKAGES OF YOUR FAVORITE KELLOGG'S CEREALS

so that men must not die to possess it, but it shall be theirs from birth."

After a time he roused himself. "But today," he said patiently, "we must deal with life as it is." He glanced at me with friendly eyes. "Though this be a secluded and remote spot," he said, "news doth come to us by many tongues. Such as the tongue of Beatrice who doth visit here from time to time. Thou dost travel to Trebbio. But not without watching eyes upon thy movements. There is a monk, and the Count Riario is again no distant neighbor of thine."

"There is a maid, My Father," said I, "a most mysterious maid who doth appear in many guises and going by divers names. In the great battle she vanished utterly. Doth thy knowledge embrace if she be alive or dead?"

"I cannot reassure thee," he said. "It is a thing the sniffing monk craves to know as strongly as thou. But, Ser Englishman, bethink thee. Would one so apt and so adroitly wise as she be like to linger overlong upon a battlefield? Or stay beyond a time when her purpose was accomplished, or it became a purpose incapable of accomplishment? Thou dost love this woman?"

"Aye," I told him.

"Is she worthy of thy love?" he asked.

"I know not. I fear she is not such as my mother would welcome," I said miserably. "But I do love her all the same."

His brown, wise eyes studied me, and what went on in the brain that lighted them I do not know. "Thou art a simple, clumsy, honest man, Ser Englishman, but not so dull of wits, mayhap, as thou thyself dost think. Let not thy courage flag nor thy hope be dimmed."

He stood up and pointed to pallets spread by Beatrice upon the floor. "Sleep in hope," he said. "When thou wakest I shall be gone. But I shall see thee again, I think. I shall see thee once again.". . .

WE AWOKE with the dawn, and the maid Beatrice came in with food and served us with downcast eyes. When we were finished we went out to find our horses saddled at the door.

Then the maid came hesitantly from the door and stood by my stirrup. She looked up most forlornly.

"Ser Pietro," she said, "the way is long to my father's lair."

"Yet you come here," I said "—and alone."

"I must know peace if only for a few days each year," she said. And then, dropping her eyes and flushing rosy: "Wilt grant that I get up and ride behind thee today? For the stones be hard and our ways run together."

"Lift the child up," I said to Christoforo, and he tossed her as if she were a feather so that she sat behind me on the horse and put a round arm about me to hold herself steady. And so we made off without farewell to the saintly man who had been our host, for before we awakened he had departed upon some mission. We rode down the winding path, and when we were about halfway I saw some creature darting from clump to clump—that is, if a creature may lurch and dart at the same time. I reined in my horse, for the thing seemed neither human nor beast at that distance and in that dim light. But when next it moved I noted the flutter of garments. It did not seem well to me that something should lurk there, flitting and hiding in this place of peace, so I swung my horse toward it. There was a black beard below a tangled mass of white hair, and no light of reason was in the man's eyes but only fear. And I recognized the madman John-Peter the dwarf had brought to my tent to be taken to his mistress and who had escaped when we encountered the Count Riario at Betsy's door.

"Harm him not," said Beatrice. "It is the witless one. Ever and anon he comes hither from his wanderings."

She spoke to him gently, and the fear went out of his eyes and he reached up a claw to caress her foot, and she soothed him with words until he stood as erect as his maimed body would allow.

"Niccolo Gozzoli," I said, "dost remember me?" But he only trembled and gazed at Beatrice piteously.

"This madman," said I, "is of some mysterious value to one who is dear to me but may be dead. It is a strange thing that I should find him thus, and there may be some meaning to it. She may have future need of him if, as I pray urgently, she be alive. Why doth he not remain here where he would find kindness?"

"It is a quest," she said.

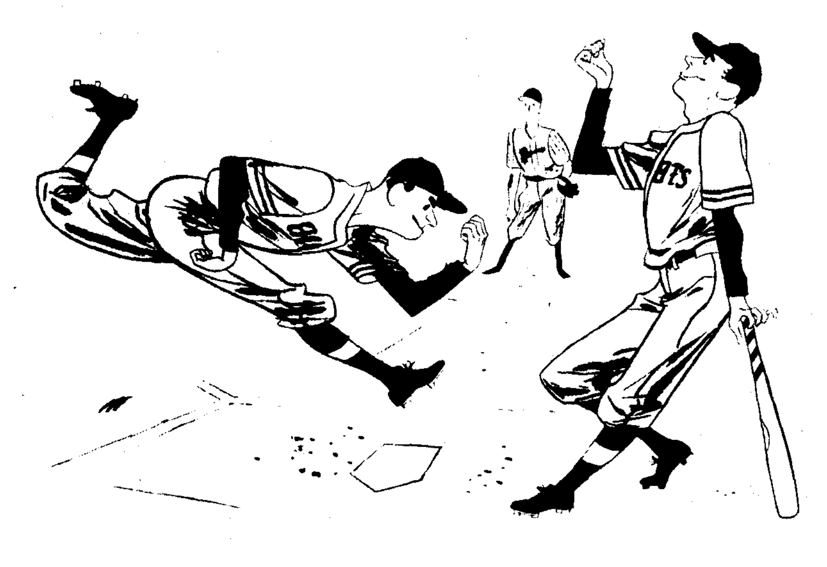
"How can a madman have a quest?"

"It may be a part of his madness," she said, "but there is a firm compulsion upon him to search and he cannot escape from it."

"For what does he seek?" I asked.

"A child," she said softly.

I sat and looked down upon him, and my heart went out to him because some thread of fate tied him to Betsy, and it was as if I had found in my path a lock of her hair or some bracelet dropped from her wrist. I studied the matter and it seemed a providential thing that I had found him again and that my duty to Betsy was to cling to him until I could give him to her, if she still lived.



SPORTING ODDS

In the last half of the eighth of a 1941 Rochester-Buffalo game, Rochester needed one run to tie up the game. Augie Bergamo was on third, and another runner on first, with two out. Rochester put Redmond in to pinch-hit. He struck out, but the third strike eluded Catcher Dixie Parsons and rolled back to the stands. As Parsons went for the ball, Bergamo crossed the plate and the runner on first came around to third, where he was called safe on a close play. Then, as Third Baseman Bob Boken looked up, he was amazed to see Redmond just starting down the first-base line. Boken lobbed the ball over to first and threw Redmond out easily.

All the time, Redmond had been standing at the plate congratulating Bergamo for his tying run. He finally woke up, but too late to make first and make Bergamo's run count.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tenn.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"Niccolo Gozzoli," I said. "I mean thee no harm, but only comfort. Wilt come with me so that I can care for thee? There is one who awaits thee."

The cloud passed from his eyes and they were eager, and he spoke in that voice of silver which I remembered well.

"Doth she await me, my mistress?"

"One awaits who will receive thee kindly," I said.

He turned his troubled eyes upon Beatrice as if to ask her to decide the matter, and she said softly, "Come with him, for he will not harm thee, and thou canst trust him even as I do."

"Take him up behind thee, Christoforo," I said, and my friend and follower grimaced hideously and held his nose. "A most unfair and bitter world," he said. "To the master a soft maid, smelling sweetly; to the man a hideous, malodorous creature without shape or wits."

Nevertheless he hoisted Niccolo Gozzoli and his addled wits to the rump of his horse and mounted before him.

BUT the marvels of the morning were not ended because, when we came to the hedge of white crosses there sat hesitant and fearful upon a piebald ass the dwarf John-Peter; he glowered at me.

"John-Peter," I asked eagerly, "what of her? What of thy mistress?"

"I know not," he said. "I left before the great battle, following the crazy wanderings of this madman whom thou didst allow to escape thee." Then his eyes took fire. "No thanks to thee if she be not dead or worse! Where wert thou when she needed protection on that bloody day? Aye, when she had need of thee thou didst fail her, and I hate thee for it."

"Hate me or not," I said bitterly, "turn thy beast and follow us. For from this day we three stay together until we find her or learn her fate."

"Whither?" he asked sullenly.

"To Trebbio," I said.

So, growling in his throat, John-Peter fell in behind us and we rode on into country less clement and abounding in rocks and gorges and mountains.

We rode until noon and then alighted for rest, and Beatrice produced a bag ample with food so that we ate and were refreshed and as we sat I sought for some word of hope from the dwarf.

"John-Peter," I said, "despair is no light burden upon a man's heart. Tell me truly, hast no word to lighten it?"

"An I had," he said, "I would not give it thee. For she did laugh at thee."

"That I know," I said, "but I cannot help it. I have but one desire and hope, which is to see her alive and to serve her faithfully with my foolishness."

The girl Beatrice lowered an untasted morsel from her lips. "Dost love this lady," she asked, "with all thy heart? So that thou wouldst die for her?"

"That is the way of it," I said.

"It is a sad happiness to love in that manner," she said. "To love and to be thought little of. Yet, methinks, it is better that love come in that way than that it never come at all."

I was convinced that no one living knew so much of love and its joys and sorrows as I. I did not want to talk about it further. "Beatrice," said I, "these roads be familiar to thee. Shall we reach Trebbio this night?"

"Nay," she said, "but traveling at our slow pace we may reach it before sundown tomorrow."

"Then tonight," I said, "we sleep in the hills."

We mounted our horses again, and we were a strange company to be riding together through the mountains: a madman and a tattered maid and an English merchant's son who had been made a knight without desiring it, and a soldier who fought for the love of it and for booty. And a dwarf who had no right place in the world because of his dwarfishness. I thought of him then for the first time as a human being like myself, but denied full fellowship because he was a thing distorted of stature and comical to look upon. But for all that, he had a brain within his skull as other men have, and a heart within his breast. It astonished me to think of it—that he, John-Peter, a homunculus, might be moved by the things that moved a normal man.

Beatrice told us that we could find lodgment for the night in an inn some miles before us called the Barbary Lion. Long before we reached it there came to our ears sounds of merriment and musical instruments and song which grew louder as we progressed. When we entered the courtyard of the inn we found gathered around a crackling fire more than a score of men and women, who bellowed welcome to us. To me it seemed that here were gathered the very pick and choice of all the oddities in the world, for there was a great giant nigh eight feet from toe to crown, and a man all spotted white and blue, and a one-legged man who was dancing with astonishing great leaps into the air. There was one clad like a Turk, and a dwarf with black skin and woolly hair that stood out around his head like an ebony halo. There were men and there were women and a couple of children. But all were so gay as to warm your heart.

THE huge giant picked up the dwarf and sat him upon his shoulder and came to meet us, his enormous, simple face split by a grotesque grin.

"Welcome, brother," he bellowed to John-Peter. "I be somewhat taller in stature than thou but we be of the same trade, but thou and the noble Hannibal who perches upon my shoulder must not be jealous of each other."

Forthwith he snatched John-Peter from the saddle and plopped him down upon his other shoulder, and the two gnomes glared at each other and spat like a pair of cats, and John-Peter fetched the giant a buffet on the ear.

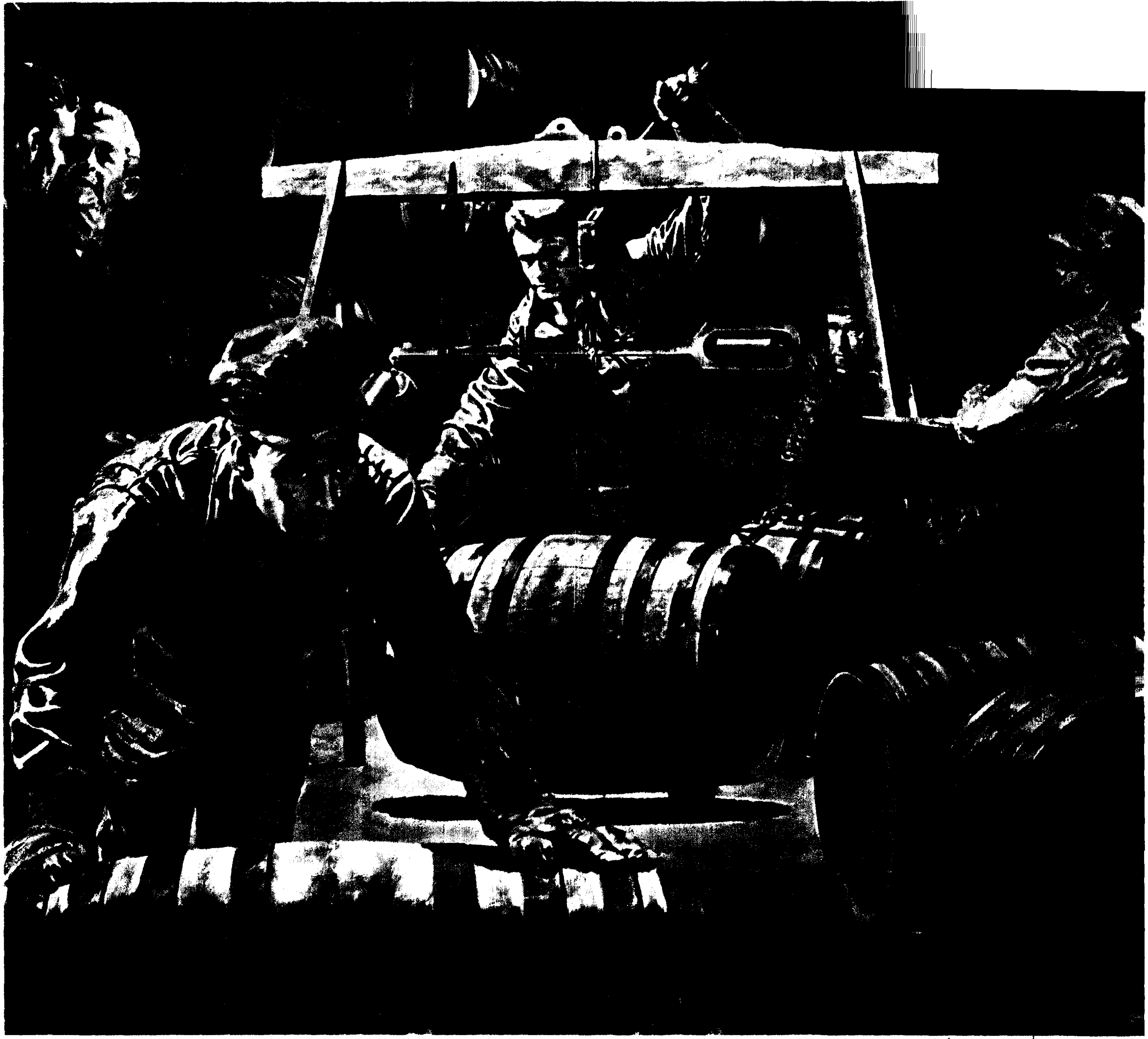
"I am no strolling oddity to exhibit myself to the laughter of unwashed apprentices," he raved. "Somewhat small I am, but nevertheless a man. Let me down, thou overgrown baboon!"

"Bid the landlord to broach a cask that we may warm the inner parts of us that this fire doth not reach," I said.

So we alighted, and the giant put John-Peter on his feet, and all gathered around us to ask the news.

"We be weary," said I. "Let us first bespeak beds for the night."

"There be no beds left," said the Turk;



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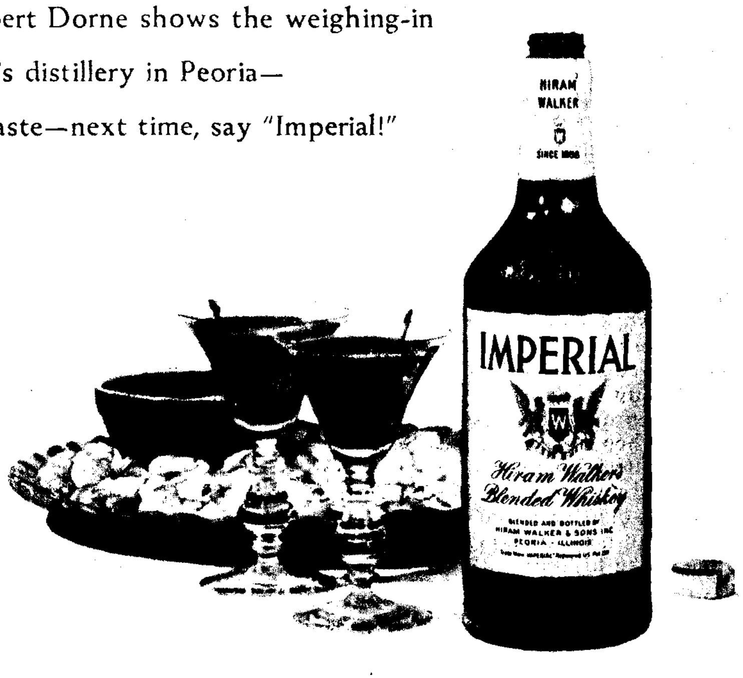

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"the inn is full. Ye must be content with a bed of straw beside our fire."

"Aye," said a bean-pole man with merry eyes, "and I will sell thee an indulgence to leave thy wife and take another, or a potion that hath marvelous power to draw a maid to thee and make her love thee dearly; or a sure ward against the plague or boils upon thy posterior. Or Mother Rosina shall tell thy future plain and exact. But name thy desire."

"Whence come ye?" I asked. "And where is thy destination?"

"We be from the high carnival in Venice and we journey to Florence," said the seller of indulgences, "to reap the riches that come in time of peace. For the King of France is a prisoner. The Pope trembles under his crown and war is hushed for the time." He looked at me slyly. "Even the Black Bands," he said, "are unemployed."

"If the inn be full," I said, "right gladly will we join thy company. But this is a remote place. What travelers cause this glut of custom for the landlord?"

"I know not, save that they be armed men and unfriendly."

AS HE spoke there came to the door a scowling young man—no common soldier but someone of rank.

"Cease thy caterwauling," he commanded harshly. "My ears be deafened with it. Silence there. Or I will have ye driven out with whips."

Now I like not arrogance, nor that those in high places should be harsh toward those below them. These good people were but amusing themselves in all innocence, and it went against me that this popinjay should lord it over them.

I stood erect and stepped forward. "There may be two words to such a lashing," I said. "These merry folk do damage to none. If their lightness of heart doth irk thy ears then stuff them."

He glowered at me. "A cockerel!" he said.

"Aye," said I, "with sharpened spurs."

"Whose comb needs cutting," he said.

"Come thou and cut it," I told him.

Then I saw that the men of our company no longer wore merry faces, but that they were hard and harsh in the flickering light that also caused to gleam knives that they had drawn from their garments. Carefree and gay they were, but their lives were hard and they had known need to protect themselves often and often. The youth in the doorway bent forward and peered at me, and his face grew intent.

"Had I not matters of importance to attend to," he said, "I would accommodate thee gladly."

"Come to me again," I said, "in thy first moment of leisure. Meantime, my friends will strike up a merry lay. Sing right heartily, friends, to instruct this gentleman that songs are more pleasant to the ears of God than threats."

He turned then, with no other word, and walked back through the open door and slammed it soundly behind him. Beatrice, who stood beside me, plucked at my arm.

"Ser Pietro," she said, "it is the younger brother of the Count Riario."

"I care not," said I, "if it be his father and all his uncles," for I was angry at the arrogance of him.

"Bethink thee," she cautioned me. "Why is he here—across thy path to Trebbio?"

Her words caused me to pause and consider. In the presence of the brother of thy enemy it were well to act with caution. "Though I doubt it," I said to Beatrice, "it could be an ambush."

"The Count Riario is a vengeful man, and thou didst rob him of his prey. For which I give thanks to God."

So I turned to the company and bade them to sing more loudly to mask any sounds I might make; and I trod softly across the courtyard to a window of the inn and raised myself so that I could peer inside. There were half a dozen men, their swords standing against the wall and their breastplates laid aside. Their heads were close together as though they discussed some plan. Among the men dressed for riding and fighting was another of different garb, and that meant everything to me. For it was an obese man in coarse brown robe; I saw the great round eyes and the blubber lips of the monk who boasted that he was the hunting dog of the Pope!

I went back to the fire and drew Cristoforo aside.

"The monk is there," I said.

"The monk!" exclaimed John-Peter. "Then it is an ambush."

"It seems so to me," I said.

"He must not have Niccolo Gozzoli," John-Peter said harshly. "Rather would I die."

"I know not about Gozzoli," said I, "but I value highly mine own skin. Now, shall we steal softly away, being warned? Or shall we remain to see what comes of it? These strollers will stand sturdily by us."

"There is more at hazard," John-Peter said, "than thy neck, or even Niccolo Gozzoli."

"Shall we stay or go?" I demanded shortly.

"The question is too deep for me," he said. "We need the advice of another."

"What other?" I demanded.

He was reluctant to speak, but necessity compelled him. "In time of need," he said, "a wise woman's advice should be sought."

"Hast lost thy mind?"

"Nay," he said, "there is one here of great experience."

"Thou art as mad as Gozzoli, John-Peter," I told him.

He was stubborn. "I move not until thou dost consult Mother Rosina," he said. "What she decides, that will I do."

It seemed a silly, foolish thing that in this moment of peril I should consult with a toothless crone, a wandering charlatan who cozened pennies from the ignorant with spurious fortunetelling. But John-Peter was set upon it—and after all, who can be certain that such a woman may not be able to peer some distance into the future.

So I strode to where she crouched with straggling gray hair about her face.

"Mother Rosina," I said, "may I consult thy wisdom?"

"To what end?" she croaked.

"To discover," I said, "if I should flee or fight?"

Painfully, with creaking joints, she lifted herself to her feet and, bedraggled, she followed me beyond the circle of firelight.

"Mother," I said, "in yonder inn is the brother of my enemy, who, or so I believe, lies in wait to do me a damage. But more important still, his companion is a monk who hath dogged my steps since first I set foot on Italy at Livorno. What, then, shall I do? Shall I remain and face it out, or shall I slink away?"

Out of the folds of her black soothsayer's dress came a hand; it touched my arm and lay there. It was not a yellow, wrinkled hand, covered with warts and blemishes. It was not the talon of an old crone, but white and slender with fingers that tapered and nails well-tended and shining. My breath caught in my throat and dizziness all but overcame me. For I knew that hand and loved it.

"Betsy!" I whispered. "Is it indeed thou? Art alive and not dead?"

"Hush," she said.

"My love!" said I. "My dear, dear love!"

I COULD think but one thought and that was that Betsy was here, alive, unharmed, and I mumbled her name over and over again in my happiness, and clung to the little hand she had placed on my arm. But she spoke to me sharply, albeit in a low tone of voice.

"Enough!" she said, and seemed to find no pleasure in my presence. "I am alive and like to cling long to life if thy clumsiness brings me not to ruin. I saw Riario's brother in the door. The monk is with him?"

I felt as if she had given me a buffet upon mine ear in return for my love and it hurt sorely. There was no softness in her nor anything save the cold, gleaming beauty of a sword blade—and the beauty was well concealed by the guise she wore.

"The monk is here," I said.

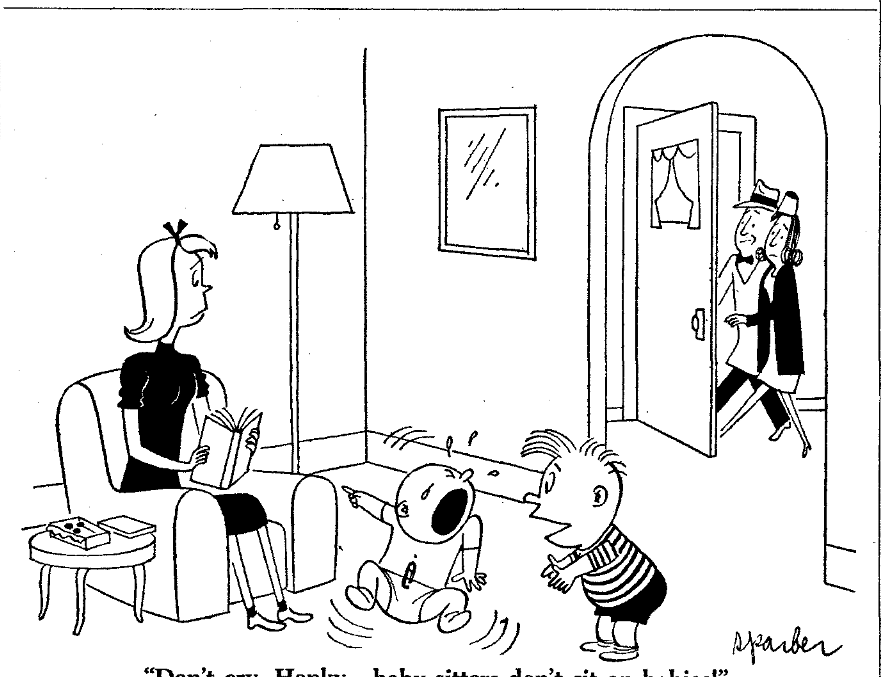
"But here," she said, "is the question whose answer we must guess. Does he lie in wait for thee or for me?"

"For me, I believe," I said. "My comings and goings have been open and overt for any to see and to follow. While thine have been stealthy and mysterious. The belief is fixed in his head that I will lead him to thee."

"Which," she said icily, "thou hast done. Matters hang in the balance more important than thy life or mine. Aye. The future of all Italy, and of Florence in particular. And of Rome. The Medici Pope hath ridden the wrong horse to disaster. That disaster must become destruction."

"Thy safety, Betsy," I said, "is more to me than all the politics in Europe." I was silent, thinking upon her determination and how stubbornly she meddled in

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



COLLIER'S "Don't cry, Hanky—baby sitters don't sit on babies!"

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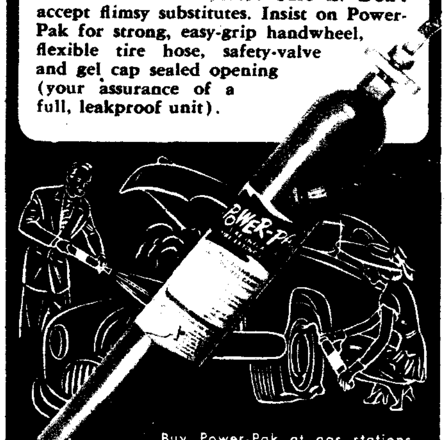

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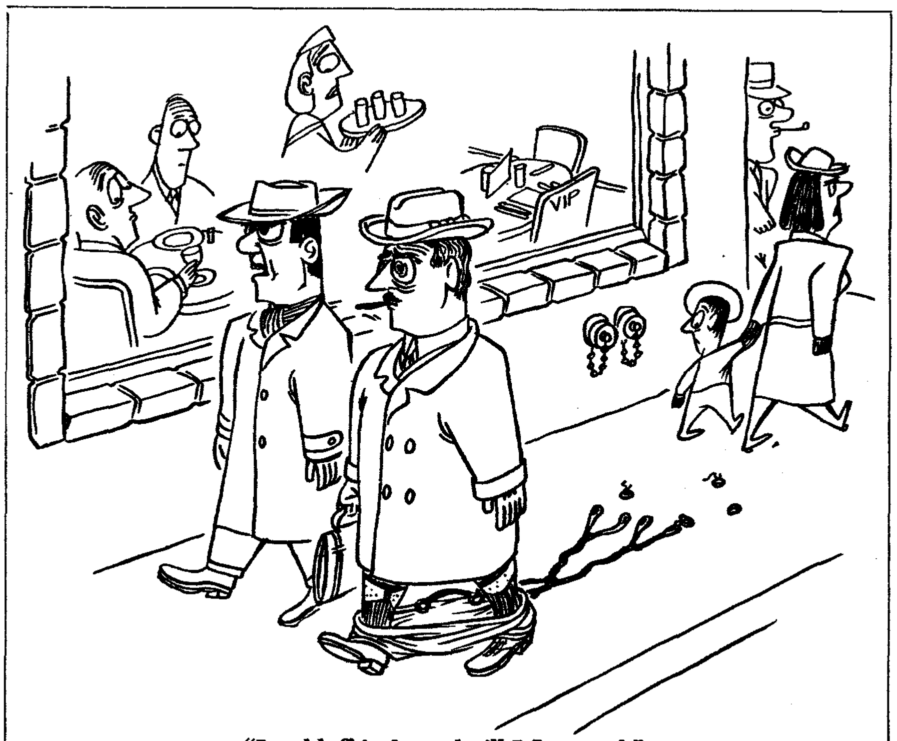


COLLIER'S "Just bluff it through till I flag a cab" VIRGIL PARTCH

high affairs. "Thou dost hate furiously," I said.

"And with cause," she answered.

Men speak of hot Italian blood, but to me that fluid seems cold and deadly, nurturing vengeance and keeping alive for years hatreds which in warmer blood would soften and fade with the fleeting of time.

"It is for thee to say," I said presently. "Shall it be flight or fight?"

"How many be against us?"

"Half a dozen—that I saw. But had I planned such an ambush I would not congregate all my men in the inn, but would conceal some upon the road both ahead and behind to cut off escape."

Then, interrupting our council, the giant came to us and towered over us, holding in his fist a great, knobbed club such as Hercules might have wielded.

"Messire," he said, "the gate be sealed against us." He motioned toward the wall that surrounded the courtyard and to the opening in it through which we had entered. "Armed men are there," he said. "They came creeping stealthily through the darkness. How many I do not know."

BETSY looked up at me, and her young eyes glowed strangely through the ancient and scraggly locks of hair that hid her face. "The decision is made for us," she said with no tremor in her voice, nor fear in her bearing.

"It is no quarrel of thine," I said to the giant.

"We be simple folk and honest," he said. "We love not robbers nor assassins."

Now I be no general, nor ever desired it; but no man of understanding may spend weeks and months in talk with My Lord Giovanni without comprehending something of the business of warfare. Therefore I stood studying our surroundings as best I could in the darkness. The campfire of the strolling mountebanks was in the middle of a courtyard shut in on two sides by walls of stone, pierced by the one gate through which we had entered. The opposite side was shut in by the mass of the inn itself and buildings appertaining thereto; and the fourth side was partly wall and partly barns and stables; before a barn rested two or three of the great two-wheeled carts common to that country. I studied all this and found little to comfort me.

I turned to those around me and said in cautious voice, "Sing, comrades, and be merry, so that we be deemed unsuspicious of danger. Methinks there will be no attack upon us till the fire burns low and we be asleep."

Then came to me a fragment of a plan, not such as My Lord would have devised, but the best my merchant's mind could manage. "Look ye," I said to them. "Let it seem that wine hath befuddled us. Ye be performers and know best the way of it. Make carnival. Though the space be small for it, let us march and sing and dance in procession about this courtyard. And because we have no great, gyrating towers with saints and angels we must make the best of it with yonder carts. First heap them high with hay from the barn, and some of ye mount them drunkenly, while others draw them in circle about the yard. Then, in the height of the frenzy, and by seeming accident, tip over one of the carts so that it doth block yon gateway. Behave ye like drunken zanies, and when the first cart is placed as though by misadventure, overturn the others with their loads of hay to make stronger the barricade. When this is done let some of ye find ropes and tie the mass together so that it cannot be moved. Is it plain what I desire?"

"We understand," said the seller of indulgences.

Then, whilst they behaved themselves as if they had taken leave of reason, I put on my armor and Christoforo did likewise. The clamor must have angered those within the inn, but none appeared to rebuke us.

Betsy came to me and stood close to me, but I dared not touch her; and she spoke softly for my ear alone.

"We cannot see the end of this," she said earnestly, "nor who shall be dead or alive at dawn. But this thou must know, Pietro. Sewn in a bundle of my rags is a packet. In this packet be secret papers and dangerous. They must reach the hands of Pietro Gradenigo, the Venetian, who is on embassy to Florence. Give me thy pledge that if ill befalls me, thou wilt carry them to him faithfully."

"What be these papers?" I asked.

"That is not thy concern."

"I make it my concern," I said straitly. "If they be baneful to My Lord Giovanni—or to My King Henry of England, I will have nought to do with the matter."

"It may be they will benefit Giovanni delle Bande Nera," she said, "and will not harm thy land of England."

"That," I said stubbornly, "is not enough. What is their purport?"

"I will not tell thee," she said.

"Then I will not touch them," I answered.

She looked up at me and saw that my mind was fixed and that she could not move it.

"They be letters," she said, "from the

Medici Pope to Francis of France, and copies of secret agreements made betwixt them."

"How came they into thy possession?"

"It was my business to get them," she said. "For that reason was I present in the encampment. When the battle turned against the French and all was dire confusion I searched among the King's possessions and found them and brought them away."

"Thou wert so bold in that slaughter and turmoil!" I marveled.

"It is my trade," she said, "as it is thy trade to deal in woolen cloths."

"Thou art more like to come through unscathed than I," I said, "but if it turn out otherwise I will do my best."

"Thou art stubborn in thy honesty," she said, not harshly.

"And thou," I said, "art an unnatural woman and untrue to thy womanhood. Thou, Betsy, art made for love and happiness and the comfort and joy of some man. But thou dost deny all this to thyself, and shut love out of thine heart to give it exclusively to politics and revenge—which is unmaidenly. Hast no normal womanly emotions? Or were they omitted from thee at birth?"

"I be more woman than thou wilt ever know, Pietro," she said. "But a compulsion is upon me. Think'st thou I could cozen and bedazzle such men as Bonnivet and others were I cold and without promise? Thou art a fool, Pietro, a great, clumsy, blundering fool without gentleness or understanding."

I looked down at her and was amazed, for two great tears welled up into her eyes and came over the lids of them and coursed down her cheeks.

"More than any man alive," she said, "thou hast power to make me hate thee."

"I am sorry for that," I said, "for I would have it the opposite."

"Which," she said, "can never be."

"God," I told her, "hath wrought even more notable miracles than that."

"But never," she said dully, "for me and mine."

I glanced at the fire and at the cavorting, screeching mountebanks who gamboled about it. They were most convincingly drunken. In their midst, crouching close to the blaze for warmth, was the shivering figure of Niccolo Gozzoli, muttering in his matted beard and unaware of the din surrounding him.

"I know not," I said, "why John-Peter doth set such store by the madman. But answer me this: Doth the monk share the secret of it?"

"How could he know?" Betsy asked.

"To discover hidden things is his trade," said I. I turned to John-Peter who would be of scant value in a pitched battle, and said to him, "They will attack us when we become quiet and sleep. I think first they will sally from the inn, and while our attention is upon them, others will strike through the gate we have blocked with the hay carts. That will be thy business. Be ready with a torch to plunge it in the dry hay."

"To make a wall of fire," he said.

I TROD again softly to the window of the inn and peered into the room. But three men were there—young Riario, and the monk and a grim-faced man with powerful shoulders and thighs and a scar down his cheek from brow to chin. The rest had gone, doubtless to fall upon our rear through the gateway. As I watched, another entered the room and they talked together for a space. Then the monk heaved his bulk upright and waddled toward the door, speaking over his shoulder. I left the window hastily and returned to the fire.

As I reached the circle of firelight the heavy door of the inn swung open and the monk appeared. He walked ponderously down the few steps to the courtyard and came toward us, and there was silence as he approached, his sandaled feet crunching the pebbles.

"Ho, good friends," he said, "the hour is late. A right blithe evening have ye enjoyed. Ye must be wearied, and there be travelers in the inn who wish to sleep and refresh themselves before they take the road tomorrow. Therefore, courteously I entreat ye to cease your caterwauling that we all may seek repose."

It was only then that he seemed to become aware of me, and started in surprise, and smiled broadly. "What, my son? Is it indeed thou? Had I but known thou wert in this company I had bidden thee inside to regale thyself in greater comfort. So thou didst escape the great battle without scathe! I had feared for thee, knowing thy rash courage. A welcome sight art thou."

"I thought not to see thee sniffing in so remote a spot," I said.

"I sniff where the trail leads," he said.

"And would the trail be mine?"

"How could it be?" he asked, brows lifted in rare surprise. "I was here before thee, my son. It is more like you followed me than that I followed thee. I was afflicted to learn of the Lord Giovanni's wound. Thy destination is Trebbio?"

"Where else?" I asked.

HIS bulging eyes roved over the company until they rested upon John-Peter, and remained there and hardened and glittered. "Now this is indeed a surprise," he said softly. "The manikin. The manikin of Florence and of Fano, and of divers other places. Not often am I surprised, and so pleasantly. For when thou art present a certain other is not far distant. Ha, Englishman," he said to me, "have I not said that if I clove to thee thou wouldst lead me to her?"

I did not dare so much as turn my eyes to glance at Betsy to see how she was taking all this talk.

"So thou, Englishman, and the dwarf did rendezvous in this place. He, by right of his dwarfishness, a member of this company of mountebanks. And she? A drawing together of the three of ye, perhaps. A girl most clever at disguises, so that even I have never seen her face to know it." He grinned at me and oil seemed to drip from the grin. "Now could she have disguised herself as yonder giant? Or that grimacing Moorish dwarf? Or one of these merry acrobats?"

"Or perhaps," I said jeeringly, "as one of the horses or performing dogs."

"She hath deceived me with things full as marvelous as that," he answered.

Then his full, pouting lips became a thin line as they pressed together, and his eyes glinted, and before I could step between—and with a speed incredible in so obese a man—he darted forward with outstretched hand and snatched at Betsy where she crouched with lowered face. When his hand came away from her it clutched her headdress and matted, tangled wig of bedraggled hair. And there, lighted by the yellow fire, was her lovely face for a moment filled with consternation; but in an instant she composed herself and was the proud and fearless lady I had known.

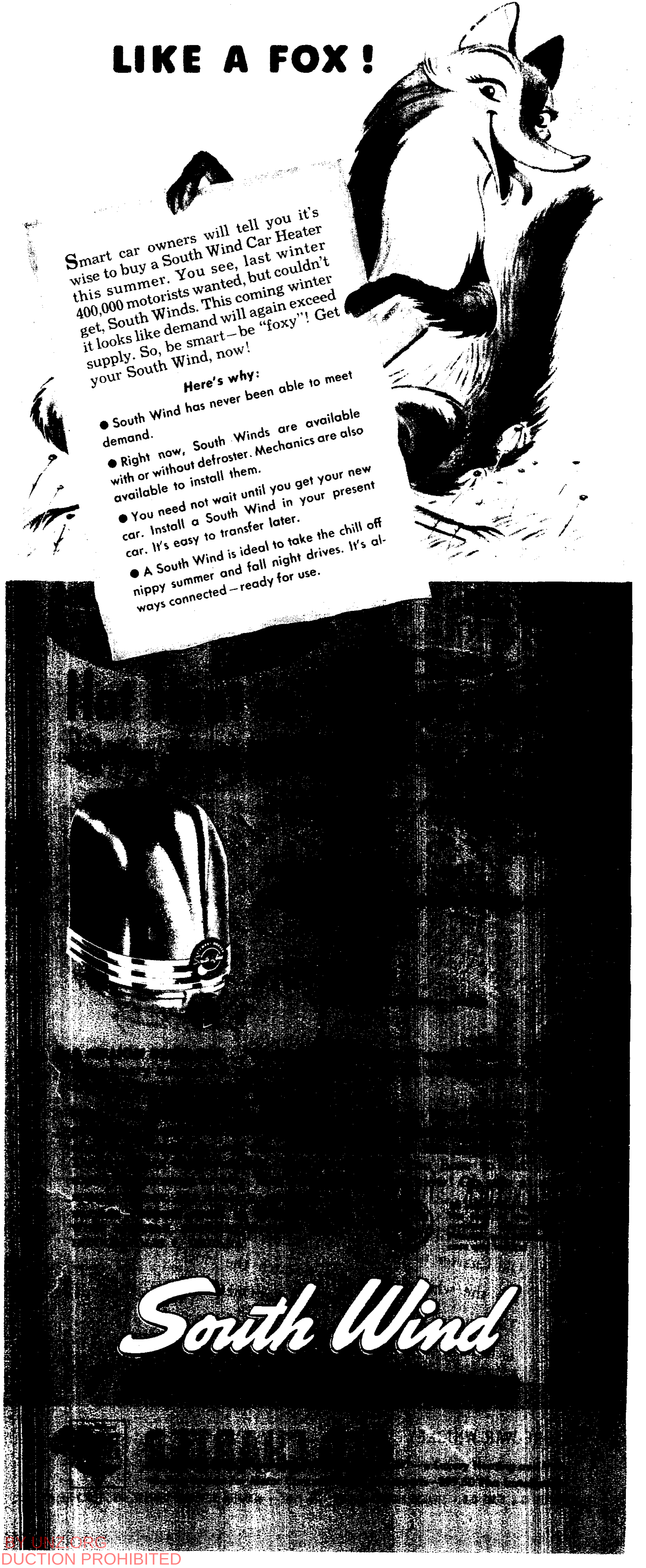
"Bonnivet's light-o'-love," he laughed, and there was gloating in his voice. "So I was not wrong. So I guessed it even then! Oh, well met, Madonna. And, perhaps, another mystery solved. Aye. I was swift to the quarters of The Most Christian King, but one had been before me rifling his papers. And who but thou, who have thwarted me heretofore at every turn? Now can I indeed sleep in peace with a fat abbey for my pillow!"

So blasted was I by this sudden thing that I could neither move nor speak, but only stood and raged inwardly.

"This," he said, "doth put a different face upon the matter."

Then, before any could stir or think what to do, he turned and, stepping as one who hath achieved a great thing, he walked back to the inn and entered and closed the door behind him.

I thought of My Lord Giovanni and



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what he would do in like circumstances. It seemed to me, knowing his wisdom in warfare, that he would act boldly and in some unexpected manner that would throw the enemy into confusion.

Here were we, two soldiers, Christoforo and myself, and a motley company of people whose business was to cause laughter and not bloodshed. We were pent and beleaguered in a courtyard from which there was no escape, and by a troop of fighting men trained to warfare. Nor did we know their numbers or their dispositions. It was no quarrel of the mountebanks, but they, as well as I, knew that no mercy would be shown them by the riders of the Count Riario. Ill armed as they were, they would fight for their women and their lives.

OUR case seemed hopeless. I could not see how we could do more than resist with what courage was in us until we were overcome. But there was a thing of more importance to me than my life or my death—and that was Betsy. Desperate as our plight might be, yet there was a slender chance that some might escape, and all my plans must be so contrived that it should be she.

"Betsy," I said, "it seems that here tonight will come an end to my traveling in foreign lands. I, who had thought to die peacefully in old age with the smell of woolen cloths in my nostrils. But, somehow thou shalt escape from it. Hold thyself ready. For in some manner I will see to it."

She looked up at me and I could not read her eyes. "It is a sorry end," she said. "To die in such a spot and in such a petty brawl."

"It is not a sorry end," I said, "for any man to die in defense of the maid who holds his heart, but I am not like My Lord who covets glory. It will grieve my mother sorely, and my father will be distressed having no son to whom the business may descend. Wilt write them a letter and tell them the way of it, and that my loving thoughts were upon them?"

"If I be alive," she said, "I will write that letter."

"Stay by the maid Beatrice."

For a moment she was silent. "I have done thee no good, but only harm," she said. "Do you not hate me for it?"

"I love thee tenderly," I said.

"My heritage," she said, "has been hate—not love." Then she reached out with her small white hand and touched my hand with it. And then she said, and her voice was more kind than ever I heard it before, "I have known many men less worthy of honor than thou."

Then, because time was precious, I strode away from her to where Christoforo stood singing as gaily as any.

"Christoforo," I said to him, "hast thou stomach for a venture?"

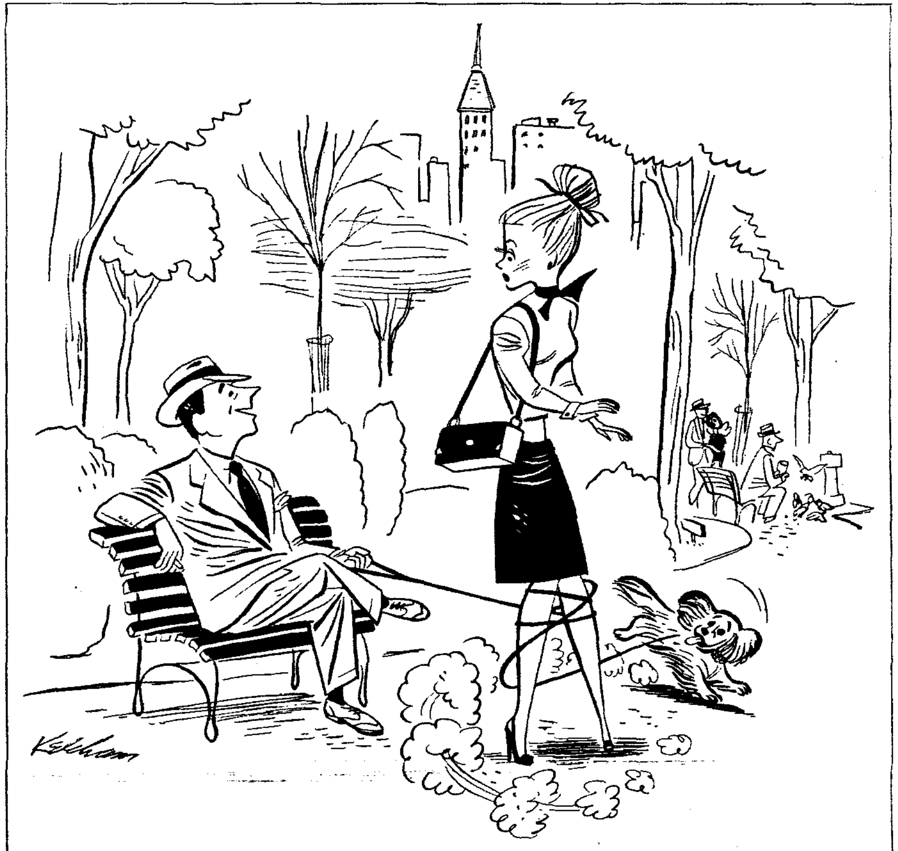
"It was for ventures," he said, "that I did forswear the goldsmith's trade to become a soldier."

"Come then," said I, "where thou art like to have thy fill of it."

So, explaining my purpose to none, I led the way across the courtyard to the door of the inn and opened it suddenly, sword in hand, and stepped spryly through the archway into the room where sat the monk and young Riario and his two companions. It was three against two, for I did not count the monk, which was no great odds. They, astounded at our sudden appearance, leaped to their feet and reached for their weapons. Now a more knightly one than I might have paused to utter defiance or to arrange matters to accord with what high gentlemen call chivalry. But this was a grim business and must needs be attended to swiftly.

So I leaped upon them, and Christoforo was at my side, and after that I remember little about it save that my hands were full and there was clashing of swords and trampling and teeth gleaming between grim lips. I thanked God for my stature and my strength. Young Riario was first to go down—my blade stuck in him as he fell and snapped at the hilt, leaving me weaponless. But by this time my blood was up, and before the next man could have at me, I lifted the table at which they had been drinking, and hurled it with full force at the head of the next and it struck him like a stone from a catapult and hurled him backward against the wall. Before he could recover from it—if recover he could have done from such a blow—I clutched him and lifted him squirming and cast him down upon the stone paving where his body lurched once gruesomely and was still. Whereat I turned to Christoforo who was all but finished with his antagonist—and just in time, for the monk crept behind him with dagger in his fist.

I trust I may be forgiven for lifting my hand against a churchman, but there



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seemed necessity for it, so I gave him a buffet that abated his desire to do murder and left him sprawling under a table.

"Now that was a gay and pretty bickering," said Christoforo, "and these gentlemen find themselves most unexpectedly in Paradise."

"Or otherwise," said I, stooping to arm myself with Riario's sword. "Their arms and armor will be welcome. Go thou to the door and summon all to come inside, for a good stone inn is easier of defense than a roofless courtyard."

They came trooping in, save three who remained to watch the gate with John-Peter to set fire to the hay, but I called John-Peter to come and leave it to the others. And I found the landlord cowering in a corner and snatched him out.

"Is there a way out of the back of this inn of thine?"

"There is, My Lord," he stuttered.

"Through which horses may pass into the forest and the hills?"

"And a path," he said, "that circles hither and thither until it joins the road to eastward."

"Get three horses swiftly," I ordered, "and saddle them." And then to Betsy: "The men outside know not what hath happened here. I know not how many guard the rear, but not enough to hold thee back. Thou and John-Peter must ride, and take the little Beatrice with thee. Go to Trebbio where thou wilt be safe. When all is ready for thee to go we will set fire to the hay at the gate and set up a shouting to cause them to come to see what we do. So it may be thou shalt escape undetected."

So men of the mountebanks led three horses to the gate in the rear, and I went out through the kitchen with Betsy and John-Peter and the maid Beatrice. There we waited in the darkness until we heard a great din in the courtyard, and, over the black roof lighting the sky, we saw the lurid flames of the burning hay carts. Whereupon Christoforo and I ventured forth to see if any barred the path. But all was silent and lonely there.

I lifted Betsy upon her mount, and Christoforo placed Beatrice in her saddle, and John-Peter scrambled up and they were ready.

"Ride softly and slowly for a mile," said I, "so that the sound of your horses' hoofs will not alarm. Then ride till ye be safe in Trebbio."

"And thou?" asked Betsy.

"I remain with these companions."

She sat straight in her saddle, her pale, lovely face most incongruous above the bedraggled, ragged dress that had been her disguise.

"What thou hast done," she said, "was well thought of. Aye, your Lord Giovanni could have done no better. God guard thee, Pietro, and bring thee and all with thee safe out of it."

"An we win free," said I, "shall I see thee in Trebbio?"

"That I know not," she said, "nor if ever I shall see thee again." Her lips bent in a still, twisted smile. "I seem ever fated to use thee to thy disadvantage. It were best if thou should avoid me, if thou canst."

SUDDENLY I was heavy with fear of the future, for I remembered what I had seen in the crystal ball, and how I saw her lying dead in a room heavy with smoke. It seemed to me that whatever I did, however I prayed for her and in whatever way I served her, it would be vain in the end. So I dared to lift her hand to my lips, and then I turned, not daring to say goodby for fear of the quavering of my voice. I heard the movement of their horses, but did not turn my head to watch as they rode away into the black forest.

I walked with heavy feet back into the inn and into the room where we had fought with Riario and his men, and there I looked about me, and for a moment could not remember what was amiss. Then I said loudly in my alarm, "Where is the monk?"

But he was gone, nor was he to be found in the inn—though we ransacked it from attic to cellars. He had slipped away, and none knew when. I blamed myself for it, but what was done was done. I had thought we had left Riario's men leaderless, but now, though he was no fighting man, the monk would take command of them and show them what to do. But no longer were matters so desperate. Their numbers were reduced, and more in quality than in quantity.

"How many men remain to them?" I asked.

"My Lord," said one of the acrobats to me, "I be a stealthy man. Give me leave to go out and spy upon them."

"Aye," said the giant, "Giacomo has the eyes and feet of a cat."

"I be no lord," I said, "but only a merchant's son who is a knight by merest chance. Go cautiously, Giacomo, and return quickly."

"Have no fear of him," the giant said, "for he will pick you a pocket or slit you a throat so deftly and so sweetly that it might have been a shadow." His voice was warm with honest admiration. "Even as this Michelangelo is an artist with brush or chisel, so is Giacomo the most skillful man of this day at snatching a purse. He will return safely."

I WAS in doubt if the arts of thievery did qualify a man for such work as this, but I need have felt no incertitude about it, and my suspense was brief, for in less than an hour Giacomo returned grinning, with a naked sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. "Had I desired," he said vainly, "I could also have fetched his shirt. There be but four of them, My Lord, shivering and uncomfortable and grumbling, whose orders are to stir about and make us think there are more of them. Whatever others there were have gone." He grimaced merrily. "And I wished I could have crept into one of their pockets and slept snugly without the owner being aware."

"Was the monk among them?"

"There was no monk."

"I like it not," said I, and foreboding descended blackly upon me.

"We may sleep soundly, thanks to thee," said the seller of false indulgences. "We have nought to fear from four."

"Nonetheless," said I, "we shall post sentries until the dawn. It may be some ruse. Or worse."

But it was no stratagem. The night was peaceful, though overlong, for I did not close my eyes. And in the dawn, as I stood behind the barricade in the gateway, I saw the four mount horses and ride away, and knew that what had been a dire peril the night before was no longer a threat to our safety. But I did not like it that the monk had vanished. I prayed that Betsy had ridden swiftly, and even now was safe within the walls of Trebbio.

We breakfasted in the inn, served by the timorous landlord, and then set out upon our way.

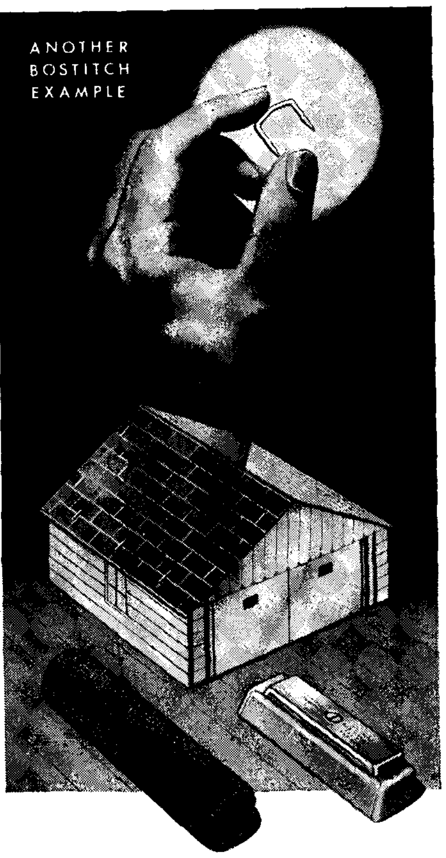
"Ye shall find welcome and shelter and food in Trebbio," I told them.

So we rode, as ragtag a company as ever I saw, and as gay and carefree and friendly, for all that there were cutpurses and thieves and worse among them; and I did think upon it that there be degrees of wickedness, and various reasons why a man may become a sinner against the law. Also that an unfortunate man might be a very great sinner, with crimes to smirch his soul, but still be a good companion and loyal in his friendships.

With no mishap we reached the neighborhood of Trebbio while the sun was high, and at the head of my tatterdemalions I rode up to the moat.

"Is my lady here?" I asked the sentinel. "I have messages from My Lord."

"She is here," he said. "But who are these monsters and scarecrows?"



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"Friends," said I. "Admit them to the courtyard and see to it that they be given wine and food."

Whereupon I entered the castle and was shown to My sweet Lady's apartment where she sat with little Cosimo. She arose eagerly and tremulously as I entered and held out her hands toward me and I lifted one to my lips.

"What of My Lord?"

"He mends," said I. "Within twenty days, or so the doctors say, he will be sound as ever."

"Only," she said dolorously, "to thrust himself into peril again. Oh, Pietro, it is a heavy thing to be wife to such a man as my Giovanni! I have had so little of him since we were wed. And there has scarce been a night when I have slept without terror that the dawn would bring me tidings of his death. And now this battle—this defeat. It hath swept everything away. It hath ruined him."

"Nay," said I, "it is but a setback. There is neither king nor emperor but seeks eagerly to give employment to My Lord Giovanni."

"But pays him not for his services. Where shall he get money, now that the French King is a prisoner? How will he pay what remains of the bands? How will he pay for the damage they do in their idleness?"

SHE read his letter eagerly. "He requires that I go to Rome to mediate with the Pope. He requires that I raise sums of money beyond my power. I am but a woman but he requires all things of me."

Her eyes rested questioningly upon little Cosimo. "Here is his son," she said, not angrily, but sadly. "If My Lord cometh to his death, what patrimony will he leave for Cosimo?"

"He will not die," said I. "Such as he are not slain. As for patrimony, My Lady, thou will yet see thy son Duke of Tuscany."

"Not through any contriving of My Lord," she said. "He would rather fight in some small mountain skirmish than trouble peacefully to win a dukedom." Then she smiled, albeit wanly. "Yet," she said, "I would rather have him my husband than any man that liveth, and have what crumbs of love he hath to spare for me in his moments of leisure."

"He hath been invited to Venice when he can travel," said I, "and, if I err not, will be offered the command of the Venetian armies."

She shook her head. "Not Venice," she answered. "He who trusts Venice will drink the bitter cup of regret."

Then, for I could not speak of it sooner: "My Lady, did two maids and a dwarf arrive in Trebbio this morning?"

"There have been no arrivals but thee, Pietro."

"But they should have been here hours ago. Mayhap thou hast not been told of it. Perchance, being wearied, they are asleep."

"Thou art the first to pass the gates this day," she said. "I would know if it were otherwise."

"This maid was in sore danger and I sent her hither for refuge, My Lady. I must make certain."

"Who is this maid, and what is she to thee, Pietro?"

"Who she is I know not, nor what she is, save that I love her so that my heart is like to break."

She rang a little silver bell, summoning a servitor. "Has any maid come this day to Trebbio?" she asked.

"But now one arrived," said the man, "a most ragged and frightened child who doth demand instant speech with thee."

"See," she said sweetly, "she hath come safely." And then to the servingman: "Fetch her instantly."

So she had come safely through! The relief of it unmanned me and I could feel a trembling of the knees, and I was speechless as I awaited Betsy's coming. The door opened inward and I stepped toward it hungrily. But it was not Betsy who stood afraid and hesitant, but Beatrice, the mountain maid. She cried out at sight of me and stretched out her little torn hands, and I saw that her feet were bleeding also where they had been torn by stones and briars.

"Oh, Ser Pietro!" she cried piteously. "Oh, Ser Pietro!"

I had her by the shoulders, shaking her in my impatience. "Speak, child, speak!" I cried. "What of Betsy? Why art here alone?"

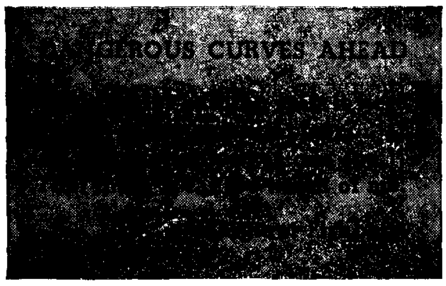
"She is taken," said Beatrice.

"By whom?" My voice did not seem to be mine own, but some shrill noise. "Who hath taken her? Where is she now?"

"It was upon the road, Ser Pietro. We left the inn silently and rode down the bypath as thou didst order. But then, out of the darkness arose many men and surrounded us and dragged us into the forest unkindly. And the Lady Betsy, as thou dost call her, faced them boldly, but I was afraid. And then came the monk, riding upon a horse, and he did gloat over her, boasting of how he outwitted thee. And then they compelled us to mount horses and ride. But they placed no value on me, nor watched me carefully. So I did slip down from the horse and hide in the woods till I could come here and warn thee."

"Whither did they ride?" I demanded.

"To the castle of the Count Riario," she said, "and the monk taunted thy Lady, saying that first the count should have his pleasure of her, and then he would take her to the Cardinal Passerini who would know how to wrench the truth from her. He was gay, Ser Pietro, boasting how he would have an abbey for that night's work."



"My Lady," said I, and I had ceased to tremble for I knew what I must do, and that is always a help, "what men are in Trebbio?"

"A dozen of the bands," she said.

"Loan them to me, I beg of thee."

"They are thine," she said. "The Count Riario is no friend to My Lord." She frowned. "But what is thy purpose?"

"I will have her out of that place if I have to tear it down with my hands."

"It is madness," she said, "to think of assaulting a stronghold with a dozen men."

"I have also my mountebanks," I said.

NOW the child Beatrice stood erect, and there was pride in her, and her eyes were upon me again with that look which I had so often seen there and could not understand.

"There be more than these to aid thee," she said.

"What others?" I asked.

"My father, Tasso," she said, "hath a debt to pay this Piero Riario—and also he hath a debt of gratitude to pay to thee, Ser Pietro."

"My Lady," I said, "have I thy permission to go?"

"Go with God, Pietro," she said, and then, wringing her hands: "It is always thus with me. Always it is my fate to say farewells; to watch the going away of those I love; to restrain my tears and to say 'Go with God' when my heart is breaking, and there is no happiness for me, but only lonely waiting and fears. Aye, go with God, Pietro. Go with God."

(To be concluded next week)

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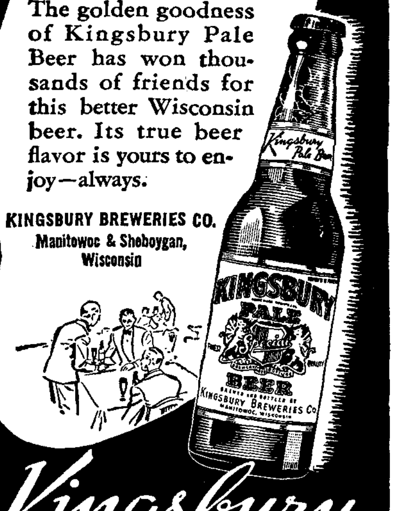

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Ring, June 14th), is a most excellent story. The author has failed to mention certain matters which would be of interest to your readers. It is not at all surprising Conchita should speak excellent English, for her parents always spoke English in their home and she spent a considerable portion of her childhood at my home in New York and also was with me in London and she was educated in an American school in Lima.

In the bull ring she may seem cold, aloof and lacking in sentiment, but as I know her she is a wonderfully softhearted, affectionate and most vivacious woman, and truly *simpática*. She is an accomplished guitarist and a gifted artist, her sketches of animals in action equaling Remington at his best.

Here is Conchita at 6. . . .

A. Hyatt Verrill, Lake Worth, Fla.

. . . This article describing the torture and killing of a dumb animal, merely to satisfy sadistic appetites, is a disgrace to your magazine. Doris Eastman, Barre, Vt.

PITCHERS BEAR DOWN, TOO!

Sirs: That old wheeze, "How do you get down off an elephant? You don't get down off an elephant; you get down off a goose," may have to be modified, for I note by an article in the June 14th Collier's that even The Icebergs Bear Down.

E. J. Gamblin, Lyndhurst, N. J.

WORD PEEVES

Dear Sir: My *ne plus ultra* hated word is "normalcy" (The Week's Mail, June 7th).

J. F. Carwile, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . I hate "however." . . .

Jim Glover, Hackensack, N. J.

. . . I hate "hate." . . .

Jack Slinkmer, Worcester, Mass.

RAH RAH ROWERS

Gentlemen: Referring to Mr. Leonard Marr's story Those Rowdy Regattas (June 14th) . . . he was in error in stating that Harvard and Yale had never rowed at Poughkeepsie. Harvard rowed there against Cornell, Penn and Columbia in . . . 1896, and in . . . 1897 Harvard and Yale both rowed there. . . . The reason for these races at Poughkeepsie was . . . the temporary breaking of athletic relations between Harvard and Yale in 1894, and the two-year Harvard agreement to race Cornell, which graciously invited Yale to join in the 1897 race. In 1898 races at New London between Harvard and Yale were resumed.

H. D. Montgomery, Rye, N. Y.

RED PROPHECY

Dear Sirs: I have noted your editorial quote from Karl Marx in your issue of June 14th as to the traditional policy of Russia, and written about 1853. What I regard as a much more fundamental prediction is that made by Alexis de Tocqueville in Democracy in America (1835) with respect to Russia and America, which concludes with this sentence: "Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

Sincerely yours,
Nathan Boone Williams,
Washington, D. C.

FINANCIAL FEMMES

Dear Collier's: Will you please tell Lonely Heart Sylvia Porter for us that she needn't be so isolated up there on the heights (Wall Street Sex Appeal, June 7th). There are, to mention only this part of the country, ten other lady financial writers in every phase of the work, most of whom she has met at press lunches and conferences, and even appeared with on radio programs, who'll be glad to help her to a more gregarious life financially speaking.

Dorothy Brooks, United Press
Claire Reckert, New York Times
Dorothy Carewe, Associated Press
Mildred Diefenderfer, Bureau Chief, Dow-Jones, Washington
Nancy Ford, Chicago Journal of Commerce
Wanda Jablonski, N. Y. Journal of Commerce
(Cecilia) McKay Russell, Financial Editor, New York Daily News
Helen Vind, Associate Editor, Fortune
Jean Wilson, Wall St. Bureau Chief, Chicago Journal of Commerce
Mrs. C. G. Wyckoff, Publisher and President of the Magazine of Wall Street

What we meant was: Sylvia Porter is the only woman financial writer whose initials are S. P.

DISGRACE TO THE NAVY

Dear Editor: The illustrator of Once More to the Stars (May 31st) must have been a "dogface." He doesn't know anything about Naval uniforms. In the first place an engineering rate is a left-arm rate. In the second place the screw is upside down designating a water-tender rate, the badge of which was discontinued before World War II. In the third place the color of the screw should have been white and not red.

Morris L. Thomson, MM1/c, U.S.N.R.,
Rock Island, Ill.

. . . or is this the design for the *new* uniform? B. P. Wacker, U.S.N.,
U.S.S. Platte

READER'S INDIGEST

Dear Sir: That part in Fat Heads of Europe where your Mr. Courtney (June 21st) says you can't throw a potato chip without hitting one duke, two duchesses, etc., etc.: Didn't he omit American correspondents from his inventory? By the way, what is Courtney's hat size?

Sincerely,
Henry Phil Taylor, Chicago, Ill.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

Dear Editor: Why don't you publish an Arabic copy of Collier's which would be read in the whole Arab Middle East?

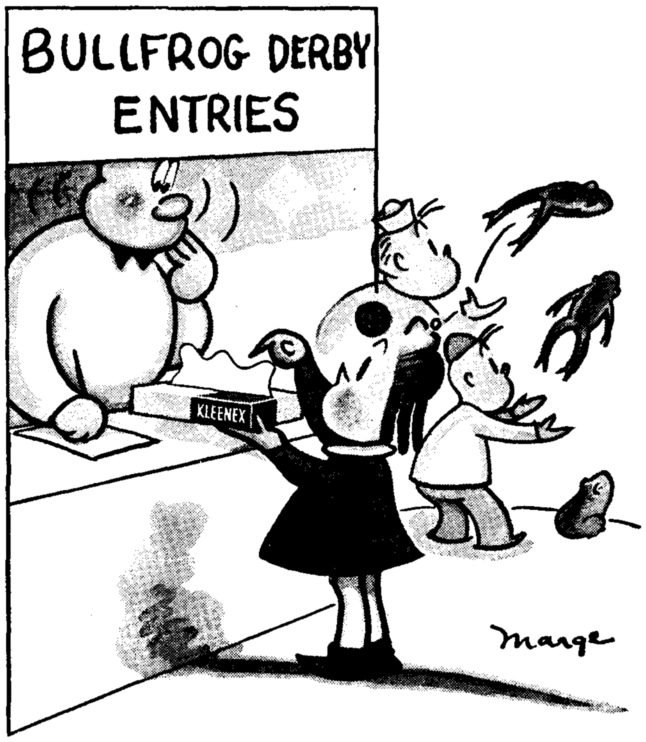
Raoul Fananiri, Cairo, Egypt

We are in hopes that all Arabs will learn to read English, and take their Collier's as she is wrote.

GLASS BLOWERS

Dear Sir: Read the article on Steuben Glass (June 7th). Have informed various members of our Glass Club about this article and they purchased a copy. We are a large club and while we study "Early American Glass," we are always interested in anything fine and beautiful.

Yours truly,
Amy M. Welsh, Cincinnati, Ohio



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86 PROOF

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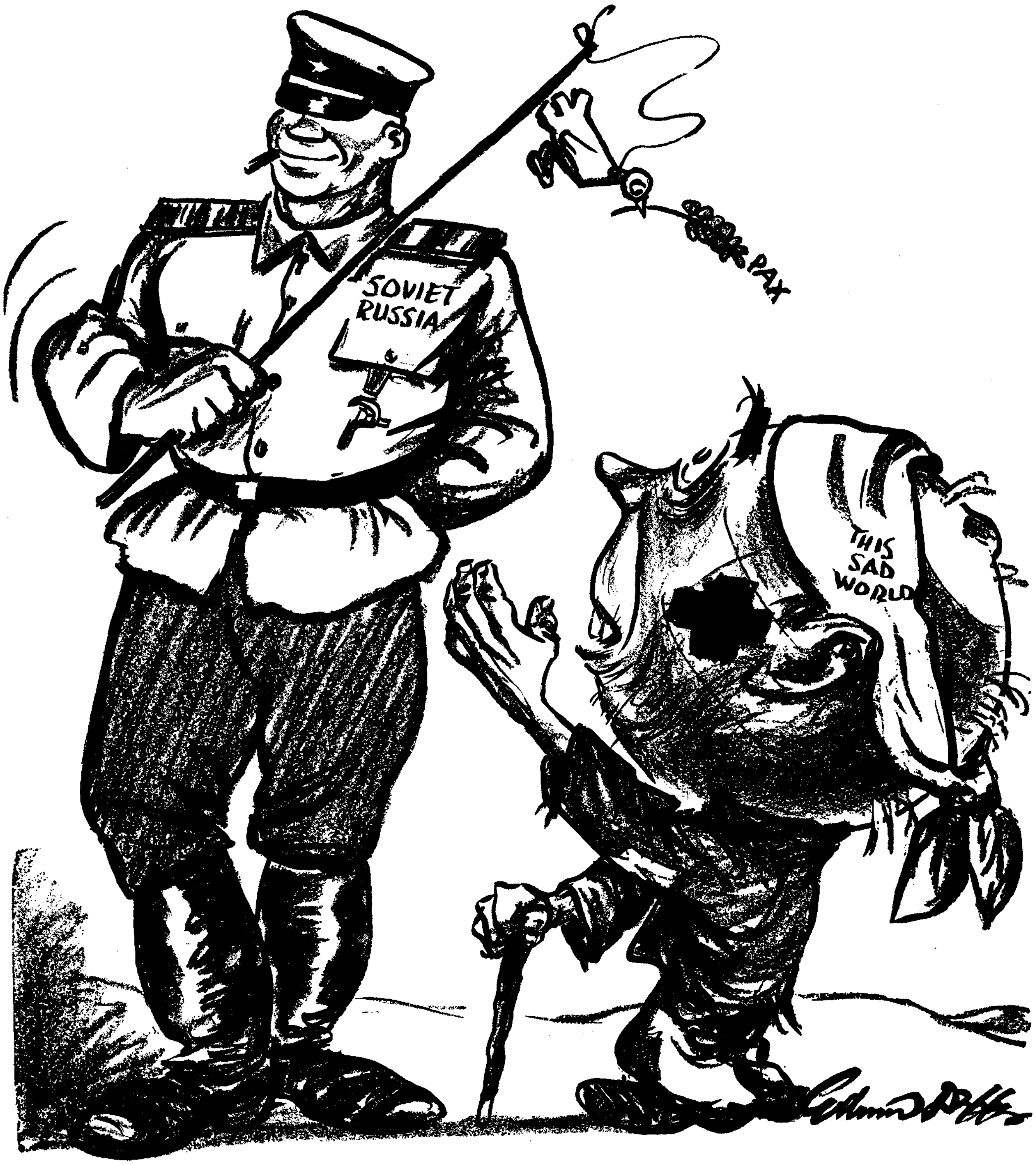


SEPARATE PEACE PROSPECTS

MR. HERBERT HOOVER is still able to start excited nation-wide arguments; and he didn't fail to start one with his recent advice to his countrymen to conclude separate peace treaties with Germany and Japan under certain circumstances.

Those circumstances, in brief, would consist in Russia's going on stalling in the matter of all-Allied peace settlements. Russia has been thus stalling up to this writing, for the obvious purpose of keeping the world upset.

Mr. Hoover's recommendation is that we call this Russian bluff now as regards Japan, and next winter as regards Germany if the November conference of the Big Four foreign ministers reaches its expected deadlock.

He does not mean that we should pull our occupation troops out of Germany or Japan after separate peace agreements are reached. His idea is that we should go ahead and make most of western Germany (including the British and French zones if possible) self-supporting, and get Japan back on its economic feet, in order to relieve our own taxpayers of the burden of financing these present poorhouses.

It's a hard-boiled proposal, but we think it is also a hardheaded one, and deserving of our most serious attention. After all, this business of siphoning American wealth and materials into these two prostrate nations can't go on forever, if the United States itself is to survive. And if Russia sees that we mean to call it off, Russia in turn may become more reasonable about formally washing up World War II.

Let's talk separate peace loudly for a while, and if that doesn't get results let's translate the talk into action.

THIS PRICELESS FREEDOM

DR. VIRGIL JORDAN, the noted economist got up recently at a meeting of the Edison Electric Institute and dilated on the fact that the United States is the most productive country in the world. We tooled and fed a large part of the Allied war effort. We are living well now. At the same time we are able to export huge relief consignments to stricken countries.

By contrast, various nations now following the Gospel According to St. Karl Marx are only staggering along. Russian living standards are barbarously low. Great Britain is still tightening its belt missing its export goals and suffering from a general apathy.

Dr. Jordan in this speech wondered why all this was so. He came to the conclusion that the reason for our exuberant ability to produce is nothing more or less than our still considerable freedom from government interference in our lives and businesses. He also reasoned that the Marxist nations are crippled by Marxism itself—Marxism being the idea that government should run everybody for the welfare of the whole of society.

They pay off on results in this world, not on hopes and promises. Hence, this economist feels, the quickest way to wreck ourselves would be to go in for any more Marxism than we now have. He thinks, indeed, that we already have too much of it.

It wouldn't, of course, be feasible to unscramble such Socialist institutions as the TVA or the Social Security Act, and we don't know of any responsible economist who wants to do that.

But it is possible to keep government from muscling into any more fields of activity; and that is what Dr. Jordan thinks we'd better do, in the light of the results which capitalism delivers and which Marxism is always going to deliver but never does.

We can't help feeling that the good doctor has something there, and that the time has arrived for Americans to start worrying about the liberties they still enjoy and to do some lawful battling for those liberties in proper cases. The more you watch Marxism in action, the more nearly priceless the U.S. brand of freedom looks.

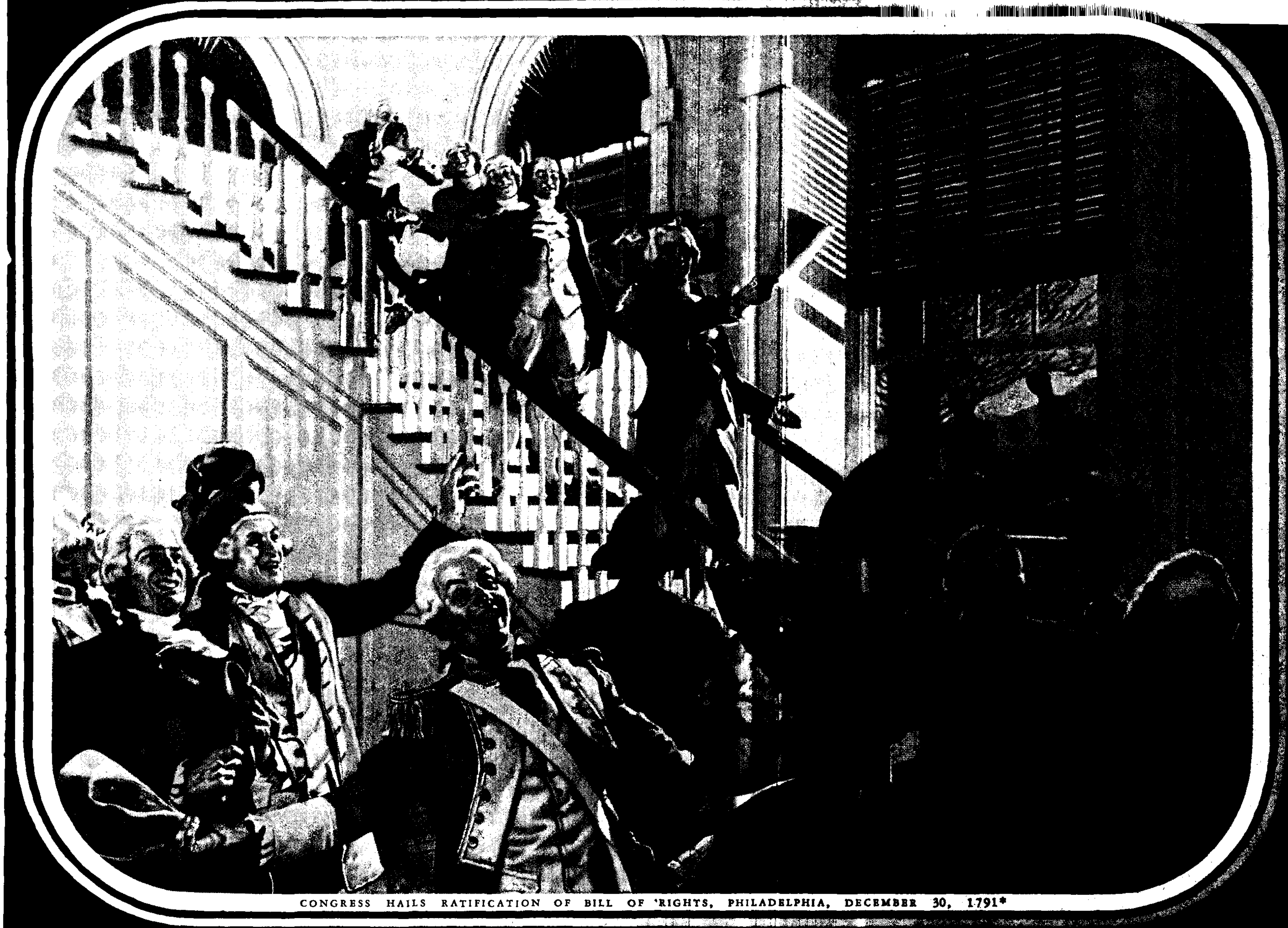
FOOD THAT GETS THERE

LARGE numbers of Americans ever since the war have been sending food and other relief supplies to relatives and friends in Europe. If you want to make certain that your help will get where you want it to instead of being sidetracked by some thief, we suggest that you communicate with the organization called CARE.

The letters stand for Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc. It is a nonprofit, government-approved group which ships food, blanket and woolen packages to designated persons in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Finland, Greece, Holland, Italy, Norway, Poland, Rumania, all of Berlin, and the American, British and French zones in Germany.

A $10 CARE food package contains 21.6 pounds of needed foods, and the package rides duty-free, ration-free, and tax-free. Herbert Hoover says: "I have had the opportunity to see its operation on the ground. The service is the only sure and efficient way of sending packages to friends and relatives in Europe. In fact, there is no other way where there is real certainty that such packages will reach their destination."

An inquiry addressed to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., will bring you detailed information.



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